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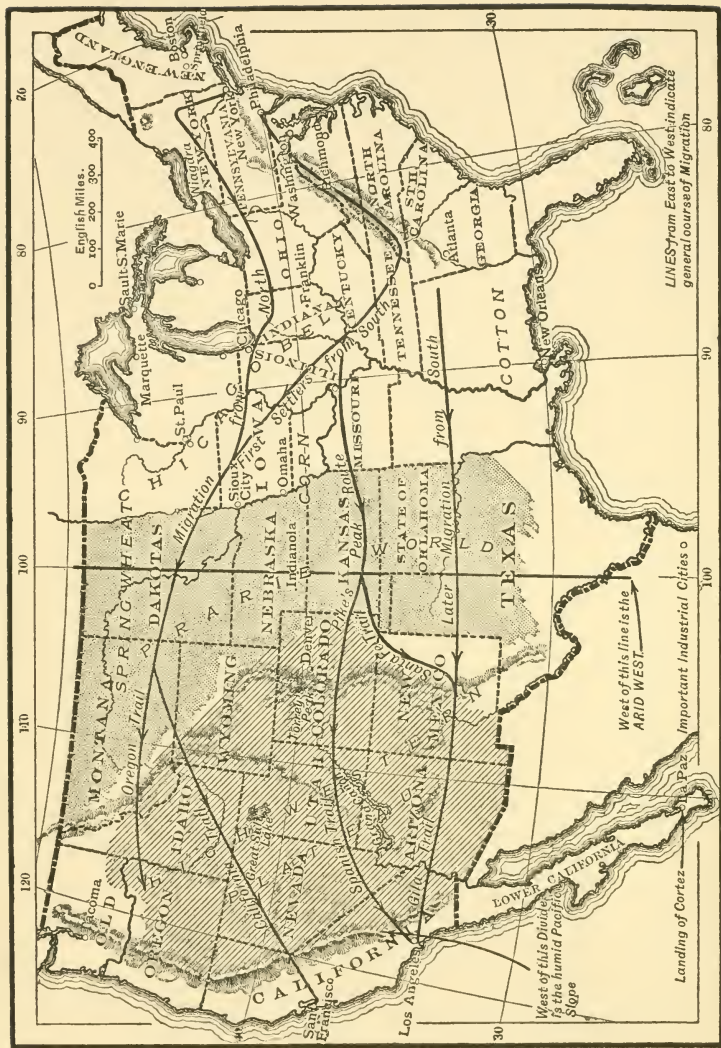


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MAP OF THE UNITED STATES: SHOWING PHYSICAL DIVISIONS AND THE COURSE OF MIGRATION

THE LAND OF PROMISE

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL UNITY OF AMERICA

BY

RICHARD DE BARY

‘We solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God and of one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civil body politic.’—‘*Mayflower*’ *Compact*.

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P R E F A C E

THE need of a change of scene to recover from the effects of a breakdown during studies took me for several years away from home to some of the less bustling scenes of life in the United States.

I also undertook duties for a while in the dry and sunny climate of the Rocky Mountain area, and subsequently visited the Pacific Coast and New England. Before leaving America I spent a rather adventurous year in New York.

This book is the result of an attempt to write of these scenes, and of the people and their ideals, in that perspective of the history of mankind in which the United States are the Romance of a New World, associating new faiths and ideals and experiences with a new material occupation of territory.

A New World here mostly means a new experience in the attempt to solve problems of life common to all the world, but here adventured upon in a new civic faith, with the aid of new ideals, and, in a civic sense, thus, with the inspiration of a new religion.

With this thought in mind I have sketched the

perspective of American scenes as it unfolds in the gradual filling-in of the territorial expanse of the western continent. I have then noted the spiritual culture which has accompanied, or followed upon, the material occupation of the banks of great waterways, of wide plains, of prairies, and of mountain regions.

America comes before Europe masked under the form of that brilliant American society which we all know. But behind conventional manners there has necessarily been a great spiritual experience and growth, which cannot well be known without a visit to the home-circles which are its sacred shrine and place of birth. Casual visitors to America are, moreover, too habitually impressed with certain salient notes of American activities to gain a truly-proportioned view of America and its national life as a whole.

I have purposely made little allusion in these pages to these more obvious appearances of life which are the common subject of knowledge to everyday observers of American visitors to Europe, and to readers of current periodicals, or to casual visitors to America.

I have aimed chiefly at showing what inner and spiritual forces unite all Americans in a certain community of thought, feeling, and action. I have noted

especially strivings in which we feel that the triumph of the best ideal of America would be a triumph in which the human race would itself partake. To this union of spiritual forces I should be glad to give the name of the 'civic religion of America'; but it is necessary to say I do not mean this 'civic religion' in a rival sense of the words to the Christian religion of the Churches in the United States.

The chapters which deal with the territorial environment of American life are mostly in the first portion of the book. I have begun with a chapter on New York, for the purpose of order in the narrative; although, as a traveller, I had seen the other chief scenes of America from Los Angeles to Boston before I had gained sight of that commercial cosmopolis.

The allusion to America as the 'Land of Promise' in the title is made in recognition of the American faith in the dogma of perfectibility, a faith which is a motive power astir amid all the activities of the nation. The handing-down of this faith is a sort of spiritual testament which the idealist Pilgrim Fathers left after them to modern America. There would be no such political and social self-scrutiny, as is now occupying the mind of America, without that profound American belief that there are ideal American standards of life from which, as by a true

criterion, the nation should choose constantly to judge itself. This, too, must be my excuse for any occasional allusion to 'evils,' or 'corruptions' (so called) in civics or politics, for without noting them the real goodness and greatness of the national life could in no sense be set forth.

In the long-run the ideal nation of the future is likely to be that nation among all others which shall have criticised its own shortcomings more joyously, more seriously, and more perseveringly than have any other people criticised their own civic trespasses and sins.

R. DE B.

ALL HALLOWS, ST. GILES,
DORSET, *June* 1908.

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Acknowledgment is due to Mr. Dudley Walton for valuable collaboration over some technical details, on which, as a journalist returned after residence of four years in New York City, he is an authority. Acknowledgment is also due to the *Homiletic Review* for permission to use information supplied me by Mr. Walton about the 'Institutional Church,' the substance of which is appearing also in the columns of that periodical.

CHAPTER I

THE SITE AND MEANING OF NEW YORK

WHEN the swift cross-ocean steamers are coasting off Long Island on the way to their New York goal, they bear to the south by the lighthouse of Fire Island.

The ribs of ill-fated ship-skeletons breaking through their sand graves ahead, explain that the steamers are nearing the sand-banks driven up by the ocean round so much of the American shore.

Fire Island Beach, is a desolate, rushy, mosquito-ridden bank, seventy miles in length and some few miles from the Long Island shore. In the long inland waters which it encloses, the hero-pirate Captain Kidd was wont to find a refuge from the weather between his sallies upon the shipping that converged its ways towards Sandy Hook.

From an out-of-the-way corner of Oak Island, called Havemeyer Point, safe from the ocean surf through a friendly spur of Fire Island, I could see the high-decked Cunarders approaching, reaching up over the top of the island sand-bank in the day,

or watch their myriad lights gliding along at night. Yet there was no sight whatever of the open sea.

When storms raged, too, the surges and foaming crests of ocean-breakers made a ghostly array above all the sand-line of Fire Island. Yet they looked like nightmare unrealities, because the sea from which the winds drove them up remained ever behind the sand-bank.

Protected thus from the front line of ocean ragings by the long outer sand-bank, Havemeyer Point, on Oak Island, is between a salt lagoon and the flowing waters of the inlet to the Great South Bay. Five miles across the Bay are the prosperous settlements, including the port of Babylon on the Long Island shore.

But at Havemeyer Point, less than fifty miles from the commercial capital of the New World, you are as much in the wilderness as in the Arizona and the Nevada deserts.

New York, then, though a centre of more than four million people, has a surrounding circumvallation of wild nature. There is the wild salt lagoon region all along the south Long Island coast; a sandy central portion of the island itself. There are the Taconic Mountains to the north. There are the Catskills to the north-west across the Hudson, frequented by prosperous Hebrews. There are the lower terminals of the great Appalachians westwards,

across New Jersey on the way to Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

In that corner of wild nature which I chose for my summer retreat, there are sand-hills with miniature trees, with beds of yellow flowers on the slopes. On one side of Havemeyer Point are long meadows of rushes reaching down to the creek where cray-fish are found. Elsewhere are sweeps of sand ending in crested ridges like the edge of volcanic craters. The Point is cut off from the rest of Oak Island by a passage-way of the spring tides. Herons fly around the salt lagoon and on its edges are snipe and water-fowl.

Fires, terrifying in the night, lit by the chance blowing about of sparks, would often rage in the dry grass in the early autumn, and threaten the summer camp of Havemeyer.

Visitors lived in a rustic hotel abandoned during winter to the sea-fowl.

The only communication with the outer world was the cat-boat with an old coloured sea hand, an ex-slave, as skipper.

While New York was ninety degrees in the shade, the ocean temperature in this cool retreat necessitated flannels and warm rugs. In the winter a sheet of ice, five miles wide, connected the Point with Long Island mainland. On account of the daily tidal heaving that might crack the great white bridge in two, scarcely a man, however, would ever dare to cross.

These great ocean-driven sand-banks, including Fire and Oak Islands, bore away south-westwards into the narrows of Sandy Hook.

West of the great inlet of the sea enclosed by Fire Island and Oak Island, there was one other great enclosure called Jamaica Bay. Jamaica Bay, unlike the Great South Bay, is all a scene of animation and is filled with motor boats.

We have now left the sand and water wilderness and are within the limits of the Western World metropolis. A railway on wooden stilings crosses the animated lagoon to the Jewish seaside resort of Rockaway Beach. In the middle of the lagoon was a great moored houseboat, with at least ten rooms on the upper story, taken by a band of Englishmen and Canadians for a week-end summer resort. The night transfigured the outlook on the bay into gorgeous Venetian scenes. Many coloured lights were around, lighting trestles, houses, boats, with green and red and golden streaks of radiance. Huge rockets at times from Coney Island filled the sky with the emerald and ruby flares such as Whistler loved to paint. The tower of light of Coney's 'Dreamland' showed clear in the west across the waters. The near shore lights were reflected in shivering pathways of light upon the waters. The trestles were glorified into columns of precious gems where the red, yellow and green lights flashed upon them. In

daylight, by taking a seven-mile journey westward in a motor boat, one entered the sea. To the left on the way thither was a long tongue of a sand-spit, with many a summer residence, and at the far end a lonely coastguard station. To the right were queer factories where the carcasses of worn-out horses from the great metropolis were transmuted into glue and bone-dust. At the sea-opening, to the right, was the fashionable Manhattan Beach, and a mile or two beyond the amazing and popular Coney Island.

Coney Island is a compound of Derby Race day scenes and Earl's Court exhibitions. The island is a regular City of Light in itself, with an evening's population of half a million. Here one can shoot down a hundred feet in a boat into an artificial lake, or jerk about in a darkened underground switchback. The city is lighter than daylight during half the night, and filled with pleasure-seekers.

This, then, is part of the outer pleasure limit of Greater New York. A big rim of amusement out-works in the cooler air of the hot dazzling summers, within the rim of wild nature, surrounds the city on almost every side. The pleasure camps are reached mainly from Brooklyn Bridge by the elevated cars, or by the steam ferries and underwater tunnels. At Coney Island and Manhattan Beach there is sea-bathing, and at the former also bazaar stalls and amusement gardens, theatricals, and giant wheels

and switchback railways. On the rim to the north are motor tracks, and to the south the racing courses of Sheepshead Bay and Aqueduct. On the mainland, are the great parks of the Bronx. Beyond the Hudson River are the New Jersey quietudes. Southward are the Staten Island attractions; comparable with the Isle of Wight.

Within the pleasure circumvallation is a closer line of circumambient private homes. Outlying Brooklyn bulks large, containing the homes of a million New York business men and factory workers. Next are Jersey City, Hoboken (a German settlement, where the German liners land their passengers); Weehawken, and farther up river the Palisades on the New Jersey side of the Hudson; and a circle of busy towns a few miles inland—Elizabeth, Newark, Paterson; and the millionaire residential camps of Montclair and the Orange ‘Mountains.’

Shut down within the long wedge of rock between the converging waters is the unwritten government palace of industrial America, the New York City proper, which fills up the Island of Manhattan.

New York is great and cosmic because it is mistress of the Atlantic Ocean, and because it taps the main outlet of the chief industrial continent from behind a long row of inland mountains: following nature in its give and take to the world where the Hudson waters commingle with the sea.

New York is supreme because it is fairly central amid the unparalleled frontages of cities on the eastern seaboard of America, and because of its harbours, wharves, sounds, and anchorages, worthy of a world-centre.

New York was once forebodingly called New Amsterdam. It has resumed and expanded the commerce of the square-headed Dutch civilisation in the western world.

New York is capital of the typical civilisation of the latter modern history, pictorialising in one its cosmic proportions, its centralisation, its organisation, its trade convergences, its world-mart gatherings of peoples.

Approaching the business citadel from the harbour, rounding under the gigantic bridges across to Brooklyn by the tug-way, deflecting around Battery Gardens, and up the Hudson or North River, its miniature towns of ocean liners are seen safe in port. Thus one can judge of its illimitably favoured site. Along Broad Street, into Wall Street, by Trinity Church, boxed in between gothic sky-scrappers, looking up Broadway to the solemn beacon of Grace Church, never beyond view from the City Hall; surveying the immense new white blocks in Madison Square beyond the Flatiron Building; above all, walking from the Washington Arch leisurely as far as you can go in cosmic Fifth Avenue, where

sovereign business clashes with sovereign palatial leisure, you see the pictorialised embodiment of the newly intercommercialised mankind.

In points of Wall Street, and Broad Street, here and there in Broadway, at Wanamaker's stores, and in the Metropolitan Life Insurance Building, the sky-scraper structures possess a certain civic dignity of their own.

The sky-scraper has grown out of the power of riches pressing skywards in protest against the resistance of a narrowed land-bar, enclosed by the East and North Rivers.

If they disrupt the architectural order of the city, they are yet huge triumphs of human power. They are small, intrusive, vulcanic cities of themselves, stuffed or thrust into the air, because no place can be found for them upon the ground.

New York City, in its extent as usually recognised by the rest of the world, has been built upon an island, ten miles long, called by the old Indian name of Manhattan. In shape the island-city lies like a long ship, between the Hudson and East Rivers, with its bows looking southward towards the Bay ; and its helm, one might suppose, is moored to the mainland by the bridges over the Harlem River. Across the Harlem is the suburb of The Bronx, knit up with Brooklyn and Staten Island into the City of Greater New York.

In its first years, New York was a settlement around the Battery, at the extreme south tip of the island. A cow-path then ran up towards Harlem, and this path has grown into the city's chief thoroughfare, called Broadway. Broadway first runs due north to Grace Church, and thence veers steadily north-westward to the edge of the Harlem heights. Out of these rocky heights a large portion of the site of the modern city has been rock-hewn, avenue by avenue and street by street.

A path beside one of the artificial lakes in Central Park, follows the course of the old Boston Road, where a sailor named McGown built himself a still existing house, known as McGown's Pass, at a point where the old mariner could have a view of land traffic, instead of a vista of the sea.

The city's successive stages of expansion northward up the narrow ship-like island, were first up to Wall Street (the site of an old stockade), then to Grand Street, and to Canal Street. The first straight cross-town thoroughfare, 14th Street, running by Union Square and Tammany Hall, was then 'up-town.' After the Quaker precedents of Philadelphia, the rest of the area began to be filled up with right-angled street lines, with allowance for Madison Square, Central Park, and a few other open spaces.

To one arriving in New York from the West, Fifth Avenue seems as a grand canyon, cutting the city

lengthwise to the north from the lower old houses above Washington Arch. At right angles are over a hundred and seventy cross-town streets, from river to river, called respectively by numbers from the south. Fifth Avenue is accessible to Madison Avenue across Madison Square, on 23rd Street, east and west. Fifth Avenue also opens to Central Park, between 59th and 110th Streets.

The houses in the 'canyon avenue' are of heroic architecture. Business creeps up the avenue rapidly. There are great shops of preciousness, then the supreme hotels, and facing the park the 'millionaires' mile' of the supreme private mansions of America.

New York is the rallying centre of the controlling activities of the United States.

Here reign the autocrats of America's money power, the controllers of its commercial stabilities, the organisers of world-produce, the Napoleons of transportation, the supreme intelligence department of American activities, the dealers in publicity, the theatre trust and the lords of social amenities, chiefs of a millionfolded feudalistic train of mimes and musicians.

Foremost of these are the financial emperors of the business empire of the West. The Rockefellers and Vanderbilts exert a commanding authority because their money is invested mostly in buying controlling interests of 51 per cent. in every company of trans-

portation by land or water, or in industries like coal steel or oil, which possess national or international power.

A phase of American life is thus organised from New York, much as the Venetian Republic was once engineered by its merchant aristocracy. Rule, order, control, dominion, and industry radiate from New York from a few great financial houses, which hold these controlling investments in every great industry worth considering throughout the American continent.

Next in importance for the commercial stability of America, there are centred in New York the great Trust Companies for holding estates, administering incomes, and distributing dividends. The fortunes of an industrial world can only be held firm by the aid of a great mastery of science and law. Science is called in aid for the steadying and insuring of all private interests and estates. The Metropolitan Life Building is a huge palace, filling an entire city block on Madison Avenue. Its mighty tower will overlook even the Flatiron Building, and it is the central shrine of the purveyors of this stabilising power of fortunes through insurances.

The greater lawyers of America are the engineers of this delicately intricate inter-adjustment of all successful fortune-building. The great lawyer by his capacity for warding off dangers to delicately

adjusted estates, may earn as much as \$250,000 a year from his millionaire employers. On account of his scientific mastery of detail, when it comes to a lawsuit, the importance of the great lawyer far transcends that of the judge.

New York is great also, because it harbours the chief universal providers of America. These are embattled around Sixth Avenue and Union Square. All make a wide universal appeal to the domesticities of America. The Adams Dry Goods Company, Altmans, and Simpson and Crawford, are perhaps slightly more exclusive than the greater popular emporiums of Macy and Siegel Cooper. Siegel Cooper's new eight-storied warehouse employs three thousand persons, and is a city in itself. Wanamaker's on Broadway, to the south of Union Square, is old-established, but new built in superb form, and is in the traffic centre of the city, with its own private passage-way to the subway system.

A component of the order and central power of the cosmopolis is the permanent international exhibition of art and commerce, picture galleries, gorgeous jewellery, priceless carpets from the East, carvings from Japan, and choice fabrics from all the world exposed in the famous shops of upper Broadway and Fifth Avenue.

New York holds kingly sway also as the supreme rendezvous of the wholesale trade of America. Twice

a year the intendant stockers of the leading shops in all the towns of America flock to the New York hotels. These are the buyers of drapery, millinery, tailoring, foot-wear, and haberdashery. The headquarters of this traffic is within sight of Grace Church, where Broadway deflects north-westwards.

The city is predominant in her dockings of ocean liners and coasting vessels. West Street is a five-mile line of piers and storehouses filled with the trade plunder of the world.

Fifty acres of dwelling-denuded street land abutting on West 42nd Street encloses the enlarged terminus of the New York Central Railroad. On 34th Street, quarried out of the solid rock four stories below the road level, is the new station of the great Pennsylvania Railroad. The mileage of these two enormous systems exceeds twenty-three thousand, while their united capital represents nearly two billion dollars.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has purchased the entire Long Island Railroad, and burrowed its way from the New Jersey margin, under the Hudson River, across Manhattan Island through a deep subway, and again under the waters of the East River to the Long Island terminus in Long Island City, just to the north of Brooklyn. With the Long Island system the New Haven Railroad is linking up, so that the entire Pennsylvania system comes into touch with all the industrial towns of New England.

The New York Central new station, replacing a huge building dating only from 1896, is to be a cathedral-like structure, connected above and below ground with Manhattan general and local electric transit systems.

Organisation and power also flow to the great city from its cabling and telegraphic centralisations, which make it the touchstone of the commercial life of America and the world.

In a civilisation led by the force of public opinion, New York City harbours many commanding organs of publicity which contribute towards its sway over the rest of America.

There is the gay and sportive *Herald*, the serious *Times*, the caustic *Sun*, the republican *Tribune*, the democratic *World*, the temperamental *New York American*, the financial *Evening Post*. Add to these the weeklies like *Collier's*, *Harper's Weekly*, *Leslie's Weekly*, and the monthlies like the *Century Magazine*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Munsey's*, *McClure's*. Many of these weeklies and monthlies circulate around half a million copies.

Here also are centred the captains of scientific book-selling, including the pioneers of the modern campaigns for arousing and stimulating a book-demand. The organisers first aim at educating the whole nation to want their wares, and then dispense their hundreds of thousands of dictionaries, encyclo-

pædias, histories, and anthologies of literature far and wide. Under the direction of their managers are training-schools for armies of book canvassers, and clever corps of advertisement writers. At the New York central office sometimes over a hundred typists are kept at work for more than a year over a single publishing enterprise.

New York also holds the reins of power in a control of forty or more theatres, many of which are comprised in the Frohman Theatre Trust. The greatest singers in the world are drawn to the New York opera-houses, where appreciation is certain and generous.

With all these centralisations, the secret of New York's existence is laid bare. There is a hierarchic order, a balanced authority and power, controlling the great city in descending degrees of influence. A Belmont says, 'Let us bore through the rock and make a subway,' and by the time the subway is finished there is a new suburb built in anticipation ten miles up town. A 'Siegel-Cooper' says, 'Let things be cheap,' and before long the whole scale of wages is adjusted to meet the possible domestic economies.

Such order interacting throughout the social and industrial fabric would exist in New York even if there were no city government in a political sense.

New York is governed politically by a great organisation of foreign born or foreign descended

population called Tammany Hall. This organisation gives the city the exact amount of government that the people desire. Puritanism is a strong force, and when it makes itself felt, the business-like politicians of Tammany give way. Model statesmen, other than such Tammany realists, are never likely to remain in power in New York.

The immense voting population, which contains all residents who are not proved wrongdoers, is far too heterogeneous a mass to be aroused to any vitalising degree of close, concerted study of scientific civics. The true revolutionary of New York civic reform has been a more or less converted Tammany Hall.

Legislation, to the horror of many New Yorkers, has to run the gauntlet of the legislators assembling at the little State Capital up the Hudson, called Albany. Here are influences from the up-state counties of an entirely different type in action. Buffalo joins in only as a minor in the parley. But the million-folded phalanx of well-rusticated citizens of upper New York State can outweigh New York in voting power at Albany. These sturdy and old-fashioned Protestants are not altogether likely to see eye to eye with cosmopolitan and Catholic New York citizens. In any case minorities in New York City who have been overruled in the city politics often make their last and most effective stand in the State legislature at Albany.

Only a limited section of the day population of the city really lives upon Manhattan Island. All the rest live in the outlying residential areas of Greater New York, or across the Hudson in the hill-suburbs of New Jersey.

There are, however, populous colonies of Irishmen below 59th Street on the west side of Fifth Avenue. The Jews, from all parts of Europe, are packed in the East Side ghetto, by the hundred thousand, above Brooklyn Bridge. As they prosper, they push due north into the better dwelling sites. Thus a great colony of Hebrews has migrated from the slums about Brooklyn Bridge to a new tenement and apartment house district in Harlem, above 125th Street, and in the uppermost reaches of Fifth Avenue.

On the opening of the gigantic Williamsburg Bridge across the East River, 100,000 Jews migrated in the course of a few months from the congested districts of Manhattan. They settled in East New York and Brownsville in the heart of Brooklyn's vacant areas, and built up a great new Hebraic suburb. The completion of a third bridge via Blackwell's Island may lead to like results, again to the north.

The Italians are adjacent to the Hebrews, aligned with Broadway above City Hall Park. They are also settled to the west of Broadway, and crowd up on holidays into Washington Park, which touches the base of Fifth Avenue at the Washington Arch.

The Germans chum together in groups, chiefly along Third Avenue. Others are across the water at Hoboken, where the German liners arrive. Russians are congregated in an upper corner of Central Park. There are some French people on mid-Sixth Avenue. The quiet law-abiding Hungarian citizens are below 14th Street eastward, and Syrians, Bulgarians, and Roumanians tend to settle around the Battery.

Conscious the livelong day of all an ocean and all a continent, New York has evolved the great, terrible, sudden, sweeping management of human affairs, parallel to what, in the days of bodily combat, were characteristic of the world-conquerors like Hannibal, Alexander, Cæsar, Frederick, Napoleon. Enthroned on the dais of city blocks around Wall Street, and seated at office and reigning here, the long-visioned Napoleons of a commercialised humanity, aspiring to reduce the nations, more effectively than could the Bismarcks and the big battalions, to a single industrial commonwealth, in which they and their houses shall reign. Brain to brain in hidden and indomitable conspiracy, America's magnates are here, planning and 'organising' victory after the manner of an ordinary industrial enterprise.

Rivals to one another within the predetermined licence which closes in a moment automatically when it is necessary to resist the common world-foe without, the New York cosmic intellect is yet just now

examining its conscience for certain moments of overhaste, of false optimism, of miscalculations of men, of the set-backs which have dogged the world-conqueror ever since Rameses, Nebuchadrezzar, Xerxes, Hannibal, Alexander, Hildebrand. No one has ever perfectly conquered the world. The Ruler of Empire at the height of Roman glory bewailed defeat in the memorable cry for his legions lost with Varus. Sultan Mohammed II., who took Byzantium, was scattered by insignificant Rhodes. The power of Solyman the Magnificent was turned adrift on the seas by a handful of Maltese knights.

So likewise the general staff of commercial world-conquest, John D. Rockefeller, J. Pierpont Morgan, J. J. Hill, W. K. Vanderbilt, E. H. Harriman, the Goulds, Stuyvesant Fish, Mackay, Keene, the Steel Trust magnates, have been checked in the last few years by the power of a progressive type of a federal executive that they, more than others, have helped to place in authority. Unless adversity shall have trained their understanding, and taught them the secret of a new wisdom and strategy that no one knows to-day but these industrial chiefs, their place in history will have been but the stepping-stone for some still more collective American assault upon the chieftainship of the world's commerce. And these preparations for future armageddons must, for a while, leave the nations in a breathing period of

security before American trade magnates can renew their threatening to dictate their means of livelihood to mankind.

Only a few years ago all the world dreaded America as a nightmare threatening to Americanise society, culture, commerce, railways, shipping, trade. To-day the war-concentration for commercial conquest has rather suddenly fallen apart. Railway mergers, in one of which the efforts of J. J. Hill were associated with the patriotic effort to run a trunk line from the Pacific ports of the North West to New Orleans as an opening to the Atlantic, have been dissolved. The Steel Trust, first brought into the law-courts by an independent lawyer of Broad Street, ran through a 'bear' movement which reduced from the nominal billion dollars'-worth of stock to the actual but still good value of about half that sum. With West Canada and Argentina in competition, there are unlikely to be attempted corners in the world's foods by a Leiter or a Gates. Ship subsidies are now forthcoming, but not on that vast scale which the late Mark Hanna contemplated, for 'bridging the ocean' in the interest of the sale of New World goods.

Organised American Industrialism is well assured of future conquests, subject to an orderly and scientific management, and without that old rainbow radiance which used to lure the public to tax itself

for the splendour of the Court of the reigning Industrial dynasty.

A result of the people's demand and of President Roosevelt's leadership, from the days when he assailed the Northern Securities Company merger of Hill and Morgan in the North-Western States, seems to be, that no industrial king shall rule in the American Israel unless he be law-abiding, people-serving, nation-consolidating; a leader, guide, friend, not a driver, deceiver, or foe of the toiling millions of the States of the Union.

New York, in spite of ups and downs, is ever proudly conscious of the cosmopolitan dignity of commanding both an ocean and a continent. It assumes a special, stately rapidity to fulfil the function of rendering frictionless the interactions of the thousand-leagued business of America. A man who enters its portals must assume a deportment of hard-headedness too, and reserve his humanity for a luxury of his private life. He must study that sovereign machine of world-work which is industrial America. He must give himself up to a necessary portion of it if he would freely take of its minting-house. In the go of this fighting arena, New York is all very much the same. The citizens are filled with stately square-headed world-circumspective conceptions of business statesmanship. They live in a uniform public life which is the merest annexe of their business stand-

ing. New York one hears called the one Eastern American city where purse conditions used with square-headed freemasonry are supreme in the social sphere. Yet to argue that this city is all for the loud life of the business of Wall and Broad Streets with their annexed social display of the spectacular mansions and hotels of Fifth Avenue would be the most utter fallacy that any one could make.

The city, it is true, from its very position has developed a trade pose and a conjoined social pose in which all its city men are at one. But the supreme fact about this cynical hard-headedness is, that it is a deliberate utilitarian pose. Nay, to the vast number of New Yorkers, it is a pose set aside the moment the business hour is closed.

Its citizens are alert to the humour of the necessarily dual life in such a cosmopolis. The more clever, successful, pushing, a man may be in the moments of business, the more whole-souled may be his recoil to all that is genial in the after-time, or on the occasion of any transaction where the excuse is given for being sociable. A pushing Hebrew I met would go out of his way in aiding people who applied to him to situations, through his extensive acquaintance, though they were quite strangers. Another successful New York Jew while at a summer holiday resort was the model of affability to the whole party, treating every one to boating and fishing, and lead-

ing in every kind of social amusement. Of company promoters among New Yorkers, one that I knew once went down to town hard set on business. In the hotel he met an Egyptian, with whom he entered into such an interested conversation about the Orient, that the day passed, without business having come upon the field. Another business man I knew would spend his weekly earnings in entertaining a large party of friends over Sunday, week after week, at a hotel he had bought on an island. They were supposed to be visiting the hotel in view of its possible opening for business, which was ever delayed.

Yet the like jolly type of New Yorker, when he does enter the business arena, is indistinguishable from any others in pushing and pressing points.

New York is in fact a city as diversified in its private home circles of life, as much as it is all one in the management of its cosmopolitan business school and world-mart. The leading genius of its experience in quest of commercial world-supremacy, enforces a ruthless business code upon all who wish to share in its domination. But the moment the common uniform of service is thrown off, New York reverts into ten thousand free-and-easy generous social circles, where all business is for the time being joked about as play.

As to the science of business, as it is taught to the average man in New York, the young man who

wants to work his way to the heights, apart from office life, usually has to begin as a canvasser, traveller, seller of goods, or company agent. He is drilled often in a vivacious manner in the oratorical championship of the company's goods by the advertising manager. He must take in certain streets, districts or outlying parts, or must travel in neighbouring States. If he can sell effectively he has claims on the company, and can become their agent, earning a good salary and managing their affairs locally. During all this time he is taking in for himself America's problem of the supply and demand for goods. He notes suburbs filling in, or centres of increase in the population, the high price of certain materials, the slackness of enterprise of this or that firm. Thus a big show-card firm was once charging high prices and ever expanding its business. A young Englishman who knew mechanical drawing saw his chance. Short of stature, he entered the firm as an office-boy on three dollars a week, and in three weeks had mastered the secrets of apprenticeship. He employed an English lithographer, a mechanical air-brush, and five apprentices whom he taught, and hired a loft. He soon would duplicate the products of the big firm, and sell them profitably at half the price. I called once at the office, and he had got orders for \$500 worth in two weeks ; later, an order for \$2000. I believe, however, that the business was finally absorbed by the chief canvasser. But

such was a typical American trade opening which was worth a gold-mine if pushed with that masterful energy that alone wins success against the opposing powers.

The entire population thus becomes private observers and speculators on the business conditions of the United States. All clerkships or office-work or canvassing are points of vantage for watching what is going on. No one succeeds who would not himself accept employment from another as an apprenticeship and also as a post for observation.

If New York then, to many a million, is the handsome salary-payer for all sorts of office-work, it is also an ever open door for the really ingenious, imaginative young man, who is also equipped with tact and judgment, in the learning of that chief of worldly sciences, namely, the building of fortunes.

The small beginner has often a greater chance of finishing as a magnate than the high-salaried beginner who is content to work steadily at an office, and is an unimaginative man.

In its final outlook, New York, in all its worldly glory, is the embodiment of the supreme romance of life of the great western continent. In all its turmoil and activities a process of 'selection' has singled out and crowned with success instances of wit, judgment, adventurousness, imaginativeness, nerve, and executive ability, gathered together almost from under the four quarters of heaven.

CHAPTER II

THE LIE OF THE LAND

To picture the United States from New York, one should imagine to the west the closing north-easterly approach of a thousand-mile mountain range, shutting off the coast from the Mississippi plains. The outlying abutting hills of this range may be seen from a New York sky-scraper as their outlines darken against the light of a westering sun. To the south-west this Appalachian chain, ever widening from the coast, leaves room for all lowland coastal States to the south. Rich peninsulas begin to hang in succession like clusters of grapes to the south-west, hanging southwards like all the famous peninsulas of the world. The indented land-clusters of New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland protect the inland waters of Delaware Bay, the Chesapeake, the Rappahannock, the Potomac, and the James River estuary.

On the river banks close to this amphibian world, but only a few miles interspaced, are the stately cities of Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore and Richmond. On the sandbanks of the curving ocean front, east of Philadelphia and other cities, is an almost

perpetual marine parade of fashionable seaside resorts, all the way down from Newport to Tampa, and every year society follows the sun from November to June, in a steady migration of pleasure-seeking.

From the inside of the Chesapeake Bay, famed for its ducks and shad-fish, the land now falls due to the south, towards the swamps and marshes of Carolina. It was by the inspiration of these marshes that Sidney Lanier wrote some of the choicest portions of the American anthology.

After Cape Hatteras the land bears again to the south-west, enclosing the Carolinas and Georgia, until the long Appalachian range, after culminating to its highest, now a long way inland, subsides to the south in Alabama.

This ever-widening radiation of land from New York encloses all the original thirteen States of the Union, except New York itself and New England. South and east, prospects from New York open to the ocean. On the west side is the Hudson River, the American Rhine, descending from due north with high banks westward, and a low mountain barrier farther inland running up to the Catskills, and ultimately to the extensive sporting fields of the pine-topped Adirondacks.

The two other radiations are therefore due north and north-east. New York's natural opening to the continent of America is northwards, not westwards.

Shipping and railway lines, and the modern roads along the lines of the older trails, all run naturally northwards to the Dutch settled Albany. Much of the permanent prosperity of the great New York Central and Hudson River Railroad is due to the fact that it follows the water level quite faithfully, with absolute economy of engineering in its easy gradients.

At Albany the world-roads open to the upper expanses of the vast Empire State. The New York Central's main line, and the Erie Canal, now being deepened for sea-going vessels, veer to the west through the Mohawk valley to the handsome city of Buffalo, and all the West.

Another narrow radiation of land from New York expands north-eastward to New England.

Thus New York is the inevitable centre of three great convergences. It unites the South with New England. It is the main outlet of continental America through the course of the Hudson River from the north. It places New England in touch with the Southern and South-eastern States. It is easy now to see much of the reason for the development of the present United States.

The romantic Frenchmen ascending the mighty waterway of the St. Lawrence River were lured to the unexplored Beyond by the promptings of their environment. First the river itself allured them onwards, as they thought, towards the riches of

the Orient. Whoever has spun down the Lachine Rapids above the city of Montreal, will recall that once these rapids were supposed to descend direct from China (La Chine). Reaching the Great Lakes, the Frenchmen soon toiled in boats to the far southwest rim of Erie and Michigan. With Indian canoes they could ascend the short rivers to the Mississippi watershed. In flood-time indeed there was an open way from the St. Lawrence into the Mississippi basin. All the year portages of from one to ten miles brought them from one basin to another. Romance, or missionary zeal, next drove the valiant Frenchmen down the Mississippi, and the outpost forts like St. Joseph were built. Towns with French names still show the line of their early and later explorations. What the French in India attempted to do under Desaix, and what they almost succeeded in doing since under Marchand at Fashoda, the French here too had aimed at doing in hemming in the prospective Anglo-Saxon advance. But the French failed at the play-work of empire building, just because they conquered too rapidly to assimilate. The only remains of French America to-day are British-protected Quebec and the spiritual dominion of the Church of Rome in Canada and the mid-western States. Material expansion was not material enough. Spiritual expansion was intangible by political failure, and that alone remained.

The history of the English settlements was in exact converse to that of the French. New England was wholly excluded from expansion by cross-barring rivers running from north to south, and by the Dutch colony of New Amsterdam. New England colonists were obliged to till the land and settle in townships near the coast.

The other settlements of Pennsylvania, Virginia, the Carolinas, Maryland and Georgia were shut in between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea. Waterways here almost supplied the need for cities. Communication, reasonably as rapid by water here as by roads in New England, made all the tobacco-planters along the banks of the southern rivers one social community.

The moment then that the English-speaking colonists were thus securely restrained for peaceful growth and development, the rest of the material history of America was inevitable. The thirteen original colonies were the training-grounds for the future continental-conquering body.

A settled population invariably finds that the armies, forts, navies of a neighbouring foreign domination are of merely transient value. For there are always moments of fluctuation in the wars and crises of foreign occupying Powers, when the rival's frontier need but be walked through, that its lands may be annexed. In this manner the French and Spanish dominions,

back of the original settlements along the coast-line, fell into the hands of the native-born Americans. The northern French possessions were surrendered as much on account of naval affairs around the coast of Europe as on account of the fall of Quebec. The Louisiana Territory became French through the home wars of Spain. Even the revolution of the Colonies against England was really a conservative assertion of popular rights against the revolutionary reactionism of the Home Government of that period.

The modern peer-colonies of England really belong to the Empire to-day because they went through a period of experience in which the British Government wished them to become independent, and shift for themselves.

In the age of King George it was probably impossible to realise that if the central Government creates a colonial empire free from subjection, it will remain in union; and if the central Government attempts to enforce subjection, the Colonies upon a certain moment of growth are sure to declare themselves free.

The War of Independence happened almost the moment when a common and effective consciousness of life in and for a common country was possible to the native-born and incoming population of the original Thirteen Colonies.

America fought, not for new and unheard-of claims,

but for equality in the possession of the ancient and inseverable rights enjoyed by English citizens. For this reason the leader of the revolt, Washington, has been called the 'Great Conservative of America.'

Before this inevitable Revolutionary War, when the old-time peoples' rights had been systematically re-asserted against the Georgian understudy of the Tudors, little fusion, however, had happened between the manifold settlers of these thirteen original colonies.

New England was compact of old English burgesses now across the seas; social New York was Dutch; Germans were in western Pennsylvania; Scotch and Irish had colonisations of their own in backland valleys. The South still retained much of the gentleman-adventurer spirit of the Elizabethan founders of Virginia.

All the various peoples were Americans, but each section retained the separate characterisation of their origins. The unity of America began to be formed as the outcome of political confederation; but still more certainly it came into being through joint colonisation in the great inland plain, away from the broken eastern sea-board.

The truest of all the Americas was that which was sifted through the Alleghanies into the emptied ocean-basin of the Mississippi, leaving all that was foreign or sectional behind the mountain sieve.

The original type of this most American of Americas is still found in much of the famed State of romantic old Kentucky. The newly-modelled most American of the Americas, which first began to grow up around the western meeting-ground called Kentucky, now fills the thousand-leagued basin of the Missouri-Mississippi plains.

These Alleghanies which cut the New America from the European influences felt in the old days along the tidewater settlements of the old colonies, are made up of a threefold ridge of mountains. The Blue Ridge lies to the east, with many an outpost abutting on the rich fields and woodlands of Virginia and Carolina. Behind, in strict parallel, after long straight valleys intervening, are the ridges comprising the Great Smoky Mountain range, and behind this is the Cumberland range. The three gaps, which travellers must somewhere or other trail through, would be easy enough to pass if those of any one ridge of these ranges were opposite those of any other ridge. But in order to complete the journey, on entering the first gap the traveller must run up or down a long way as in a maze, between the ridges, before he reaches the second, and the same labyrinthine journey must be undertaken before he leaves the final ridge to the west.

The chief of these passage-ways was by an entrance from Philadelphia to the mountains above Wadkin's

Ferry, over the Potomac River, joining the trail from Virginia to the south, and proceeding through to the historic Wilderness Road. The trail reaches Cumberland Gap out to the southwest in a journey of several hundred miles between the mountains. Before the end it was joined by a more southerly trail from the Carolinas. When the backwoodsmen, following the dauntless Daniel Boone, the founder of Kentucky, had thus severed themselves from their commercial and industrial starting-point of the old colonies, it was necessary, so to speak, to create a commonwealth for themselves from the beginning. The pioneers who did so founded that hugest division of the New World which fills in the Mississippi watershed.

After the Indian frontier fights, the settlers, spreading a little, centring in Nashville, Tennessee, and Boonesborough, Kentucky, found themselves in a country as well filled with watercourses as was the estuary region that they had left behind them. Yet all these navigable waterways of the Ohio and its affluents flowed away from their starting-point and not towards it. The Ohio flowed into the Mississippi. The Mississippi entered the Gulf of Mexico at New Orleans, then held by Spain. From the very beginning, then, the trans-Alleghany settlements formed mostly a self-contained world, opening out away from the sea-board of the Atlantic.

All these pioneers donned a sort of Indian costume made of crude leather, or of buckskin, or furs, with mocassins for footwear. Except by the steep-cut banks of rivers in the foot region of the back ridge of the mountains, they quickly followed up the water-courses as they had been wont to do in the tobacco districts of Virginia. The waterways, as hitherto, remained their means of intercommunication. The new colonists found a wondrously fertile country beyond the limits of the abutting Cumberland limestone. The region of lower modern Ohio and part of Kentucky was then a vast treeless territory of glacial deposits.

The corn grew here readily but was valueless for exportation. It was utilised however, when its essence was distilled into the more portable Bourbon whisky, which could be exported. This Bourbon whisky is distilled from Indian corn, or maize, to this day, in these districts, for all that merry company who relish this particular brand of fire-water.

In those early days most domestic vessels and utensils were made of wood, and oaken pegs were used in place of nails. Men lived in wooden huts behind wooden stockades. They made their linen from local plants, and right up to this day flax is grown and linen made locally. On and off, the Spaniards allowed them to ship goods down the river to New Orleans. Then, to an extent, they were

prosperous, and brought back luxuries from this southern gateway to the outer world. In time the difficulties of transit compelled them also to establish manufactories of their own. Little, if any, merchandise was ever worth transporting through the Alleghany mountain maze. After the Louisiana Purchase, by which the former Spanish territory came into the United States, the initial infant industries grew to large proportions, and all the rivers like the Ohio were crowded with boats whose destination was New Orleans. In this New America an adventurous, mobile, restless, southern type prevailed. Besides the many Virginians, perhaps the majority of the new migrants had come up from the western hinterland of Carolina called Tennessee. They had become trained expansionists, ever athirst for new colonisation. They looked upon expansion as the normal affair of life. As waterways are not barriers but rather openings, the new settlers soon began that great and triumphant filling-in process along all the waters of the Mississippi Valley. Stage by stage, in a very few years, they had taken up every point of vantage; but when the Erie Canal was opened from the Hudson to Lake Erie, then the North too flocked to the new mid-West.

A peculiar illustration of the rivalry between North and South is shown in the State boundary of Illinois. Illinois is a great central State beyond Ohio and

Indiana whose commercial capital is Chicago. The Northern officials who controlled the State delimitation purposely expanded its borders northwards along the shores of Lake Michigan. They wished thus to facilitate its connection with the north *via* the Erie Canal, rather than with the south *via* the Mississippi. Northern emigrants would flock in now within the limits of Illinois. The produce in the outgoing boats would return eastwards in place of the emigrants going westwards. The men of the north would thus outnumber and outvote the men who had settled from the less approachable south. Moreover the slave paternalism which travelled everywhere with the southerner would be avoided by the inclusion of this north-settled Chicago enclave within the bounds of Illinois.

Kentucky had by now settled to a kind of permanent adventurousness. Those who went beyond from the south filled up southern Illinois and Missouri. The chief northern colonisations of pure American blood were in Ohio and Indiana, and transmontane Virginia and Pennsylvania. The industrial sections of this territory like Pittsburg and Cincinnati have received in recent years a huge inflow of foreign emigrants. This is true of all the iron, coal, and oil districts of all these regions.

I have been to a mining camp called Fontanet in the extreme west border of Indiana where no single

American dwelt. Here were match-box houses perched about on any pile of rubbish ; no streets, no drainage, low wages, often short time. There were many Austrians and Bohemians who could not speak English, a few Irish storekeepers and no anti-saloon movement. Some few leaders, however, were rapidly learning English, and these would in time undoubtedly rally the rest of the population to mount up upon the level of their American neighbours.

The filling in of the vast Mississippi basin by a uniform class of pioneers of a simplified Americanism, has created a marked uniformity in the tens of thousands of cities and villages of this whole vast continental area. Some may have called the backwoodsmen who first made these settlements de-civilised ; no one can ever call them unintelligent or undaring. But in truth the pioneers were rather like men who are mobilised, after the manner of citizen-soldiers who throw aside baggage and impediments while the rough but necessary tasks are being put through. All these great Central States are founded upon a civilisation of the purest sort of Americanism. This Americanism possesses an irresistible momentum, settles to a high culture the moment that leisure is given it, and is irresistible in transmuting and absorbing foreign manners and customs.

After the pioneer native Americans had filled in

the points of vantage of the area, in the choice sites for cities and 'emporiums, all the foreigners who followed them were unable to upset the sturdy Americanism implanted there. The *ci-devant* backwoodsman founded schools and all the second generation had as good a schooling, if not a better one, than their brethren in the Eastern States. There were, perhaps, less who gained pre-eminence, but far fewer who fell below the general average. The mid-American type is of an all-round culture, ready for anything, interested in all the world and in all its ways.

Because his civilisation is simple and adaptable for equipment in rapid colonisation, it is many times more easily teachable to the immigrant than the more elaborate civilisation of the Eastern States.

The great central heart of America is therefore, to-day, this uniform mid-western world. It extends from Pittsburg and Cincinnati in a line through Indianapolis, Louisville, Evansville, St. Louis, and the two Kansas Cities, and St. Joseph, and Omaha. A fresher type of the same civilisation and culture is found in the dryer agricultural parts of Iowa, in the cultivated prairie-lands of Nebraska, and the farther portions of the State of Missouri, and in Kansas. The flatter, solider, damper regions are in lower Illinois, Missouri, around the big cities of Indiana and Ohio. Chicago is the opening centre on the

way to the higher States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the wheat-growing plains of the Dakotas. The great lake State is Michigan, which has an advanced civilisation and a noted university. All these States are now far advanced along a modernised type of culture. This facile culture is founded upon the national schools, continued in the high schools and filled in in the universities, and rounded out by the lessons of frequent travellings around the world. Of the older, primitive America, there is nothing left alone, except the famed State of Kentucky, together with West Virginia and portions of the back-world of the big State of Pennsylvania. Northwards even Kentucky is industrial along the banks of the Ohio. Eastward in the limestone district of the Cumberland range, are the race of the wildish farmers who flocked in record numbers to defend the Union. Southwards is the magic blue grass region of Kentucky, famed for its breeding of horses, and rich in agriculture. The men of this region are descendants of the backwoodsmen southerners. In the Civil War, in spite of official proclamations, they left their State to rally to their brethren under the standard of the Southern Confederacy.

Thus Kentucky, east and south, remains the old American America of the primitive reunion from the coast States. The graphic, romantic sketches of popular novels which are written in such abundance

about the wayward, good-hearted, reckless adventurers, do no injustice to these stoutly individualistic men of 'Old Kentucky.' This State remains the most American in its manners and its free-heartedness of all the mid-western American States of the Union.

So America, full to the Alleghanies, must necessarily flow over to the Mississippi valley, till now empty but for a few tribes of Indians, nominal claims of ownership, and a line of forts. The climate was suitable, the men were trained; serious obstacles were but few. Therefore the filling in of Ohio, Indiana, Missouri, and all the States of the Mississippi basin was rather like a nation's inner growth of population, than an outer expanse into unknown worlds. A portable element of American constitutionalism went with all the settlers. Sometimes an inexperienced colony from New England with all its niceties would clash with a colony from the well-experienced colonists of the mid-West. In this case the toning down happened for the New Englanders towards the seasoned bandsmen of the Louisiana States.

Kansas took in New Englanders and Southerners. Colorado is a compendium of all America. The prairies and plains of the West had an army of ranchers, stockmen, cowboys, rangers, expanding till the 'eighties. Ever since then the prairies have diminished before the advance of steady streams of

settlers. Of late there have been bitter feuds between rangers with sheep and cowboys over the few remaining free grazing districts in Wyoming, because the same grass cannot in the nature of things feed both sheep and cattle. After the wilds of the cowboys, came the enclosed ranches of the fixed cattlemen with their stock developed from Shorthorns and Devons and other noted herds of cattle which now supply the great meat-packing industry of the mid-west.

Stock was useless without the railroads, but even with the railroads, stockmen in Western Nebraska think it too far to have to send to Chicago. Consequently, packing centres have arisen at Omaha, Kansas City, St. Joseph and Denver. Refrigerator cars thence take the dressed meat to its destinations in American cities, or to sea-board for foreign shipping.

From the year 1848 vast German bands of revolutionaries found their long-sought Utopia on the far shores of Lake Michigan. Then Scandinavians found their ideal lands and liberties in Minnesota and the North-west States. Missourians were full-flavoured settlers from the Kentucky line. Nebraska received foreigners and also New Englanders. The Southern States are now in process of receiving and assimilating the overflow of crowded southern Europe.

Thus in all the central regions the staple products are cattle, maize or Indian corn, and winter wheat.

In the wealthy States to the north, including Iowa and the Dakotas, with their converted prairies, and Wisconsin and Minnesota, with their deforested lands, are the spring wheat flatlands whose milling centres are the twin cities of St. Paul and Minneapolis.

Meanwhile, the many-coloured dreams of northern freedom seekers have come true in one, as these freedom lovers have settled in a land of promise which is a common meeting-place for them all.

CHAPTER III

VISIT TO THE CENTRAL STATES

It was my experience to enter the United States by way of Canada, and from thence to pass *via* Montreal and the Grand Trunk Railway into the Central States of America.

After a night in the great squared city of Toronto, I crossed expanses of blue as of the sky upon the waters of the oval-shaped Lake Ontario. I ascended the Niagara River gorge, down which the water of that immense hollow, which had been pressed into the surface of the continent by the ice of the latest glacial age, boil and storm in the lower levels. The United States I entered at Lewiston, so that the front belt of the amazing cities of the east coast was left altogether to the rear.

I realised that I was coming into a great world-heart when Niagara was shown me. The Falls were as a drama of that liquid cosmic energy which sculpts continents ; but which, too, can fill a giant city, like Buffalo, with lightning lamps and thundering moving cars. The town of Niagara was all sportive,

restless, guide-ridden. The water monster itself was crowned on the top with a diadem of waves rushing towards the smoothened brink. I was conscious that I was in the heart of a continent and contemplated a bound onwards of the giant's pulse of life. The mist arising in the Horse Shoe Falls was filled with rainbows, and the waters which washed a thousand cities, and carried a merchant marine of vast fleets of commerce and of passengers, here tumbled from their headway as they sawed backwards the water canyon of the fissure in the rocks every year so many feet or inches, from where the melting ice-mountains of a former Glacial Age had first of all broken into the mouth of Ontario Lake, and thence gone down to the ocean.

Here is a spectacular unveiling of the secular ages. All that long gorge had been sawn into by the waters of the lakes since the very latest of the Ice Ages. This, at the rate of even one foot per annum, meant tens of thousands of years, since the first coming of the present glow of warmth, which made America habitable for man. But that nightmare of the Mountain of Ice was only the beginning of the geological vistas. There were amazing tropical forests within sight behind, filled with panthers and other beasts of prey. Behind Niagara, and behind the forests, icy desolation once more; behind this, warmth, and animals far more terrible and strange, megatheriums,

plesiosaurs, the air filled with flying reptiles which foreboded air-ships. Behind these terrors again, almost illimitable expanses of years and oceans and sediments, risings and submergings, brittle forests, backwards into seas filled with huge articulate trilobites, and beyond that age again, the primitive sea, which had settled upon the world after the terrible heat of the basal molten rocks had cooled off. This solemn weight of falling waters recalled a downpour once big enough to wash the earth itself with waters on the birthday of the sea. Niagara, thus expressing a world's outflow of waters, from the ice-pressed inland hollow over a great rock-bed, is an epitome of the inter-connections of the forces and laws which laid out the earth for man.

I left the scene for Buffalo, arriving after dark, and left this city again at midnight; and after a few glimpses at Erie in the night atmosphere, next morning we were in the heart of Ohio.

A day's rushing through a seeming dust-Sahara had its anti-climax in the little Indiana wood-city of Franklin. This is a land of an Indian red sun, and sunsets of crimson blaze amid the bent green spikes of the seven-foot American 'corn.' Here for three months my duties obliged me to reside. The site was all on the fresh grass of what seemed one single, well-watered, extending lawn. Each street, shaded unto coolness with its doubled avenues of trees, had

pretty, white, green, or simply polished wooden houses, perched some space apart on either side, but not far enough apart to prevent them becoming at night one long corridor, under the trees, of chattering social intercourse. The entire population then lounged on rocking-chairs on their verandahs, or swung in nets, and talked across to each other from house to house, suggesting that the city was all one settlement of relatives and friends.

After seeing the 'merchants' lolling about daily at their leisure, with the ease and independence of English clubmen, as they wandered in groups down to await the mail distribution at the post-office, or strolled in twos or threes to watch the giant bell-ringing engine lead the one big train of the day through the street, on the pretext to see who had come into town, I saw that I was in the world where the shopkeeper and his mannerisms of subservience had ceased to be.

Except for some German tradesmen, Irishmen employed as flagmen at the railway crossings, and some prosperous Irish farmers in the rich pastures and cornlands, almost every citizen was native born. Their ancestors had probably settled here from Ohio and the south-east nearly a century ago. Outside the Baptist College no one knew anything of England since the date of George the Third. All were skilled amateur mechanics. I never saw a

man among them who was in a hurry, or who was not at his ease.

The American outside the bustling cities is the most leisurely, loitering, sociable individual one can discover. He links all work with talks with neighbours and passers-by. But what he does effect is put through with the greatest skill, and clever execution.

Every one drives about in buggies. It is practically impossible not to drive. Only at the serious risk of giving offence may one walk out to view the country; because every one who drives by offers you most pressing invitations, though to a perfect stranger, to have a ride.

No one was poor; none were very rich; all were contented.

There was an honoured veteran of the Civil War about these parts, with many a story to recall as to the fury of the battles he had fought in against the terrible Southerners.

Others remembered the famous 'Morgan's Raid,' a foraying sally of the dashing Southern chief named Morgan, who played the pirate with Indiana stores and granaries, when most of the Indiana men were on the front line of the battle.

Indian corn or wheat fields were on every side in great abundance, and the neighbourhood was thick-set with grapes and vineyards. Hogs were reared in numbers and sent to Indianapolis.

The chief event of the year was the County Fair. Here there were tents set up for every kind of amusement. But interest all centred on the trotting races, where the local farmers—the champion of them an old man with a goatee beard—showed the prowess of their horses in trotting at a tremendous rate. The racer was perched behind on a tiny seat of the sulky, above two shafted wheels. All the world applauded every local success.

Southward of the town was a negro settlement of neat little cabins surrounded with Indian corn and vine-trees. The coloured folk had plots of land. They gardened for others, or worked on the railroads and elsewhere. Their easy, happy, ever-singing ways contrasted with the solemn alertness of the coloured servant of city offices. They were as different as can be from these their salary-earning brethren of the northern cities.

There had been canning factories in the neighbourhood; but the tariff-protected 'trust' had recently closed them, and left them desolate, all with a view to economy and concentration. The town therefore remained a typical country market-town, one out of thousands of similar towns in Indiana, southern Illinois, and Ohio. There was a Baptist Training College, a stately building with lawns and protecting avenues of trees. Baseball was played with all vigour, notwithstanding the tropical weather. Be-

sides this centre of culture, every one read the New York periodicals, and the Indianapolis and Cincinnati dailies, with their great Sunday magazine supplements. Moreover there was a little daily Franklin paper which all citizens read. It was of four pages, and about the length and breadth of a small quarto sheet. This 'daily' was a medium for the social items of all the inhabitants. Every going or coming, or social or family party, was duly recorded in its columns. The editor was not without a sense of humour in his descriptions of the doings of the local leaders.

In the season of the fall I left Indiana for Nebraska, and on the way thither I stayed for one day only in Chicago; though I saw this city again on the way backwards from the West.

Chicago is no mere industrial capital or centre of any single great American zone of industry. It is rather the capital of other capitals of various great industries around the middle West. Chicago is thus the imperial site of the organic inter-connections of commerce and industry of the great plains and great lakes of the American continent. St. Paul, for instance, the grain and milling capital of the wheatland dominion of Minnesota, is put in touch through Chicago with Omaha and Kansas City, the capitals of the packing industry.

Chicago exchanges a continent's produce for the beer of Milwaukee, which is drunk by the German

millions in the plains of the Mississippi valley. Chicago brings due exchange to Indianapolis for the gatherings of this hog-capital. It gathers timber from the lake cities and from Canada, forwarding it to neighbouring manufacturing centres to return again as domestic and office furniture. It takes in roll-top desks from Grand Rapids, breakfast foods from Battle Creek. It receives iron from iron capitals, beef from beef capitals. It stretches out a hand for the iron and copper ore, from across and around the lakes, and sends it through the long drainage canals which tap Lake Michigan and the Laurentian basin down into the Mississippi, which flows into the Gulf of Mexico.

Chicago is the exchange and mart of a surrounding circle of great cities : Milwaukee, Pere Marquette, Duluth, Sault Ste. Marie to the northern boundary of the circle ; St. Paul, Minneapolis, Dubuque, on the north-western confines ; Davenport, Des Moines, Sioux City, Omaha, Council Bluffs, Burlington, on the western boundary ; St. Joseph, the Kansas Cities, and Jefferson, on the south-west ; St. Louis, Springfield, Alton, Cairo, Evansville, to the south ; and Indianapolis, Logansport, Fort Wayne, Toledo, Detroit and Saginaw rounding off the rim of this great surrounding city-circle in the central plains of America. Each one of these sisterly cities is itself a centre of smaller children towns.

This imperial position of Chicago amid the other capitals of the food centre of America gives Chicago the supreme centralised control of freight and passenger traffic. Chicago is the first natural stopping-place in a long journey from east to west. It is but eighteen hours in time from New York. In Chicago at least twenty-six railroads have their terminals or vital junctions, in intimate touch with the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the great lakes, the Gulf of Mexico, the great riparian entrepôts, and all that lies between.

All civilisations dependent on the hazards of every increase or decrease of industrial demand and output are subject to ups and downs in their business relationships. But with its imperial sway over all these other cities and their respective zones of commerce and industry, Chicago is also a storm-centre of the fluctuations of fortunes of a magnitude unknown in any other place.

The very weather of Chicago, with its sudden fluctuations of forty or more degrees of temperature, seems to fraternise with its fluctuations in the sphere of the industrial outlook.

The variations in the output of wheat, corn, barley, broom-corn, iron, copper, coal, in the belt of cities and industrial areas in the environment, react at once upon the Chicago markets.

The shortened demand in all or any of these

centres for any staple line of goods tells at once also in the prices quoted in the Chicago exchanges.

In all these fluctuations some make fortunes ; others, losing them, remain as social or industrial pariahs. The 'bear' of the grain-pit makes a prospective fortune by selling in the hope that the value of the property of others will fall to the ground. Moreover he helps to beat down prices by every kind of ingenious artifice. The 'bull' makes a fortune by anticipating the prospective fortunes of others, and by inducing them to sell that the increment may become his own.

The majority, playing against loaded dice, lose in either case, whether values run up or down, as by inevitable decree. But no one loses without having wherewith to lose. And when the millions of producers have suddenly and inadvertently created a millionaire by their unwitting free contributions, they retain enough in tens of thousands of cases to become well-to-do citizens, thankful still for mercies which are by no means small.

Of course the big or little inflowings of crops and outputs from the surrounding regions infallibly leave an ever-acting tidal washing of derelict men behind them upon Chicago's industrial shore.

If all has been cheapened, many are ruined because they bought their goods for more and now sell to lose. If all is heightened in price, more

still are ruined because they cannot buy to sell with profit.

Moreover the mercurial business weather of Chicago is the less controllable through the city's inability to raise its million or more of foreigners to a full sense of responsible citizenship. In no city of America are the 'outs' so much out of power, and the 'ins' so much in the seat of authoritative control.

Chicago is a great reforming civic centre, but the difficulty is that the raging waves of industrial and commercial fluctuations are so inevitable, and the masses are so inert, that assimilation to American culture happens more slowly in Chicago than in any other great city of the American Union.

This is sensationally proved by the ease with which a Dowie here will find a hearing, while he met with an icy reception from New York. Dowie was, however, only one out of a long roll of revivalists who find in Chicago a prepared place for them as the storm-centre of emotionalism in religion. Everywhere one meets in Chicago crowds of the simplest European peasants who form most of the material for these end-of-the-world appeals. With a little outer assimilation, they retain the old mentality of their social ranks in the country from which they have migrated.

Mr. Upton Sinclair's book, *The Jungle*, is a Dantesque sketch of the life of immigrants in the stock-

yard environment of Chicago. As those storm-blown unfortunates of the city of doom, so here the Lithuanian immigrants are for ever chance-swept upon the waves of fortune. They become helplessly immersed in the trough of the great periodic depressions of local trading.

Exaggerated as may have been Mr. Sinclair's reputed facts, it is true that Chicago's successful but almost anarchic industrial individualism has an evil obverse side, which will only cease to be when the best ideals of America, as realised elsewhere, have also stamped themselves here.

In size Chicago is the biggest city in all the five continents of the globe. It runs for about forty miles along the south-western shores of Lake Michigan, and for nearly twenty miles inland from the lake. Placed in Surrey and Sussex, Chicago would extend from Croydon, through most of Surrey, and all the width of Sussex, down to Brighton on the south coast. The business section is a narrow division well to the lower end of the lake, and surrounded by the loops of interconnecting railroads. Beyond the business section the streets and houses are well-spaced, accounting for the occupation of so vast a city area by a population of only two millions. The railway works and the packing centres are to the west, inland.

My first impressions of a supreme American city

were taken as I left the hotel on arriving at night at the Adams Street Station. I walked through some of the deserted business area amid the blocks of skyscraper buildings. There were blazing lights in many of the ground-floors, but the flanks of the huge structures were all darkened above. The summit of the buildings was quite invisible, giving the feeling of walking through pit-like streets somewhere in the depths of the earth, the mouth of the pit above being beyond the reach of sight. When I returned to the same scenes next day the tide of life and animation filled these sites of a former deserted night gloom to the full.

I remember one Chicago scene : horses' hoofs were striking fire from the unevenly laid stone pavement, in a raging attempt to keep their pace while drawing their loads of freight. The stream of rushing vehicles was too closely packed together for any foot-passenger to cross the street. Suddenly there was a halt along the great right-sided wagon troop, engineered by giant Irish, red-faced, talkative policemen. A great bridge swung aside, and what I at first imagined to be a fleet of ships passed cross-ways to the street. I then saw that it was a grain-bearing 'whaleback,' a portentous lake barge, rounded on top like the back of a whale and as long as an ocean liner, which travels on the Great Lakes. The monster glided along the nightmare drainage canal,

which has forced the flow of the Chicago River backwards from the Michigan and St. Lawrence system, into the Mississippi, the barge and the river both being the colour of mud.

In the next street the remedy for these appalling blockages had already been achieved by subways, where the trams and street traffic dip under the big canal to the opposite side.

The struggle and the pandemonium of some Chicago streets outclassed every sort of rush and tumble in other cities, including even the worst portions of New York.

By the lake shore was, on this occasion, a wilderness of wreckage, and one staccato white building remaining from the great World's Show of seven years back, in which Chicago entered the world in a new rôle, to her, as the bearer of light. In other parts of the city there were shanties of houses with wide streets, bearing away in a straight line for miles, with side-walks made of cross rows of rotten and rotting planks, high enough to be of deadly danger to the ankles and bones of pedestrians. The street looked as if it had been cleaned never at all.

After all, however, what things savoured of Erebus here were but the rough and grimy expressions of the work of a world-workshop, wherein goods are gathered from afar, and transmuted for the use and service of appreciable portions of the human-kind.

What seems unhuman about all these vulcan ways of energy is that they should not be earth concealed and earth contained. The modern underground freight passage-way for all the business sections of the city must have considerably humanised Chicago.

Meanwhile there are whole square miles of residential Chicago which compare well with any American city in the matter of parks, avenues, and grass plots around the houses. Early in the afternoon I visited the handsome Lincoln Park; but towards dusk of the same day duty obliged me to leave by the Burlington route for Nebraska.

CHAPTER IV

THE PRAIRIE-WORLD

THE deep, clear Mississippi River, which I crossed that evening, runs almost due south, within an appreciable distance from Chicago, from the State of Minnesota to St Louis, and thence down into the Gulf of Mexico. This plenteous waterway is the nominal dividing line of East and West America. One who has crossed and settled beyond the Mississippi has become a 'Westerner.' But as the river has always been used for navigation it has brought the peoples of either banks together from the beginning in the use of a common waterway, quite as much as it has in other ways kept them apart.

The same cannot be said of the wild, vast, broad, shallow, sandy-coloured affluent of the Mississippi called the Missouri, flowing from the north-west and joining the Mississippi above St. Louis. On the map this affluent looks much larger than the main stream. But the reason why the longer stream is said to flow into the shorter one is because the Mississippi carries a greater and more steady body

of waters at the junction. Moreover it was long before the huge extent of the Missouri was appreciated by the canoe-men and trailers by its banks.

Perhaps a dozen small affluents of the great water-course come down from Canada. One important affluent, the Milk River, runs into Alberta and returns to the States. The Missouri, with its first affluents, flows from the region at the north-west of the Yellowstone National Park, itself named from a great affluent which joins the Missouri far to the north-east. The Missouri first proceeds northwards for more than a hundred miles. It then turns round, moves to the east, and next falls southward for eight hundred miles with two further deflections in the journey almost due eastward. All along this way the wide, sanded, shallow, tree-marked rivers from the Rocky Mountains flow eastwards into the great river in its southering course. As the Missouri for all its width is of little use for navigation on account of the uncertainty of its flow of water and the shallowness of the stream in nearly the whole of its length, it is more of a dividing line than a joining link, unlike its more steady and deeper compeer. Therefore the real Western America may be said to be the trans-Missouri States.

There is much connected prairie land that is an undulating treeless region in prosperous Iowa, which is between Illinois and the Missouri. But the wilder

untrammelled prairies are mainly in the Dakotas, Montana, and in Nebraska and Kansas, which are only watered by the Missouri affluents.

From the banks of the south-flowing Missouri westwards, one rises steadily, for nearly five hundred miles, to the foot of the Rocky Mountains. With the ascent the country is ever dryer and dryer, until, beyond the hundredth meridian, farming without irrigation becomes precarious. In the mountain region farming is never thought of without the aid of irrigation, but the downflow of water is plentiful from the mountains, where rain and snow are frequent above a certain high level.

Thus we have a huge band of country touching the out towns of the Chicago radius like Omaha, near the junction of the Platte with the Missouri, and watered only by sandy, shallow, winding, east-bearing streams which flow from the mountains or high-level slopes, and after a slow tedious course, reach the Missouri river. This is the great region of the rolling prairies of the Western States, where, as the railroads approached in the 'seventies and 'eighties, several million buffaloes were shot down in a few years, and the entire race was extinguished.

Since also the railroad gridiron has been laid down on the prairies of Central West America, the revolutionary cultivator has done for the prairie-world of the vagrant Indian hunter, much the same as the

Red Indians themselves had done for the wood-world of a former trans-Missouri.

The herds of American bison, some decades ago, were really the imported stock of the Indians. Geology teaches that only a few centuries previously, the bison came through the Rockies and found the limit of his tether in Kentucky and Tennessee. The prairie fires, the story of which delights the boy readers of the pages of Mayne Reid, were originated by Indians who wanted to clear the field of trees and brushwood to make room for the pastures of their life-sustaining, monstrous, shaggy-headed buffalo herds. Much of the now treeless West may have been a forest formerly, before the Indian incendiaries came upon the scene. Now the only visible trees in a day's train-journey are the newly-planted brilliant green alamos in every settlement, and the serpentine, interminable, arboreal alleys about the creeks. Through all these hundreds of miles, the train's advent has occasioned the cutting up of the regions into farms, and has displaced Indian and buffalo together. Old buffalo horns are scattered still about the pasture, and deep pestled wallowings still bear witness of his departed race. The farmers of the dry region lament the departed glories of the self-made hay of the stiff buffalo grass. If it now grew plentifully, standing erect as it did till March, it might have fed their stock through much of the winter.

The prairie lands are a belt of about three hundred or four hundred miles in width from east to west, and one thousand miles in length from north to south. The prevailing winds are made up of alternating currents of air from the north or back again from the south, and the marks of their recurring sweepings are on all the rounded scenery. These prairies are formed by the washing downwards of the great earth cover from the western highlands, themselves heaved upwards by cosmic force. They roll like ocean waves in all their hundred miles of width. They are of a rich brown colour during most of the year. They are alchemised into deep kingly purple when seen from a distance from their bluff headings.

I got a fair view of this formation after I had crossed to the dry, flat, sandy region called formerly the Great American Desert,¹ west of cultivation, where the cowboys hold their undisputed sway.

One night after dark I arrived at a settlement on the extreme north-west margin of Kansas named St. Francis. It had taken the entire afternoon to travel the seventy miles in an 'accommodation' train. This species of train is exceedingly trying to the temper because it earns its name of 'accommodation' by obliging all the world it meets upon the journey. At each station the goods cars are taken, or left, or

¹ This name is now used for the flat alkaline desert south-west of Salt Lake.

shunted, the passengers get out for an hour or so, and if any one wants to stay a bit longer, he shouts to the conductor that he will be back at such and such a time. When everything and every one has been gathered up, the train starts with a terrifying jerk. A judge was going on circuit on this occasion, and he was treated with countless 'How dy, judge!' and much patting on the back. At Attwood towards evening the judge was to get out, many friends wanting him to see them. The judge, though friendly and familiar, preserved his dignity. He told them he had about fifty cases to settle, and he could not see any one until about 9.30. As I met him returning the next morning at 7 a.m., I concluded that these must have been either undefended cases or else permits for marriage. In the morning light I was to have the unique experience of slowly travelling into the margin of the rolling prairie from these high desert lands. On leaving St. Francis, which was on the border of the western desert, a blazing sun rose upon a dry grass land as flat as a lawn, reaching as far as the eye could see. The scene was still and peace-giving, the change from the prairie where I had been staying to the uncultivated flatlands creating a surprising sensation of being lost for ever in a plain beyond the world. The centre of the flatlands was a place called Bird City, which could be seen from forty miles away through an

almost perpetual mirage from the watersheds above Indianola, in Nebraska. Whether the name St. Francis had suggested for Bird City its name, or the few poultry I saw in the single ranche and couple of other houses of the place, I do not know. Beyond these, on the way eastward, the first narrow cracks in the flatlands began. These opened out and the various sections of the flatlands rounded off the gullies, deepening down to gorges that lead to the Beaver River. In these cosy hollows the cattle of the ranchemen would gather for protection from the wind. As we journeyed on there were other shorter flatlands, which again opened out through cracks dividing into sections, which again rounded off, and the gullies again ran down to the river. Finally, all around, was a wavy earthen sea.

Here, then, was the philosophy of the great rolling plains of America. They are a belt of lands running a thousand miles north and south and are several hundred miles wide, and immensely fertile where it rains sufficiently. They are a series of rounded-off steps on the descent through to the Missouri bed a few hundred feet high, each of gigantic length. In relative altitude, however, the western head of the prairie is not so much lower than the footlands of the Rocky Mountains two hundred miles beyond St. Francis. St. Francis itself was nearly three thousand feet above sea-level. The entire prairie

was a breaking away from this level, first from the great grass flatlands and thence from the minor stages. All the great rollings of about one hundred and fifty feet from head to base immediately now fit into order. Seen from the west, above the river, there is no hillock, but mere cuttings down into the ground. Seen from the east each bluff rises, ever steep, and sometimes vertically, from the bed of the river. All beyond the river is a gradual, weather-beaten rounding off of the earth's surface, falling down even lower from west to east, with here and there a miniature canyon or gully winding its way down to the river bed. These bluffs, one hundred and twenty feet high, are simple heaps of the finest soil in the world. Until twenty years ago they were all free ranche lands and covered with stiff buffalo grass, which is ashen blue for one or two months and then dries, standing stiff. It proved as excellent a fodder for cowboy herds of cattle as it had been for the bison. Twenty years ago many Minnesota workers were induced to take up quarter-sections. They ploughed up the buffalo grass and waited for rain, which comes, alas ! on an average only in three years out of ten. Those three years are incredibly prosperous, but the other seven years of drought have had the effect of putting most of the farms into the hands of money-lenders, who themselves now are unable to work them or to rent or sell them. A very

thrifty farmer will keep his farm going by small crops of Indian corn and pigs and cattle. He will live on produce without any cash for two or three years. At the end of that time he will be blessed with almost miraculous crops, out of which he must meet all liabilities for the next two years at least in the way of clothing, furniture, and luxuries of life. If he is blessed with a second year of plenty he is likely to migrate into a more auspicious clime, or else he will buy a plot of land in the valley which he can irrigate for the four crops of the wondrous vivid green alfalfa, a giant clover, which will give him all the fodder required for the year.

At the present moment deliverance is fast coming to the oppressed farming population, to be won by the Government's Reclamation Service, which has begun to spend millions a year in reservoirs and irrigation canals. The scope of the Government's labours, during the last two years, has suddenly expanded, until it rivals in proportions and significance, even the digging of the Panama Canal. Reservoirs, reminiscent of Assouan, are being projected in many a site, to store up the waters of storms and swollen torrents, against the season of dearth. Already 2000 miles of canals are in preparation to carry the irrigation waters to this deep, rich, but arid soil. Nearly 20,000 hands have been set to dig and reclaim, in this undertaking, in Federal fee. It is contemplated

setting aside \$50,000,000 for seven important projects of the north-west alone. In a valley parallel to the Republican River, but further south, beet raisers have been allowed a quarter of a million for pumping up what is called the 'underflow.' And no one who has observed the depth and quality of the soil about these parts can doubt but that these Government projects will yield their very high percentage of returns.

On these expectant, wind-swept prairies of brown Nebraska, almost beyond the western limit of rain, the bright blue of the sky goes down, unyellowed and unwhitened, right on to the horizon. On every side around, looking in the distance like giant sunflowers, arose the windmills of the German and Bohemian settlers. Unless clouds were layered across the sky, revealing its true perspective, there was no impression of distance from the untainted blue; or else, it may be said, distances reigned there without measure, and were illimitable. At times the sky was clearly divided into twenty or more parts by twenty sculptured arches of rainbow-tinted or bright red cloud, radiating from the sun, and converging opposite the sun into a gigantic star. At other times a single column of crimson would arise straight upwards in the west, 'over the foundered sun.' Few observers, it seems, had ever watched this atmospheric effect; for on one occasion, when I was in the county capital, the wife

of a citizen rushed in, in terror, saying that the end of the world was approaching, since there was a column of fire in the west rising up to the zenith, and, as she would have it, portending the end of all things. Once also, from the bluff, I saw an atmospheric reproduction of a semblance to the miracle of the plain of Ajalon. Just as the sun was disappearing, and for about a quarter of an hour afterwards, a crimson cloud, all luminous, approached along the valley of the Republican River to within the distance of a few miles. Its glow was not like the merely aerial colours in ordinary sunsets, but it seemed to own a corporeal presence, with a distinct luminosity, as of brilliant particles. Appearing in a neighbourhood noted for mirage effects, the illusion was evidently caused by some refraction of the sun's light, which broke into and illuminated the mist that was rising above the part of the valley of the river where the irrigation, in the vicinity of the little city of McCook, occasioned atmospheric moisture.

I used to wander during the ever-bright afternoons amid the earthen bluffs cut out by the river in its long descent to the Missouri. Here there were wild grapes and plums, but no living creatures except grasshoppers and snakes. Not far away were the pasture lands, whence every evening a little girl of ten, after school, would drive home a herd of great cattle to the ranche. I traced up the course of the

winding river where the trees hugged the water-courses, there being no other conspicuous vegetation. The river was fordable, running its shallow course over a wide and sandy bed. There were turtles in the pools, and tortoises crept about its verdant borders.

Thus the long season of the fall glided by, though one could sit out and read under the invariable blue of heaven even until December. At length the storm time came, the sky being now either overclouded with dust, while the sun appeared a dull yellow ochre colour, or else, in January, a blizzard swept the hills, scarcely allowing any of the snow to lay its friendly mantle over the autumn-sown wheat and Indian corn. The temperature dropped down one morning to thirty degrees below zero. The river was solidly blocked with ice. There were now at times false suns in the sky, and huge circles of light about twenty degrees away from it would surround the sun. This was the effect of the sun's light falling upon particles of snow in high altitudes.

The religion of perhaps a majority of people in the neighbourhood was Catholic, although most of the Catholics lived outside the town limits. No severity of weather would prevent a number of pious German and Irish Catholics from attending the Sunday mass. The type of faith of the German and Bohemian settlers was a sturdy one. It had been broadened by associa-

tions with men of other religions and races and by the experience of free political institutions. The trustees of the national public school, which is the mainspring of character and ideality in the hopes of the people, were mostly Catholics, who were, none the less, as jealous as any other Western Americans for the perpetuation of the undenominational system. Some of these men I nevertheless once heard treating with the bishop of the diocese for the erection of a Catholic school, which they were willing under certain conditions to found, but none of them ever dreamed of asking that it should be paid for by non-Catholics. There was a flourishing school, taught by Sisters, across the border at Herndon, in Kansas, with a very large attendance, the children being wont to drive in from the neighbouring farms, no parents ever allowing their children to travel any considerable distance on foot. Where there were only two or three children in a household they would make up a party with some neighbours' children and drive off together, or else two or three children mounted a great horse and rode to school.

Democracy in Nebraska means an all-round friendliness and equality. The banker, a State senator, would come down his steps every day and talk freely with unshaven but interesting ne'er-do-wells. There was a giant Dane, a blacksmith, named Andersen, a cultivated man, who had parted company with his

brother in Los Angeles, on account, he said, of his abhorrence of the sectionalism of service in city life. He preferred the comparative desert to an unequal social world. On Sunday, occasionally, I would dine with some of the chief merchants in neighbouring Cambridge, a 'city' of nine hundred inhabitants, with neat, white-painted, green-rimmed houses amid groves of alamos. The party sat down perhaps with fourteen or fifteen to the table. It invariably happened that, five minutes after dinner was served on the table, a sturdy, foreign-born young woman would enter and solemnly take her place with all the guests. She was the hired 'help,' otherwise 'scullery maid,' but was as much at home in talking as any one else at the table. I have known the great trans-continental express of the Chicago and Burlington to stop for a lowly servant-girl, who wished to visit her father who was gravely sick.

English servant-girls who venture to big cities far west sometimes experience romance. One of two sisters became the wife of a Texas ranchman; the other was wooed and won by a wealthy citizen. She was sent to the high school, and also taught by professionals all the arts of refinement. Being married, she was wont to drive about in a handsome victoria buggy with a pair of horses, the equal of any lady in that city of ten miles in length.

The only social distinctions which existed were

between the anti-saloon party and the pro-saloon party. In Nebraska, Local Option prevails ; and is as great a success as Total Prohibition is a failure across the Kansas border. At Cambridge, fifteen miles away, which I attended every fortnight, there was no saloon. It was the custom of a certain inveterate tippler, an immigrant, to save up his earnings during the month and then drive over to Indianola, where there was a saloon in one ward of the town. The next morning the horse and buggy would be found about ownerless, and the too jovial settler was invariably in the ditch. It was this kind of scene which made the leading citizen of Indianola, a banker, an Irishman, and a Republican, support what he called the 'Social Taboo' against drink. He said to me : 'You have made it unfashionable in England for gentlemen to boast of drinking ; we also want to make it unfashionable and socially disreputable to enter a saloon !' He was as good as his word, and was strongly supported by the denominations in this 'Social Taboo.' In his own ward the saloon was kept away ; in the second ward of the 'city' a saloon was allowed to run by aid of about seven loafers, whose vote was controlled by free drinks, and also by the needs of the German and Bohemian farmers, who drove in from the farm for their customary glass of beer. Among the elder generation of

these foreigners, though not for the English-speaking world, drink was held to be excusable.

The alternating north and south winds which drive up and down the prairies, almost immediately tan the faces of the grown-up inhabitants of these parts. Added to that, their workaday clothes were in keeping with the colour of the greenless ground. On the contrary, the children of Indianola, often brightly dressed—the girls in hats of red, blue, and grey; neither with faces pale, as in the East, but perennially fresh and fair; nor with figures frail as in Indiana, but well built and muscular, arrayed with an unending smile—seemed to be, and were, the true aristocracy of the place. The majority of their parents were uneducated, but the care taken over the education of the Western children surpasses, I believe, that of any Eastern State. Girls of twelve can tell you all the characteristics of the chief American poets. I have seen them sitting in council together engaged in animated discussion on learned topics. In fact the elder girls and young women form a distinct circle of culture which is fed by literary papers such as the *Bookman*, the *Literary Digest*, and *Current Literature*. Add to these the monthly general periodicals and also novels. In this struggling village of six hundred inhabitants there were two places where I could buy Ruskin's minor works, which were kept in stock as suitable presents for the young folk,

together with handsome editions of poets like Longfellow, Whittier, Tennyson, and 'Owen Meredith.'

There were apparently three weekly newspapers published in Indianola. Two of these, named the *Red Willow Republican*, and the *Red Willow Sun*, were in reality the same sheet, but for a single variant column. Issued by the same publisher they each contained separate political reports, one from the state Republican headquarters, and the other from the Democratic. Politics raged fiercely that year, as a presidential election was on. The Democratic candidate for the United States presidency hailed, too, from this state of Nebraska. This was the redoubtable orator, William Jennings Bryan. These Western Democrats are radicals to a man, and have no relationship, more than a mechanical one, with certain city Democrats and others of the Eastern and Southern States. The whirlwind orator, nicknamed 'Cyclone' Davis, came up in the Democratic interest from Texas, and Senator Allen and many others spoke.

The then 'Governor,' Theodore Roosevelt, who was standing for the vice-presidency, had been made the target of abusive attack, not of the sort common perhaps in France, but indulged in as pugilism is, within the bounds of a definite code, and fiercer by far than the oratorical onslaughts habitual in England. On the night when I first visited McCook,

the capital of the county, the enraged Governor arrived from the coast on his way through, determined to vindicate himself. During the forty minutes' address he delivered at McCook that evening, he spoke scarcely a word about McKinley's policy, but, to the rapt delight of the audience, he talked in cowboy slang with live figures of speech, taken from the vocabulary of cattle management, against each and all of his personal assailants. Of course this talk carried the audience away, and it left such an effect that, after its deliverance, the enemy was no more to be found about those parts. The county of Red Willow as a result swung over from Bryan to McKinley.

When spring at length arrived I was not fated to see the fulness of its regeneration in these parts. The grass had been brown and withered since last July, but what the change is like on the prairie I can add from what I subsequently saw. I went out one Saturday to a town situated as within the jaws of a canyon mouth which opened from mighty hills. From north and south of the canyon the hills fell down as the steep shores of an ocean, but on to the surface of the illimitable plain. On that warm spring day the ground was still brown though the atmosphere was moist. During the night a gentle rain fell. The following afternoon I climbed up part of the mountain ramparts, and where I had seen it brown

and earthy-coloured the day before, it was, to-day, all lightly flushed with gentle ashen-green, as far on the horizon as I could see, for about eighty miles. In a single night the sheaves or blades of the delicate ash-tree tinted buffalo grass had opened, and the regeneration called the Spring had taken place. Only those who have seen no green grass for nine months can realise the force of this sudden and, as it were, sacramental change.

In Nebraska, however, when the first little flowers came, rising up not more than one or two inches from the ground, but beautifully coloured, and of a family whose name I could not find, it was time for me to leave. On the 8th day of May I went down to the station, but hearing that the night train was two hours late, as may easily happen in the crossing of a continent, I returned home. In one hour, however, I saw the great Burlington engine flash its headlight as it passed by, and I knew that it had made up time, and that I was late. Next day, then, I took the train eastwards to Oxford, and caught the mid-day 'flyer,' as the express was called, which ran through from Chicago to Denver, over a thousand miles, in twenty-six hours. We were not long in leaving the rolling prairie, the western margin of cultivation without irrigation, and passed through an immense, flat, alkali desert, with no signs of life upon it but the tufts of dried grass and the wander-

ing prairie dogs. I was watching westwards with eagerness, and by 3 p.m. at Fort Morgan cloudy white specks were visible near the horizon which I knew were the mountains. An hour later the great rocky wall was well visible, bearing off northwards in all its spring magnificence. Long's Peak, 14,121 feet high, headed the range to the right; Gray's and Torrey's Peaks, 14,443 feet high, were to the south. In all about one hundred miles of the mountains of the Front Range came into view. Their masses rise in portentous piles of granite and gneiss, are cut with at least fifty deep canyons, and are cloaked up to the timber-line at the elevation of 11,500 feet with a dark mantle of pine-trees. Above the timber-line are huge wastes, rising here and there into beautifully sculptured peaks.

CHAPTER V

COMPARATIVE STUDY OF AMERICAN NATIONALISM

BEFORE leaving the central scenes of this unified civilisation of all America beyond the Alleghanies, certain historical comparisons may be helpful in order to appreciate the likeness and differences between the institutional democracy chiefly of this portion of America, and historical parallels.

Compared with other nations the United States is a revolutionary, social experiment aiming at the abolition of that one-racial ideal of the modern nation, so dear to the heart of Germany, Russia, Italy, France, England, and Ireland.

The United States is a scientific attempt to create a fraternal bond between peoples of diverse national and racial origin. With a population of which only five per cent., in many parts, is of Anglo-Saxon descent, America is in no sense a nation in the meaning of being one in blood-relationship and common racial heredity. Probably nine-tenths of the rulers of New York, Chicago, and the belt of cities around Chicago, are foreign born, or the sons of foreigners.

In the various localities or mining districts of the United States there is rarely animus enough against any particular class of immigrants to pass ordinances affecting injuriously any of the white races. The 'dago,' as the Italian is called, was not always admitted into the flourishing mining city of Victor in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado ; and there are townships where the native Coloradan Mexicans suffer a similar restriction.

Racial antipathies may also come to the front in some of the States. Such an antipathy occasioned the riotous collision between the Irish and the Jews in the east side of New York City. There are colonies of Norwegians, Bohemians, Italians, Hungarians, Jews and Poles, which for the moment are isolated from the rest of the country ; but the tendency these cleavages have to terminate is illustrated by the gradual decrease in the number of German papers published in the almost entirely German city of Milwaukee, where formerly thirty newspapers in German were published, while to-day there are but two.

The one permanent social cleavage is colour. Yellow, Red, and Black races are not destined to be incorporated within the future American race, using these terms in their more generally accepted senses. The social aversion to Mongol and Negro is of course essential to the well-being of America. It is a tremendous enough experiment to have established

the fraternisation of all the white races in the world. European nations, unlike the United States, impose within their national boundaries jealously maintained restrictions upon the attainment or building up of a common inter-racial citizenship. Foreigners crowd into districts of London, but we do not hear that they effectually share in the city government. Italians have entered France in parts around Marseilles, but not to fraternise with Frenchmen in the government of the south of France. Germans have been expelled from Russia. Poles are being expropriated in Prussian Poland. Canadian fusion, beyond Quebec where there is little fusion, is indeed a new problem to be faced by the Dominion Government. Visitors from the Argentine Republic tell us that the various races of emigrants in that rich domain settle there as permanently *disjecta membra*. Racial fusion, it may be said, has not yet begun in most countries across the seas. In Europe racial fusion is definitely set aside.

For the essential fact of a modern Germany is its eternal defiance of the French, Russians, Poles, and British. The ideal of an Austrian or Russian Empire is the union of many races which never combine in the sole tie of a single personal sovereignty. On the contrary, the essence of the American national ideal is the absolute fraternisation between Americans of Anglo-Saxon, of Scottish and Irish, races with the

Germans, Scandinavians, Russians, Poles, Hungarians, Bohemians, Austrians, Italians, Slavonians, Armenians, Syrians, Greeks.

The cradling of America, which has gone so very far, could not, however, go beyond a broadly-interpreted white race. The practical reason why, is that no advantageous union of whites and coloured nations has ever been reported, and no one has the least idea that it could ever take place.

The colour question can only be solved through some safe shepherding of the negro race in an orderly parallel to white civilisation. And though Mongols like the Japanese may be the equals or superiors to the majority of Indo-Germans, the question of their admission into America as settlers must be naturally decided in the negative, until some unlikely reasons can be shown for the abridgment of the Asiatic Mongolian exclusion.

The foundation, therefore, of America is, broadly speaking, the joining together of the white races of mankind, both Indo-Germanic and Semitic, and European Mongols into one common institutional citizenship.

The cradling of all this New America is thus not even nursed within that racial conglomeration or family called the Indo-Germanic race. The Hungarians are Asiatics with European culture; the Armenians are Asiatics with Christian culture, the

Jews are Semites, with an admixture of Mongol blood. But the Hungarians make some of the best citizens of America, because they are of the small number of immigrants who appreciate constitutional ideas and the principles of popular government.

The attempt to create a nation or empire out of an international civilisation is not wholly new, but in some respects the cradling of America is an adventure with destiny which has had no compeer down the times. No compeer of the American civic comradeship which you witness in any mid-western city is found among any nation of history compacted upon a tie of blood-kinship such as that tie of kinship which led the Hebrew conqueror to spare the Kenite and put the death-ban on the peoples of Canaan. Nor are the old inter-racial empires of primitive expansionists comparable to America. There is no parallel in Assyria and Babylon with their military ascendancies. Nor in Persia, with its racial satrapies. Mentored by Aristotle, Alexander the Great's hellenising empire, with its too anxious anticipation of New York's absorption of the Jewish race, against the Maccabees, is a true but rare historical parallel to the present Americanisation of all the races which enter the portals of the American commonwealth. Carthage, on the other hand, with its commercial suzerainty, was unlike America in spite of its anticipation of American commercialism,

just because its organisation, outside the Punic race, did not rest upon any deeper foundations than commercialism, such as an inter-racial civic religion. Rome, however, the Empire, not the Republic, with its expanded citizenship, is probably the truest parallel of the American inter-racial comradeship with the ancient world.

The liberties of an Athens or a Corinth or an Ephesus, of a Milan or a Lyons, may not have equalled those of an Omaha or a Kansas City. But they were, for the most part, all that the citizens of these localities required. St. Paul, a Roman neither by race nor by residence, nevertheless had rights and liberties equal to any who lived in the imperial metropolis of Rome.

Rome's cosmopolitan citizenship was the really supreme success of its imperial undertakings. The provinces with all these rights and favours were contented ; but no religion of civic ideals continued as of old to inspire the central soul of the Empire. Christianity, at the date of its triumph, gave Rome no new civic religion which might have recalled to life the central energies of the State. Diocletian, the great imperial reformer, was instinctively right when he had seen that Rome would collapse if its former and nobler, but incidentally pagan, ideal succumbed before a new religion which had not yet formed its model ideals of public citizenship. When Constan-

tine and Theodosius attempted to continue the reforming labours of Diocletian, they were unable to unify the new Christian spirit with the sense of public citizenship whose animating force was still pagan. It was for this reason that both the old empire and also paganism, with its relics of a civic religion, came to an end at precisely the same date.

But if Constantine could not re-animate the old empire, he at least founded the prospective mediæval empire. For in linking a memory of Imperialism with advancing Christianity, when the old empire fell, the Christianity which survived carried through with itself these memories of Imperialism until the Middle Ages. The comity of nations of the Middle Ages may be called, metaphorically, a kind of 'resurrection body' to the regenerated soul of the sunken empire. The immortal 'ideal' or 'soul' of empire had been carried through within a persisting and immortal Christianity, which centuries of barbarian inroads could never overcome, and was ready on a fitting occasion to put on a kind of risen body in the days of a European 'great pope and great king.'

Could Christianity, however, have fused with old Roman civic religiousness, probably the Roman state and church would have been coterminous, even to-day, in Latin Europe. Something of the kind, where Justinian had Christianised law, kept inter-racial eastern Rome vigorous for eight hundred years.

The Germano-Roman Feudal Empire, unlike the Christian Rome of Theodosius, possessed a civic religion in the *jus divinum* and *jus humanum*, derived in a literal sense from the eastern branch of the Roman Empire, but inspired by the Christianised memories of old Rome, which persisted in the Western Church. There was for a while the semblance of a Christian comity of nations, especially in the mediæval university life, and in the moments of agreement between Emperor and Pope. An ideal of their new achievement inspired the thought of Dante. This feudalism effected for a while an organisation of a sort of United States of Europe. More successfully than this rather shadowy Imperial partnership of the nations, mediæval Christianity created the half civic comradeship of the modern Church of Rome, indestructible, to-day, except by the self-delimitative force inherent in the religious Cæsar. Yet, once, the Temporal claims of the Papacy had helped to cradle the modern nations in those principles of disunion, blood-nationalism, reformationalism, which have ushered in modern Europe. Reform, as in contrast, had been incited and even, in a sense, pioneered, through Rome's own magnificent self-assertion in the type of a temporal power joined to a religious headship, that any Henry VIII. or any Calvin could scientifically copy as a pupil from a master.

Whatever the justification for this papal overlordship of Europe, it is certain that the Puritan Democracy which Calvin founded and the Pilgrims brought to Massachusetts, was a contrast, but also a parallel, to that great survival of Augustan Imperialism which lived on in the Rome of Leo x. and Julius II. It was thus the counter-imperialism of the Puritan Democracy which, more than any other influence, went to the moulding of the United States into a people built into a nation upon other foundations than those of blood nationalism.

The modern business and race creation of the British Empire, cannot, for this reason, be compared with the United States, because the real bonds between Britain, with Canada, and Australia, and New Zealand, and South Africa at present are 'family ties,' and the rest is nominal. Only in the last few years there has come into being, and grown intensively, an almost religious respect for inter-union between Great Britain, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa. Yet this growing consciousness of belonging to a transcending empire is not yet wholly embodied in any acknowledged 'bund' of states. This idealism may develop into a counterpart of that reverence of the lusty northern people for a Holy Roman Empire which transcended the then existing Rome. But the romanticism of the sentiment has no essential parallel with the closely prac-

tical civic religion which makes the United States one nation.

The parallel between the rule of the American Republic in the Philippines or Puerto Rico, and the rule of the Crown colonies of Great Britain, is a question of the modern development of American federal authority, and its consideration must remain outside the sphere of this work.

Nor can comparisons, as we have hinted before, as yet be made between the United States and particular provinces of the family-empire like Canada, Australia, or South Africa. In some respects the comparison with the outward form of Canada is close. The Dominion's sovereign inter-Canadian authority is much akin with American federalism. Ottawa, however, is stronger than Washington in its exercise of sovereign home powers of government. The separate provinces of the Dominion only possess predetermined and constitutionally prescribed rights and liberties. A Manitoba, unlike a Georgia or a Kansas, does not enjoy all the liberties not specifically reserved to the central government. On the other hand, in Quebec, racial sectionalism exists, though not necessarily in a permanent form. These external differences between Canada and the United States may not be vital ; but elsewhere there is a far deeper cleavage. Canadians, indeed, religiously love Canada as well as Americans love America, but the Great

Dominion, never having broken with the conditions in which it started, of union with an older country, has never had to seek for the consecration of its existence in a constitutive civic religion.

Australia, too, is as Canada, with a rather more racial conception of citizenship, but without any great historical civic religion. If South Africans are to become one united people, which the recent Cape elections seem to foreshadow ; moreover, if all South Africans are to draw their living inspiration from memories of Dutch and English colonial valorous deeds in the past ; if these memories are to wax into the dominant religious passion of an all-African existence, then Lord Kitchener's prophecy may become true, that South Africa is to become a 'second United States.'

The United States then, compared with the other nations of history, is rightly defined as a freely welded together 'civic theocracy.' It is a great democratic union of half a hundred races, made one not in any ties of blood-relationship, but in the common civic faith that certain principles, like civic freedom, equality, and brotherhood are as immutable as the Eternal One, and that if these are acted upon they covenant a people with its safety, security, unity, prosperity, endurance. The origin of these independent republican conceptions in the structure of the United States is found in the moral freedom of

the ideal theocracy of Hebrew seers, preserved by Christianity in the Bible, and emphasised by the Puritan founders of New England. To this is added the more humane Christian civism inherent in the New Testament.

In the fact that both Thomas Paine and Ingersoll believed that fraternity, equality, liberty were eternal and eternally life-giving principles, they were equally hierophants of American civic religion and of the 'virtual theocracy,' as much as Governor Bradford, as Theodore Parker, Cuyler, Abraham Lincoln, and Dr. Lyman Abbott. All American seers have taught the transcendent worth of each individual human being in an assurance which constitutes a religious faith.

This civic faith in human individuality arose from the Puritan interpretation of Christianity. Without any necessary allusion to Christianity this trust in the individual man is as the first article of the supreme democratic religious faith which makes America a nation.

The second article of this democratic 'Apostles' Creed' of America is the faith in human fraternity. In their fraternity of a common national sentiment, 'Americanised' Americans—say of the Mississippi Plains—are the most united people in the world. Yet they are the most disunited in that tie of blood-relationship which, for instance, Prussia is now acting upon against the Poles.

The effect of this recognition of fraternity is that the United States is truly a 'block' recognition of the natural civic fraternity of mankind. The German American, that is, and the French American, must fraternise while they are abiding by their rights and duties of citizens of the Republic. But America is no apostle of any such ideal of the community of races outside its boundaries.

This fraternal comradeship of humanity then is necessarily limited by the necessities and limitations of the necessarily institutional life of America. To play an Anarchasis Cloutz, or 'citizen of all the world,' would, of course, be mere buffoonery. America is satisfied to welcome within its portals the members of the half a hundred races and nationalities who have any chance of amalgamating with American life.

The momentum of American nationalism was also aided in the beginning by the reaction against British monarchical government. It was necessary, institutionally, to contrapose the monarchy in a republican government scientifically equipped to meet the be-while enemy in every expression of its activity at the gates. The confronting new nation must be impelled with a people's backing at every point. The king's authority in war, by land and sea, can be matched by the president, as commander-in-chief of the forces, voted for by the majority of all the commonwealth.

In time of peace the monarchical ambassador is

matched by the plenipotentiary like Franklin. A counter-parliament—Congress—is ordained to legislate for the sustenance of individual freedom, and the protection of the new nationality based on the common comradeship of all the races.

The immobility which keeps a monarchy one and the same for a thousand years was to be matched in an immutable constitution filled with limitations, checks, prohibitions, guarantees of all the freedoms, rights, independencies of all the States and of each citizen.

By the working of this same constitution, judges were to be created all round the country to shave off all excrescences of legislature in Congress, or in the local parliaments, which might conflict with human rights. These constitutional laws which Congress can only alter by a superhuman effort, are the permanent lie or direction of American nation-building. America could not, without its Constitution, have grown from a coast-line to fill a continent. For between the revolutionary War of Independence and the national acceptance of the institutional freedom of the Constitution there was the blackest period of anarchy that ever existed in the western world, and expansion requires institutional union, if it is not to be a mere migration away.

Every State had been in mortal feud against every other of the thirteen States. They were head over

ears in scuffling over coinage, excise, customs. Every prerogative of sovereignty and authority was in the condition of pandemonium.

At a 'constitutive assembly' instigated by James Madison, after fierce debating in the meeting-place at Annapolis, Maryland, the Commissioners for the respective States, seeing that all were threatened with national annihilation, agreed upon a union on the strength of several great compromises.

The gallant, fiery South would work with the calculating, hustling North, if the North left State Sovereignty in abeyance. The Little Brother States, like Delaware and Rhode Island, would work with the Big Brother States if they both could vote with equal weight in the nation's Senate. No one should impertinently tariff the goods consigned for sale by the merchants of a brother State. Big and little brothers should look after the affairs of their own households, and no one from the outside should peep over the wall as to any domestic relationships.

Free as air in his own affairs, every local patriot should be a comrade of 'All America.' The questions of the foreigner, of the Open Door between all States, the coinage, the Constitution, were also in the compromise.

Under the 'Shepherd-Constitution' of America, the 'block' of human fraternity began to expand itself from a sea-board series of settlements throughout a

continent. Each original settlement which opened towards the backwoods had once claimed rights to an indefinite extension of its Hinterland due west. These ever-westering rods of land, in time, broke off their ends into new brother States, which were allowed to come into official being on the condition of their accepting the initial compact by which America was founded.

Then Jefferson bought the incalculable wealth of the Greater Louisiana—a block of the world-claims of defunct Spain temporarily taken over by the French broker-in-chief, Napoleon, for sale to the United States.

But union was not yet irreversible. The South was gathering momentum towards State-rights and the paternalistic slave-structure of society. Its protagonists took Texas and raced towards the Pacific to keep the territory below the Mason and Dixon Line, and if possible to win much else besides, for slave labour. New Englanders made counter-colonisations, singing these words :

We cross the prairie, as of old
The Pilgrims crossed the sea,
To make the west, as they the east,
The Homestead of the free.

Then the crucial crash came off. The South rebelled to test the question, 'Is the desire for Union a reality or is it Puritanic "make-believe"?'

The logic of the ensuing Civil War taught that whatever the appearance may have been, America in the main meant union in a passion as strong as death, and as cruel in jealousy as the accompanying soldier's grave.

These experimental arguments of military carnage proved that the Republican Ideal of an institutional union between races and States in a common commonwealth was neither farce nor bombast, but a nation-founding reality, to prove itself permanent in history. The war in a sense yielded the verdict for a possible world-wide institutional comradeship of man. There is not a survivor, North or South, to-day, who does not believe that the War's achievement of the present heart and soul union of America was worth the crucial battlefields.

The result of the Civil War was the scientific complementment of the United States area with the enhanced comradeship the war had ringed together. Economic union was now won by railways, fed by land grants. The nation predisposed its future form in geometric counties, precincts, townships, and territories or states. Settlers had free farms of quarter sections on the condition of occupying ownership, provided they reserved land in every township for a school.

In a few years trans-continental America was commercially, industrially, economically one, by reason of its scientific transportation system. It soon became

one farm, one market, a concerted factory, a common statehood, a common township. Cities fell into order around its industries, and States fell into order around its cities. A 'territory' ruled hitherto from Washington could become a State whenever it accepted the pastoral protective care of the 'shepherd-constitution.' States like Nebraska so willingly did so, that they incorporated provisions of the Federal Constitution within their own State Constitution. To-day Federal Authority, having crossed the seas in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines, has grown to be Imperial too.

The individual States have mimicked Uncle Sam in petty Representatives, petty Senators, and a petty Governor of the State. A governor, however, is so great a man that when the reformer, Governor La Follette, was elected United States Senator for Wisconsin, he hesitated for a long time as to which was the more responsible position to retain.

When the period of continental expansion was geometrically filled in, and nothing free remained for new settlers, the roll of immigrants still steadily advanced towards and beyond the million a year mark. Hitherto the outlet for new growth had rectified errors in the process of the growth itself. The dark following of Poverty which dogged the steps of Progress only had to go to the free lands upon the boundary and it might commute itself into wealth.

But the third great crisis of America was entered upon the moment the closing in of the free places made it necessary to think seriously of the methodisation of the great intaking and expansion of the last sixty years.

Other crises had been in the construction of a Constitution in which Washington was the chief figure, and the welding of America into sense and motor unity in the Civil War ushered in by Lincoln.

The crisis of America now on was inevitable from the uncriticised filling up of Mississippi plains with farms and cities, and the packing of the Cordilleras with new States.

The pioneer of the settlement of this third, the social, crisis, seems to be President Roosevelt. The task before him has been the scientific reining of Wealth in the interests of the Commonwealth. In an analogous sense we may call a nation's infinite power of recuperation in accord with its own past its 'civic' religion. 'Religion,' in this civic sense, being the 'science of crises' that a President Roosevelt, or any one, must use, is the motive energy to be evoked. Civic religion, analogously to all other religion, is the scrutinising, examining, sorrowing, repenting, absolving, saving, sustaining, regenerating, reanimating power of a nation. A living race may be defined as an organisation for resisting the crises of life. No animal race even can persist without its

crisis-resisting reserve of power, which is in a sense its cosmic 'religion.' Rome, as has been shown, perished because it had lost its civic religion. No people endowed with an indestructible civic religion can ever die. Compare the fate of the all-conquering Romans with that of the eternally beaten but eternally invincible Jews.

America then had expanded, but had left some millions of poor men in the train of its unfathomed wealth. The civic religion of America is likely now to prove itself, as the nation's power of scientifically emerging from a state of anarchic extremes of wealth and poverty into a more fraternal consolidation between every prince-fortuned and pauper-fortuned citizen of the American comradeship.

They who know to the full the story of corruptions in city government, and in connection with the anarchic, irresponsible, Satanic influence of a certain type of de-nationalised plutocrats, if they do not forget those foundation realities which have made America what it is, cannot but believe that the present evils of social inequality will prove but the occasion of a national advance towards a more perfect economic union of all the units of American social life, than has ever hitherto existed.

A further consideration of this third great crisis of the nation's life is reserved especially for the chapter on 'Social Conversion.'

CHAPTER VI

THE CENTENNIAL STATE OF COLORADO

COLORADO, a model of all the freedoms of humanity, is called the Centennial State, because it entered into its statehood exactly one hundred years after the First Day of Independence. The Centennial State stands, like the Angel of the Apocalypse, half on the high ground of the mountains, and half on the flat land-bed of the ancient seas. Colorado is of about the same area as Great Britain, and is graced with blue sky and sunshine for about three hundred and twenty days in the year.

I have seen the rounded stones left by the ancient waters at the foot of the first huge, treeless, bar of rock that cuts the mountains from the level plains. For a few weeks in the spring some spots of this giant barrier are bespangled with anemones and many another flower, but no grass shows between the rock-eaves. Before one reaches the mountain bar itself, there are great creakings, rumples, 'hog-backs,' and 'verdant mountains' with their delicate ice-coloured flower, the 'evening primrose,' on the

approaching plain. These are the crumplings of the later world-covering blanket of the sedimentary strata from the moment of the portentous crack that caused the birth of the nine thousand mile long Cordillera mountain range. Then the sea-beds gave up the dead that were in them, and the Tertiary layers, moving as fluid before such cosmic forces, were lifted and turned as though they had been waves of the sea.

But the sea simile in other ways also is true to life. One enters the dried port in the ancient coast, called Morrison. The latest light sandstone being harder than the lower sediment, it is lifted like a wave's back (called technically a hog's back, from its uppermost serrations), and the inner and softer sand-side is scooped away like a wave which is rushing over the cyclopean shore.

Within the high enclosure, wherein real sea-waves once flowed besides these world-age memorials carved in the giant stone, and along the steep mountain shore, one can walk over, in thirty paces, not less than thirty beautifully coloured sedimentary rock cleavages. These are mauve, red, white, green, brown and grey. The red and white rocks are cut away fantastically by the weather action, jutting out in vertical red and white shapes, that have given their enclosures the names of the Garden of the Angels at Morrison, and the Garden of the Gods,

at more famous Manitou. These gardens end where the old fire-molten rock ascends in its first great step towards the Front Range, twenty miles behind. There is no introit to the scena of the mountain ritual except by way of the rock-slits, gorges, canyons, sawn out of the rock-mass by ancient niagaras of ice.

Going up a canyon in the dusk of the evening, the fantastic jagged rocks seem to peer on the intruder-acolyte, like portentous hawks or mountainous owls. Long after the coming of darkness in the steep valley, the clouds above are lit up in the darkening sky, and looking now just like luminous Chinese lanterns hanging above, they shower down a gentle light upon the wayfarer in the depths below.

After a spiralling, corkscrewing journey in a ten-mile canyon, the altar-seeker enters the zone of the pitch-pines and cedars, ever dark, and ever green, brightened by the fir-trees and silver spruces of the summer months. Rocks of reddish granite ever and everyway burst through, and the plant-covering of their approaches turns to burning crimson in the fall of the year. The densely wooded mountains now begin to stand as big sentinels in front. Between them, here and there, are glimpses of the high altar of the snow-peaks, above and beyond and behind the wooded heights.

The forest extends along the Front Range slopes

for at least twenty-five leagues, and it is three leagues wide, making a great dark band between the snow peaks and the five miles of mountainous desolation on the first stage of the ascent.

Beyond the Front Range are the four, flat, high-levelled parks of Colorado, on the sites of ancient freshwater lakes. They are all noted for game ; and the San Luis park, the most southerly, is the home of the bronchos.

Colorado is all a State of vistas. It has steps and stages fit for Titans ; bands of coloured rock, the top rim of the dark forest cloak of the mountains ; ending abruptly at the grand level timber-line of 11,500 feet. There is a uniformity in its trees, its parks, its canyons, its bands of rocks, its rows of 14,000 feet high summits, its sanded beds of rivers, its plains, and the ashen blue of its buffalo grass in the spring.

Irrigation has now made the valleys and the whole of the land between Denver and the mountains an immensely prosperous producing centre. Yet all the streets of Denver open upon the sight of mountains, or else upon the tawny desert close at hand, on the opposite side, watching the city in perennial siege.

The State of Colorado then is either a rich garden, a wild forest, a barren panorama of a quadrillion tons of rock, or a desert flushed in spring with buffalo grass.

In this picturesque universe the capital city lies splendidly upon two levels of ground, between the great range and the desert.

On the top of the higher level, facing mountainwards, over grass frontings and a spacious square stands the stately white-domed Capitol of Colorado.

Behind the Capitol are the double avenues built up with well-spaced stone houses of the wealthy inhabitants set in nightly-washed plots of grass. Facing the Capitol below the hill is the Brown Palace Hotel, where cowboys, prospectors, railroad magnates and French counts 'after cattle,' real estate speculators and city bosses fraternise over sales, ventures, flotations, capitalisations, and mining enterprises. Here the once broken carpenter, the late Mr. Henry Stratton, would resort. He it was who, in trailing through the desolate Cripple Creek region, had struck upon the gem mine of Colorado, and here he used to talk as sententiously as a Grand Duke of Russia about the destinies of the Centennial State.

To the right stood the worthy Denver Cathedral, unhappily destroyed by fire, in spite of seven fire engines in their organ-like hum fighting through the livelong night, in trying to save it. The building is being replaced by a much vaster edifice upon the hill.

Between the square and the station to the west are the great business blocks of the city. Beyond the business section the so-called 'red light' area holds

its influxes of the men who flock in to live by their wits whenever the city government chanced to slacken the reins of power.

Colorado has striven in some respects to be the model State of America. Getting its constitution one hundred years after America declared its freedom, it soon allowed absolute equality in politics between men and women. There are two influential women's political clubs, the Republican and the Democratic. From out of these clubs the ladies once sent a delegation to study the governments of the cities of the world in order to give Denver a perfect civic charter. There was never to be 'graft' in the city again. Policemen were to rise solely by civil service merits, and to have pensions which would make it unworth their while to accept payment for the non-enforcement of law. By stuffed ballot boxes, the 'Big Mitt' made havoc of their idealism at the referendum. Slightly altered, the charter was, however, soon afterwards passed. Later the six judges of the Supreme Court, who were not afraid to dismiss the claimant governors of the State from office, pounced on the evil election judges, and sent them to jail without the possibility of appeal, and fined them each a good round sum.

The chief of the police was a little figure who used to drive around with expedition in a buggy like a spider. He went around the city quick enough to be more than a match, in moral effect, to Chief

Croker in his red dragon of a record-breaking motor, who, unhampered by speed regulations, appeared on every scene of any trouble in Greater New York at a few moments' notice.

I recall the occasion when a Denver suburb, nestling with retreats of harried gamblers, was included within the city precincts. The chief of police suddenly appeared on the scene the very next day and brought all their little gambols to a termination.

None the less Denver, in spite of its charters, rights, city government, State government, federal judges, women's franchise, children's court, and every conceivable model institution, including its famed high schools and two universities, is as much within the bruit of the Armageddon of the third crisis of America as are its sister cities in other States.

When the 'pool-room' gambling dens were supposed to be rigidly suppressed in Denver, the hawk-attorney of New York City, Mr. William Travers Jerome, whilst visiting Denver, chanced to walk up 17th Street. He afterwards chaffed the city officials who were telling him that Denver was a 'close' town, by saying that he had counted eighteen pool-rooms open on the one street he had passed along.

In all good-humour, one must keep an eye on the subtlety in which society must deal with the over-exciting occupations of some of its members. I tried to probe the problem as well as I could. In the first

place the evils of an American city may not be a quarter what they are in certain much-vaunted progressive cities elsewhere ; but the evils are truly sensational and alarming because there are never such deep social cleavages for them to break through as there are in Europe. Men who would simply be kept at arm's-length as of the criminal classes in other countries are wont to study respectability in America, and invest in the apings of virtue for a definite hope of ill-gotten dividends. These men may invade the innermost sanctums of rulership—hidden fiends under the garb of angels of light. But aliens from the true American life they never cease to be.

The average American is conscious of the New Jerusalem element boxed into the laws of his nation and state and city. Keen in the life-sport of business, an optimist about his country, he is not wont to be roused to violent energy against the mischiefs of the day. Suppose that twenty professional gamblers get to Denver from any part of the world. They are violently determined upon their campaign and fight like Trojans and lynxes in politics as fiercely as the ancient freebooters, or buccaneers on the high seas, and for spoils quite as great. There is no great counter-animus in the benevolent mass of citizens which can in the least be compared with the bravery of these desperadoes for hell. Thus the rich State of

Missouri was, a few years ago, utterly without a fighting crank on God's side, except the one man, Attorney Folk. The impassioned plunderers rushed the State, controlled the government, and shared the spoils. The people had no impetus to war against them. The one heaven-born sergeant, Attorney Folk, sounded the bugle, and taunted the comfortable optimistic citizens of the State to take up arms. In their new fighting fury, the now drilled citizens, metaphorically speaking, rushed the outworks of the enemy in their midst who had captured the government, and locked the intruders in the State jail.

I heard President Roosevelt, who knows more than most men how a State can only hold its own by aid of a battle-fury equal to the violent passions of its 'grafters,' address thirty thousand men, from the steps of the Denver Capitol, on the subject of the fighting virtues which make a State a State. The Denver people, to whom I spoke, thought this incitement to battle-fury rather a false alarm.

Events, however, proved that the President knew what he was about, for a little later on I was present in a house where the son of my hostess was given a telegram from the State officials. In five minutes he was off for rifle and equipment to join the State militia in what proved the beginning of a serious civil war. Entire America is learning the lesson that idealists' constitutions, charters, and model laws

are little better in themselves than the pious feelings of Utopians, without a drilled and martial manning of the State's defences by fighting-men. The warrior citizens must be men who yield as many inches to the 'grafter' as they would wish to yield as soldiers on the battle-field against the more obvious but less dangerous enemies of the fatherland.

It is precisely in the ordering and organising of civic militancy in a permanent form in which the essentiality of American religion consists. Those greatest idealists of the world, the Pilgrim Fathers, were forerunners in the constructive soul-unity of the American commonwealth. With an element of hell-fire rancour their Puritan successors (though not the gentler Pilgrims at the Plymouth Settlement) once controlled Massachusetts after their hearts' desire. Their violent, but now more practical, democratic idealism at the time of the Rebellion clashed with the unresponsive King George III. The statesmen-conservatives of New America like Washington and other Virginians, applied in a national sense what the New Englanders had done in a civic sense in their respective townships.

Puritanism, grown humane, as the previous chapter said, under Channing and Theodore Parker, was obliged in the slave agitation to assume the uncompromising militancy which was crowned at Gettysburg. It is this latent humane militarism which is

the one security that America will remain an idealist nation, rather than a purely materialist aggregation of commercialists. This fighting-culture has spread in a great band on the parallel from, say, Salem and Portland, in New England, to the Salem and Portland founded by New Englanders in the Pacific States, itself a striking confirmation of the scientific theory that the races of men spread most readily in isothermic zones, taking their moral culture with them.

The nursing centres of this fighting culture are the communions of the Congregationalists, Methodists, Baptists, and Presbyterians of a State like Colorado, together with the Anglo-American Church, wherever these have managed to stamp this culture on their environment. When Attorney Jerome wishes for some stiff but necessary legislation for the benefit of easy-going, cosmopolitan New York City, he campaigns for it among the uncompromising Methodist farmers up in New York State. They are wont to support him on every occasion with imperative requests upon their representatives at Albany. A State like Kansas owes all of its too adventurous idealistic legislation to the migration of the Puritans in the 'fifties. In Nebraska the Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists formed a ring of militancy engaged in deadly conflict against the saloon element. In Denver this religiously originating fighting effi-

ciency was only just replacing the earlier optimism which rested on its oars over the known democratic idealism embedded in its statutes.

In San Francisco, where the cranks are abhorred, there has never been any ethical militancy against impassioned 'grafters' except the panic-ardour of Vigilance Committees. Some of the old fire was kindled there quite recently when two hundred men threatened to impale the judge if he had allowed the arch-hero of graftsmen, Abraham Rueff, to become the State Attorney, and thus block every possible prosecution of evildoers.

America then must remain in a state of siege as to civic integrity for many a year to come. Not only do a million and more foreigners arrive every year with little knowledge or experience of the self-restraints required of free men, but in an entirely new republic the organisation of the militant executive of justice is necessarily slow to arrive. In the Middle Ages, in England, the king went on circuit and was a death-dealer to the impious. In modern Europe and in Canada there is the delegation of the terror of sovereignty with its backing of the momentum of centuries. In the United States it was supposed that model constitutions and laws would take the place of the conscience-supported striking force of the executive. Such a happy issue has never occurred in any country whatever. President Roosevelt is

perhaps the first American to recognise that a nation newly constituted can never be free from corruption without the long-developed national and civic conscience which creates a virtual executive High Constable, to break the power of evildoers in any of those cases in which protection is claimed by manipulating the country's laws and constitutional guarantees. He has thus encouraged the growth of an imperial or inter-State conscience in complement to the policy of foreign expansion which he inherited from McKinley.

In a democratic country the support of the population is essential before any such national executive power can move in civic affairs. The recent San Franciscan clearance was really, it is said, effected by two men released temporarily from duties under the executive in Washington. Ordinarily speaking, these federal officers would have been ejected from the sovereign State of California as interlopers. Now it is beginning to be seen that an institution of a national civic executive to ensure protection within America to every person in every State is what all the religious and ethical groups of citizens must join in to bring to pass.

Colorado, too, has to face all these tasks of citizenship, because, socially, politically, and economically, it is an epitome of all America. A band of desert and arid territory separates it from the wealthy mid-Western States. Hundreds of miles of moun-

tains and deserts separate it from the Pacific States. The mesa, the forests, the parks, the mountains, the climate, draw visitors to Colorado from other States, for pleasure, for sport, for summer residence against the heat, for winter refuge against the blizzards that sweep the plains.

The long distance from manufacturing centres with correspondingly heavy freightage rates have encouraged local industries. The smelters account for the mountain ores. The local United States mint receives the purified silver and gold. The great Fuel and Iron Company of Pueblo supplies steel rails for railways which, to the number of about twenty, converge in Colorado from the east or radiate from its centres to the north, south, and west.

The fortune-building of the State was first effected through the rich discoveries of silver in the middle of the last century in the California Gulch of Leadville and at Silver Plume. Gold was then discovered in a few 'placers' about Clear Creek, and then in large quantities though in low grade ore in the amphitheatre of fissure veins in little Gilpin County. Improved smelting methods were introduced from Swansea, South Wales. These by constant improvement have led to a steady output of paying sulphide ores till the present day.

Then the sensational strike of surface and deep-mine gold was made at Cripple Creek in the 'nineties ;

and extensive gold and silver fields have been opened in the Telluride and San Juan districts to the southwest.

There followed a great increase in agriculture by aid of scientific irrigation. At the present date the value of the crops reaches about \$40,000,000 and has probably overtopped the entire mining output of the State.

The great ranching districts are to the east and south beyond the reach of irrigation from the Arkansas, and northwards near the River Platte, and westwards, are the sheep-raising areas.

Adventurous undergraduates from all the Eastern Colleges flock into the wild mesa region of the southwest. The fashionable exercise of the men and women undergraduates is the chase and capture and training of the wild horses, called bronchos, which graze about the Uncompahgre slopes, the Grand Mesa, or the highlands of the San Luis Park.

The game of Routt county to the extreme northwest draws the sportsmen ; and a few venture into the difficult rocky fastnesses above the Royal Gorge, where the only trees are stumpy piñons and dwarf cedars, in pursuit of the 'mountain lion.'

I spent a winter in the very heart of the Rockies at Buena Vista, at the foot of the Collegiate Peaks of Princeton, Yale, and Harvard, on the main road to Leadville, near the sources of the Arkansas.

The site lay on the glacier-scarred bed of an ancient lake, between two mountain ranges, narrowing to the north, but opening out at the 'Fair View' (Buena Vista) towards the south. In this direction lay the Sangre de Cristo mountains, thirty miles away. I could see the snow-storms pouring over the distant summits and curling inwards like the breakers in some final secular confusion of the sea. But every evening the western sun would tinge the snows of the mountain into the fairest of crimsons. This, I thought, may have suggested to the pictorial minds of the Spaniards who first were there the names of Buena Vista (Fair View), and Sangre de Cristo (the Blood of Christ). It seems as a memorial, to a beholder, of the story of the Atoning Love of Christ. There was also to the north the Mountain of the Holy Cross, with its great crossed snow streak, the tip reaching to the height of 14,000 feet in the air, recalling the legend of the reappearance of the Cross in the sky on the Day of Doom.

The gem of Colorado sites is Evergreen, above the canyon which opens at Morrison on the Bear Creek. Evergreen is on a rocky bend of the creek, amid the evergreen pines and cedars, and contains the stores which supply their needs to the lumbermen of the higher mountain regions. As you approach by the stage from the east, there is a precious Episcopalian chapel noted in all Colorado for its Catholic rites.

Above the chapel is Mount Independence, 8000 feet, with timber untouched, and many a beautiful glade entering its rugged slopes. The road by the creek bends to the left, and then goes westwards, having rounded an enormous rock. Here are the few stores with a dense pine wood on the slopes across the stream.

Another road bends to the right on crossing the stream, immediately on leaving the chapel. Proceeding a quarter of a mile one reaches Camp Neosho, occupied by the Douglas family. Mr. Douglas, the hospitable owner and also rector, is well known in Oxford and among many cultured circles of England and America.

The camp, which is usually occupied in summer, is built of logs with a large rustic open hall, decorated with Indian rugs and pottery. There are coloured Indian shields, one of which shows a glorified picture of the fight with General Custer's force.

The fireplace reminds one of baronial days. There is a library in a log-built octagon room adjacent, rich with all the choicest poetry of England and America. There are twelve tents amid the trees surrounding the log-house, for the entertainment of friends and relatives of the family. Around it is a park-land sloping down within view of Mount Independence. A few steps behind the opening in the tree-lands one can see the snowy range of the

central watershed of America, though, as I was to experience, the journey thither requires several days set apart to walking and climbing.

In August, one year, whilst staying at this camp at Evergreen, I prepared to climb the head peak of the Front Range of the Rocky Mountains. Laden heavily in view of any compulsory sleeping out on the wilds, I started one morning and walked about twenty miles through the mountain forest. I mounted over two watersheds leading through the great wooded heights of the 'Chief' and the 'Squaw.' By evening I got down into the Clear Creek Valley, by the delightful waters of Idaho Springs. The whole way thither I met only one human being, an aged and kindly ranchman, who was looking for a team of horses he had turned loose in the open part of the forest. On asking me about my destination, I replied, 'Torrey's Peak.' 'Gee whiz! You'll never make it, sir,' he said. Then we sat down on a log, and he told me a long story about the miners of Silver Plume, and of Georgetown; how, when the Gold Standard was set up in 1893, most of the silver-mines closed, and the miners were all in straits. He said they were earning from \$2.50 to \$3.00 a day, but many of them had to spend so much that they could not pay their railway fares to other places after the slump. This state of things with the mines has been remedied since, by a more scientific manner of

treating sulphides in which gold is found in the ratio of from \$2.00 to \$3.00 or more per ton of ore.

The old man now dwelt forlornly on the state of religion in the Clear Creek Valley. He thought that all Christian denominations were helpless in their attempts to reach the miners. But there was one exception, the 'Scientists.' I gathered that he was an independent Christian Scientist, an ex-Baptist, who thought nevertheless that even the Scientists were not perfect in their manifestation of Christ. He added that he knew that Christ was 'coming again,' and on my asking when, he replied, 'In the year 1946.' I told him in good-humour, that if we were to have Christ, I did not see why we should have to wait as long as that. But he was perfectly contented with the thought; and his convictions were unalterable. He said that nothing else would reinvigorate the Christian world but Christ.

It is impossible to proceed far in America without accosting religious realism of this type. On the last night of the old century, a whole congregation of worshippers in Chicago had stayed up the whole night, watching, in the firm conviction that Christ was coming out of the skies that very night; and a similar incident was reported from the Pacific coast. It was probable that the year 1946, mentioned by the old man, was a date postponed from the time of some previous futile watching at the close of the

lately ended century. These 'waitings on the Lord' are the poor beginnings on the part of a New World to get away from the uninterpretable jargon of Greek and Calvinistic dogmas into a living, human possession, which would give them back the Bible, and incidentally 'justify the ways of God to men.'

Parting from the old rancheman, I took the narrow-gauge, oil-driven, smokeless train that winds its way, at the bottom of a gorge three thousand feet deep, up to Silver Plume. This is a mining camp, situated in a valley packed between precipitous mountain slopes. From various levels of the mountain walls tunnels run inwards to intercept the fissure veins of precious metal in the inner treasury. Here is the terminus of the narrow-gauge line; and a short distance beyond is the continental watershed which is crossed by passes, for use in summer, varying from 11,000 feet to the Argentine Pass of 13,000 feet in height.

My destination was now twelve miles away, namely Torrey's Peak, the head of the Front Range, if we except Gray's Peak, adjoining, named after Dr. Asa Gray, which, though about a hundred feet higher, is in reality only a huge mound of loose stones in the midst of steep mountains.

Starting next morning with all my pack, but unaccompanied, I traced Clear Creek up towards its sources, and I soon entered the replica of an Alpine

valley velvety with trees. In its hollow the copious waters of the stream ran along in crystalline clearness, as much deserving their name here as they misdeserved it below the mining camp. I have never seen so fair and untainted a stream. There is neither moss nor one speck of sediment in all its bed, and the stones which pave its way are of a light green-coloured granite, which, under the waters, looks like emerald. Four miles up, I veered to the left, and saw the monstrous horn of the mountain-head, inaccessible here for an amateur, in front. I followed a mining trail which doubled round to the left again, leading to the 'Last Mine,' situated where the timber-line runs into a sharp edge with the ascending trail. It was now twelve o'clock noon; and I was 11,500 feet above the sea.

I next entered into the semicircle of an amphitheatre of inaccessible rocks, rising almost vertically above the timber-line. With this amphitheatre sweeping round on my left like the back of a crouching monster, I mounted slowly upwards towards the huge buffalo hump of Gray's Peak. The sleeping monster terminated in the sharp-set precipitous head, Torrey's Peak, again in front of me slightly to the right. The mountain panorama was now above the trees of the world. But along the course of a torrent which often buried itself, there was luxuriant low shrubbery, and above, on either side, a blanket of

thick grass. Fortunately there was little snow that year. Continuing to ascend, I crept along the side of a steep bank of loose sharp-cut stones till I reached a streamlet near the neck which joins the two peaks together. I found a stray bit of wood here, and made cocoa over a tiny fire. At this spot I left my bag, and then made a dash for the summit. I crossed a bank of snow by the edge of a precipice 2000 feet deep, and reached the top of the neck of land on which, at an elevation of nearly 14,000 feet, I gathered beautiful blue and yellow gentians. The peak was a pyramid to the right about four hundred feet above. Summoning all strength I reached the summit at 2.15 p.m., with a sense of triumph at having reached the coveted point of elevation, 14,340 feet above the level of the sea. The sky above was cloudless blue, and below me lay the Western States of America, in one of the grandest expanses of scenery in the world. The great range unwound itself to the north ending in the giant bastions of Long's Peak, some way beyond which the Medicine Bow Range veered round north-westwards into Wyoming. Westwards chain after chain of mountain ranges arose like waves in a huge and angry sea. The last of these waves in sight was Uintah, in far-away Utah, two hundred miles from where I stood. Miles beyond Uintah was the City of the Saints, in a land whose features so strangely conformed to those of the Holy

Land. I knew that these great rocky waves succeeded one another also to the Nevadas, nine hundred miles away ; that beyond these again were the Contra Costas on the margin of the western ocean. More than a hundred miles south-west rose up the rugged clusters of the vein-streaked San Juan, the roughest of all the Rockies, and some of the most metalliferous. Nearer, in the same direction, were the twelve 14,000 feet high peaks of the Sawatch. In the south-east a forest fire was raging ; the smoke obscured the view of the mountains, or I might have had glimpses of the ugly monster near Colorado Springs called Pike's Peak.

More wonderful than this array of mountains was the ocean-like plain which I could see eastwards over the tops of forty miles of mountains which were in between. It seemed as immeasurable, as flat, and as level and as expanded as the ocean itself. There was enough smoke over Denver, sixty miles away, to prevent my seeing the city, but beyond Denver all was clear eastwards, north-east, and south-east to the horizon, perhaps one hundred and eighty miles away. The plain I knew rolled away beyond this limit for nearly ten times the distance of what I could see. On that camping-ground of the Mississippi Valley I knew that all the races of Europe were growing into a single people, to the undoing, it might be said, of Babel's divisions and confusions of speech. The

stream which arose out of the snow-reserve at the bottom of the precipice hard by poured down all the way into the Platte Valley, then into the Mississippi, and at length flowed into the Gulf of Mexico after running for over three thousand miles. This was on the Atlantic Slope. But I could see another little stream with green grass by its edge, running down on the south-west side. That I knew was an affluent of the Rio Grande, called elsewhere the Colorado River, running as it did through the mile-deep many-coloured Arizona Canyon. Then after hundreds of miles of its amazing burrowing, it coursed through a bit of the desert and fell into the vermilion Sea of Cortez. That was on the Pacific Slope ; for the Sea of Cortez opened into the Pacific Ocean.

Memories arose of the mountain summits which in Holy Writ were the places sacred to visions of the destinies of the world. I recalled how the Idealist Legislator had watched in spirit from Pisgah the foreboding of all racial unions in the trooping of the Twelve Tribes into the Land of Promise.

I recalled Ezekiel's vision of the reconstruction of Israel, fulfilled initially in a sense, where a Hebrew population fill in four-tenths of the numbers of the chief city of the Western Continent.

I recalled how the Seer of Patmos from his transcending summit wrote down once and for ever the destinies of humanity in the vision of a City of Union

and Peace with life-giving fruits of the trees beside its waters.

One could not help but pray at this high altar of America in the words of the *Glory be to God on High* for peace and brotherhood suggested in the union of the races in this panorama of the Atlantic and Pacific slopes. One could not but repeat the words of the *I believe*, an act of faith in the Spirit, the Lord, the Vivifier of the nations—the pledge of a final politics of friendliness between the nations, of a final Church of the brotherhood of all peoples.

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I turned downwards, and without having to camp out the night I got home into Silver Plume in brilliant moonlit scenes at half-past eight, having climbed most of the day in a journey, in all, of nearly twenty-four miles to the top of Torrey's Peak and back.

CHAPTER VII

YOUNG AMERICA

WE have not yet sketched the shrine of wild nature beyond the eastern watershed of the Cordilleras, nor reported of the terrestrial paradise of flowers, fruit-trees, and woodlands of California, by the fair slopes of the Sierra Nevadas. Moreover, there are the genial States of the South with their courteous peoples, their cotton and tobacco fields, their new industrialism, all worthy of a study outside the limits of this book. New England itself, wrapt up with cultured traditions, and marked with unique traits, may only receive the consideration due to its influence in the structural building of the main institutional edifice of the United States. The Southern States and New England, therefore, only enter into the plan of this sketch of the main actualities of American life in so far as they have each contributed to the central trunk of civilisation of the Mississippi plain and Western America. The South had originally sent a multitude of adventurers from Virginia and the Carolinas through Tennessee and Kentucky in a long marching proces-

sion all the way by the Oregon Trail to the North-Western States of Washington and Oregon. At a later date the men of the South kept more within their southern zone as the northern emigrants followed up and filled in the regions that the adventurous first settlers had left for them.

The North-Western States, again, well worthy of special study, are really the settlement of finished types of America flocking into the rich sunny districts of Idaho and Montana, and taking up lands by the rivers of Oregon and Washington. Of late the Scandinavian immigration into the northern border States of Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas has given a vast impetus to the organisation and cultivation of these States. A few Norwegian settlements have kept their language, but all have readily adopted American institutions. The Scandinavians, in fact, are more immediately at home in several important States of the Union than any other settlers whatever ; and where they settle there is little heard of the immense obstacles in the way of assimilation which are felt where races, alien to American individualism settle, and unwittingly and unintentionally give momentum to backward tendencies, and facilitate the cleavage which has opened in some States between the capitalist and working-classes.

In aiming therefore at showing the structural unity of the United States I have pictured the financial

centralising power of New York City. I have shown how the exceedingly various coastal population of the Atlantic sea-board joined together once for a great trunk unification of American life in a region beyond the Alleghanies. I have recalled how a territory all one in its natural site, and also vast enough in its extension, welcomed in the great experiment at social unification, which is at the root of the civilisation of this vast continental area.

I have sketched the position of Chicago as an imperial capital of the other capitals on the Mississippi plains. I have shown it to be the supreme railroad junction of the United States, gathering up in one not only the chief railroads but storing the freight for interchange and gathering a huge population for this work of clearance and the special industries associated with it in its commanding site.

As Colorado is on the western limits of the great central plains of America, though it is outside the Chicago radius in its industries ; and as it epitomises the American ideals and population of the greater portion of America, there are two unifying aspects of all this great central heart of life which deserve to be set down from the point of view of their Colorado outlook. These are, first, the living tradition of America in training the early mind of American childhood and youth, in a sense even prior to the education of the public schools. The second is the individuality of

American women as a living power in the social unification of the trunk life of the central American world. In this chapter we write of the first of these.

Young America in all these regions seems to pass through its awakening at about the age of three years. The elders have a way, ever, of acting 'comrade' to the American child from his earliest years. Treated as a fellow-spirit, the child becomes what he is taken to be. This sense of equality in intellectual fellowship captivates the American child-world. An all-facing assurance to all neighbours and all newcomers is thereby struck into the soul. Thus the spirituality, the imperious, sovereignly, conquering experience of a great people's history is shared in and imparted to the new compeer of the doers of that great deed, which is America.

When the age of awakening reason arrives, all America strains itself with anxiety to make the communication of the American learning about things gracious, easy, simple and picturesque—allusive also rather than imperative—to the young kings and queens. Their youthful majesties thus have the news of the 'comrade' America and 'comrade' Cosmos broken, in the gentlest of manners, to their susceptible ears.

Child-life in America comes to be really more of a descent than an ascent. In England one sees time and again a household paying its good-humoured

respects to baby. The difference between England and America is that England has a rooted conviction that the babe is utterly unconscious of the respect of its admirers. But America is wholly convinced, and has made up its mind definitely, that the young child can take it all in. The child is given kingship and becomes the king—*vox populi, vox dei*. In England there is a condescending note about baby-worship which really forbids the world's respect to be communicable. In America it is an article of faith that the reverence of the courtiers is understood, appreciated, and acted by. By a nation's 'imperative suggestion,' to borrow a term from the psychists, it thus soon happens that the manner of intelligence and fighting volition of the surrounding court of elders is communicated once and for ever to the American child.

After adoring humanity has revealed itself as a comrade to the child, it begins to undertake the educational task of communicating the secret of the 'spirit of things.' This 'spirit of things' is the living animation of the great Cosmos, revealing itself in art or nature, in the environment of home, of streets, of earth, and sky, and sea. The child is taught to believe by every act, hint, allusion, and suggestion that is within the elders' power to make, that the round world and all within it is just one 'thing,' or 'one being,' all compact enough to be treated as alive.

He is made to feel that the 'world-thing' has character, mind, temper, feeling and sensibility of its own. The world being a live single unit, it can somehow be befriended, understood, taken in as a whole and fraternised with. The American, moreover, reads something of his own irrepressible good spirits into the comrade Cosmos, with whom the child must daily and momentarily come in contact. The child thus learns that one can be an equal with comrade Thing, know him, befriend him, get out his secrets, humour him. In a sense, as two fellows may be said to master one another, he learns that he can master Thing and all that he is and has. Thus it is that the assurance imparted to the child by the elders about persons, through the manner in which they show deference to the child, is communicated with a wholeness and an indestructability which are shown in the child's subsequent lifelong attitude towards that Summed Thing which is everything in the world that is not man.

From henceforth the young American is imperturbable to all creation. He feels the same imperturbability towards his comrade the World, as he does towards his comrade Man. He owns it too, as one comrade owns another. This friendly mastery has made it full of reserved delights for him. Here we find the reason for the uncommon fascination which the animal creation possesses for the American child-

mind. This fascination has its analogue in the English man-mind. There are ups and downs in America's nature study, and periods of enhanced or deficient national interest. But since the American child feels that he owns the world, the apparition of strange birds upon his domain arouses immediately a kind of half-humorous interest. It is chiefly this interest which is catered for in the pictures appearing in the Children's Supplements of the American Sunday Press. I once went out early on a Sunday train to a mining camp beyond a holiday resort. Every man and woman in the train had a Sunday paper. I saw the children patiently waiting, and at length they were, in most cases, given the pictorial supplement, filled with adventures of wild beasts, and they were rapt in interest at once. Unfortunately the delight in this supposititious, humorous animal world has created a demand for an exaggerated natural history. But of late there has been a true and solid spread of enlightened knowledge of the animal and botanical world throughout all the United States. Book-shops are often packed full of nature books.

On the whole the child impresses its mind upon the school in America, rather than receives its mental impress from the school; America itself, being the supreme educational fact, has already undertaken the chief lesson of the instruction before the official schoolmaster.

Moreover, in the whole of America, school is not taken to be a place for tasks, but rather for easinesses. The English ideal is to give children something to conquer, something arduous to undertake, difficult to understand, hard to remember, yet just possible, granted discipline and the evocation of a sturdy character. The American educational ideal is unto a scientific awakening of interest, the filling in of time with such interested preoccupation that the child will forget he is learning at all. The American teacher feels bound to abolish utterly all obstacles between the child and knowledge. Instead of aiding the child to climb the mountain, so to say, he bends the top of the mountain down in order that youth may easily and gracefully leap on to the summit.

Thus history is regarded as an exciting romance. Its subject-matter takes the form of the careers of individuals. In reading of these the youth is made to feel that he himself might easily have been the hero of the story and have filled the same niche as the men who braved the long winter at Valley Forge with Washington's army, or who contested the line of the Rappahanock in the Civil War.

Arithmetic is felt to be the exciting science of each one's own standing, position, and security in the commonwealth. It is the foundation to the sport and fun and fortunes of the world.

Geography is the story of an adventurous world-

trip, or rather an interesting account of the pilgrimage of the United States ; for America is a big enough world to be the main subject of school geography lessons ; and through the knowledge imparted, every American is intended to hold himself in readiness to fly across from end to end.

Then there is physical science and mechanics. The young American is trained to know that the Cosmos and its treasures are unlocked by the mechanical key. It is the weapon of his fortune. It is the exquisite instrument sharpened by mathematics for carving out his own possessions. He takes it all in as a man would take the means to go through his prospective estate to which he was given the right of entry, with all keys, secrets, and conveyances, before the actual right of possession.

Then there is reading. Every American learns how to read well. Reading well means holding his own among his attentive rivals. He must read, recite ; address his fellows, become an orator, be able to converse with all men and all women, at home or abroad. He must argue with, debate with, emulate, rival, subdue the world by making that appeal which is in reality the word of command to all the world so to do.

Then the glimpses of the classical world are taken. Latin is included in the nine or ten year course of the public school at all the insignificant 'cities' (in

England 'villages') in which I have been along the banks of the Republican River in unprosperous West Nebraska, and in irrigation cities and the low-grade mining settlements in Colorado, all of under one thousand in population. All the way up to the great classicists, like Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, of the University of California, American classicism is a whole heaven away from the classicism of the secluded thought-cult of English university men. Every American teacher aims at opening out the classical point of view. He would make you feel the point of contact between yourself and the Greek and Roman hedonists and intellectual aristocrats. The English don, of course, aims at giving you the reserve, the balance, the self-restraint, that aloof possession of a Virgil or Horace ; in fact that aloof perception of worldliness which is really so little of the world. This humanisation of learning has its 'City of Light' at the famous American institution called Chatauqua. In the holiday-time crowds flock to this delightful lake-resort. Thither world-famed professors of Harvard, Yale, Cornell, Pennsylvania, Columbia, and Princeton come to chatter away in easy conversational lectures on the substance of their more serious lectures to the college classes in which they must maintain their repute with world-rivals. I have not been to this City of Light, but Chatauqua organisations have spread everywhere.

When I was in Denver there was a Chatauqua gathering at Boulder City, the site of the State University, where also a canyon opens out to the plain. A galaxy of light-bearers gathered here from Pacific and Atlantic colleges, among whom were men of world renown. The conversational classes were packed with intellectual holiday-makers, and hundreds went away equipped with multifarious new interests from out the world-panoramas to make life more keen.

America, however, is the last country in the world to play with education. The very fact that there is an intellectual holiday like Chatauqua serves to prove the grim reality of the filling-up of courses ; for it is often possible by attendance at such summer schools to qualify for university courses which otherwise require residence during a school semester.

In every instance, the parents, even if themselves uneducated foreigners, are determined with passionate ardour to give their children a full and serious education at any cost. I know of a place, a few miles from where I once worked in the wilds of the Rockies, where a school was kept going, and its stove lit every morning, and a teacher attended with a salary of \$60 (£12) a month for one solitary child. In another place with forty-five inhabitants, I knew the teacher, and used to visit a school where there were but three children. This was in one of the high

mountain regions where schools only open during the summer, the snow in winter preventing their continuance throughout the year. Yet more to show the serious side of education, this teacher, who was a girl of eighteen years, was performing the almost miracle of educating herself when not teaching, entirely out of her own earnings. Putting by the summer savings, she was just in time to start the university course after the long holiday. She paid for her own board and lodging, and university fees, from her earnings. At the end of the scholastic year on the plains she was ready once more to go back to teach and earn for next year in the summer mountain resort. This I heard was quite a custom in Colorado, and the fact that a teacher would renounce all holidays in order to win the educational crown, proves that the determination to learn is both heroic and unconquerable.

As to the links between the lowest and highest education, any Colorado child can get an eight years' free course in the local public school. Then he or she can in some places finish off in the same school another two years in the beginnings of a virtual high school course. It would then be wise to attend the East Denver High School, or else the Manual Training School. The East Denver High School is an advanced and efficient institution with over a thousand scholars, and its coveted honours give

scholars the entry to any of the great universities in the Eastern States.

Another opening is the free preparatory school, minus, of course, the cost of board, at the State University at Boulder, finishing with the free University course itself. This university teaches classics, philosophy and history. Then there is Denver University, under the patronage of the Methodists; and Colorado College, a most efficient institution. Also the Presbyterians are organising a university of their own. Considering that these institutions are practically free, and that the entire State of Colorado had scarcely 600,000 inhabitants when I was there, the number of educational openings free to all the world evidently surpassed those of any other country. There are first-class professors, but it is obvious that in such a young State as Colorado, the colleges are only in the process of creating an *esprit de corps*, together with a 'social tradition' of culture. Moreover, the objects of a State education must fit in with the foundation industries of the country, without whose success there would be no universities at all. The social fabric of Colorado is founded upon its mining and agriculture. Accordingly the two branches of the university, in which are the most individual achievements of the State in education, are a School of Mines and an Agricultural College. The mining school is at Golden City, at the gateway of

the Gilpin County gold belt. The Agricultural College is at Greeley, due north of Denver, in the midst of a great, flat, irrigated garden, fed by the mountain tributaries of the South Platte.

Colorado mining, to the extent of at least ninety per cent., is sustained only by the very perfection of applied chemical science. The School of Mines was instituted to conquer the mining difficulties of the State, and the three great mining centres of Cripple Creek, Telluride, and Gilpin County, which produce to the value of seven millions sterling per year, are manned by the experts of this now famous State-supported school.

The settlement of Greeley and its Agricultural College have an equally interesting history. Old Horace Greeley, to whom all Americans were wont to listen, used to say to the young men, 'Go West!' In honour of this humanitarian statesman, the immigrants founded a model city fifty miles north of Denver, whose title-deeds prohibited the building or use of a house for liquor traffic. This model township has piloted the agriculture of Colorado till ready to out-top in value the entire mineral output. The Colorado man knows the average gallon-flow that comes into the plains from the mountain streams. He knows also, by ditches with the minimum fall of one inch in sixteen yards, the exact amount of earth that he can enclose with the paradise-making waters.

He equips a university to drill an army of trained men to organise a conquest of every square yard of earth by every gallon of available water. In consequence of such scientific absorption of head-waters, a fierce inter-State legal contest came off between Kansas and Colorado. From the great river Arkansas never a drop flowed into the State of Kansas ; it had all been appropriated by the judicious water engineers of Colorado. An equally exhaustive use of the State waters was attempted elsewhere. Colorado was at this time importing \$7,000,000 of produce. Whereupon the real statesmen of Colorado were filling up huge reservoirs in Shenandoah Valley and tunnelling into the dried valley behind Uncompahgre to tap the otherwise useless waters of the rock-shut Gunnison. By irrigating new land they meant to reduce to *nil* the amount of the imported produce. The men from Greeley College are well equipped to accomplish such tasks.

It is these economic actualities which really shape the final course of education in Colorado and America. The girl may be serious about culture and the Muses and the Graces, but the boy learns that the stability, the security, the repose, the entire status of his future position in society depends on the deep rootings of his life-position in those earth-values without which Colorado would be an uninhabited desert. If he cannot adventure into the economic

founding of the world, he will be but a plaything, carried on the earth-bearing, atlantean shoulders of those who do achieve. Society, he sees, is an orderly administration of the State economics, decorated, as some would have it, with religion, politics, culture. He hastens to join the world-staff of the men who do things. He fills in all the later courses of education solely for the purpose of scientific equipment in the art of gaining world-power by supplying world-needs. Thus all science becomes part of world-economics, of world-produce, and all culture becomes the art of leading and mastering men. When a preacher had once paradoxically compared John D. Rockefeller to Shakespeare, I was telling one who had been a university Latin teacher what a joke the comparison was. But he answered that while it was farcical to talk that way, yet, in a sense, the comparison was true. The triumph of a Rockefeller was purely the outcome of his knowledge of men. If all he knew, or spoke, or thought of his fellows were put down in rhythmic words, it would make a vivid drama that would make the comparison good. A Shakespeare, I suppose, to a more thoughtful American is an inspiritor of a nation's life-forces in empire-building and world-conquest. At every character-building of his soul-evoking words, Shakespeare stored the life-energy of the English world. He closes up its ranks for battling over world-supplies of a forthcoming and

multiplied mankind. True or false may be this comparison of Rockefeller with Shakespeare, but it truthfully illustrates how America recognises the economic groundings of human power and enterprise. In defence one can only recall the words of Ezekiel, who, in the midst of an amazing spiritual vision of the future Israel, did not forget the practical direction not to work dry the marshes of Araba for the sake of their salt.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WOMEN OF AMERICA

IN the early days of the settlement of the West the women took an adventurous part in founding a new civilisation, the story of which would amount to romance in real life. No doubt the granting of the franchise to women in Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Montana, Utah, was much the result of their adventurous activities in the pioneer days. To-day the only adventurous life for women, hereabouts, is that which is deliberately sought for by the girl undergraduates from the colleges who may chance to spend their summer holidays in the wilds. For the rest, a town of Nebraska and Colorado is as much in a fixed civilisation as any English country town. One must therefore associate the women of the settled portion of the West with the women of the rest of the United States. Colorado women are not isolated from their sisters in all the other States; but they are, in a true sense, leaders of women in other States, through their independent culture, their political emancipation, and also by the effective and business-

like type of social reform they have helped to bring into effect in Colorado. These reforms relate mostly to children's labour, parental responsibility, and education, and the manner of dealing with child delinquents.

These few following remarks, therefore, of the unifying force of the position and influence of women in America, relate mainly to the entire central area of the United States ; but the attempted appreciation of this position and influence is written more especially from the point of view of the State of Colorado.

The domestic architecture and domestic habits of Western America fit in with its mostly servantless character. The homes of these Americans are one-storied, and the interiors have a Romanesque openness, except for their massive curtains. The use of automats and many a miracle of cooking, sweeping, and cleaning apparatus, big stores of canned cooked goods ready for immediate use, all go to ease the overburdened housewife. She retains her culture and has her intellectual intervals, certainly not through a less assumption of household duties than other women throughout the world are wont to undertake. In the West, on average, there are not one-fifth of the domestics employed in England ; consequently the women-folk as a whole must work five times as much on the average also. For this reason scientific management has to take much of

the place of the domestic servant, here called the 'hired help.'

But, work or no work, the reputation of the woman of the West for intelligence and culture is none the less well-sustained. She learns comportment, address, and the art of comradeship with men, from the moment of entry into the public school, since all these schools of America, being mixed, are the initial social centres of America.

The gift of sociability and address, the art of intelligently meeting all the world, is thus proper to every woman in the Northern States. The girl grows up as a playmate of the boy, and it is thus that she grows to be the perpetual playmate, not the thought-mate, nor the thinker-together with men. At the age of twelve girls have grown intellectually aloof from boys. Throughout America there is a huge-waved onward tradition of woman's culture which is a closed-up freemasonry to the world without. The building of a magic garden has been fostered by what may be called the humanisation of the teaching art of the building and cultivation of character. But it has not arisen through the existence of a mystic vision of the woman's world, neither has it arisen from the facts which are taught, which, of course, are the same for all the world and both sexes. In instance of the waved intelligence apart from literal teaching: a Colorado girl of eleven, whom I met in

Colorado once, and again in England, was wont to usher friends through as many as twelve Oxford Colleges in a morning. To her the colleges were fairy scenes in real stone and wood and portly men. The show rooms of every college she knew by heart, with the periods of the stained glass, the porters' lodges, and the fees required. But, having mostly stayed at home, she knew practically nothing at all about the reading, writing, and arithmetic of school. This freemasonry of knowledge is the reserved arcanum of the sources of strength, individuality, and leadership of American women in after years. By the age of sixteen or seventeen the American girl is an imperative leader in amusement and the gentler forms of play. She is accustomed to comradeship with men, but on account of deeper knowledge she now assumes leadership. The young man who is entering the business world with seventy-five dollars a month has all he can do to satisfy his girl-comrade's intelligent cultured wants. Not that she is extravagant, but she is filled with cultured interest and boundless energy; and life would be unbearable for her if these interests were not satisfied. Music, theatres, dancing, riding, socials, house-parties, follow one another in a round procession throughout the year. Then comes the period of the long journeyings to see the drama of the world-play in all the lands of the earth. For equipment here she has

conversational knowledge on every topic to be faced in the new nation-acquaintances, with instinctive adaptive powers. But, as mere book-learning is not in favour, this necessity for equipment in learning is revenged upon with a caustic, humorous shaping of its rudiments, giving the final accomplishment the impressed stamp of practicality and *savoir faire*.

Out of the wanderings of this world-class the American home life grows rich with the adornments and graces, say of the classical years, or of the mediæval Renaissance. The girl-visionary may recall Botticelli's angels from their world-memories in pictures and associations into reality by living again in the moral beauty of which they are the emblem, and by acquiring the graces which they memorialise. She may reincarnate the noble women of Florence or return with Venetian composure into the Western world. The simplicity and humanity of both Early and Late Christian Renaissance in Italy has the most self-interpretative fascination for the modern individualist American woman.

Associations and impressions deep enough to reincarnate spirits among those who make friends in Bygone Italy are compensated for by all who cannot go abroad by a brave effort to re-live the past in the faint reconstructions of former things in literature. I have met a mother and daughter in a small ranche in the midst of the mountains, studying a regular

literary course, in a periodical, on the historic associations of the counties of England. They were immersed in Staffordshire at the time.

Gradually, too, if the girl is not to remain as an active spirit on the home executive, to guide, shape, engineer the household's life with her ministrations, she settles to a career as a leading life interest. This may be education, music, office-work, in a sense religion, or one of the professions. If she should become the mistress of a household with such momentum and capacity for leadership to start with, it is evident that not even the arduous domesticity of the servantless West can prevent the advance of cultured interests. When I was once in a mining city far from the capital of the State, the mistresses of households vied with each other in displaying libraries. The hotel manageress had just got in an *édition de luxe* of R. L. Stevenson; another housewife had the standard Meredith; another the large edition of Emerson and all kindred writers. At the Fortnightly Club here the ladies were expected in turn to champion their favourite novelist—Jane Austen, Charlotte Brontë, George Eliot, or Mrs. Humphry Ward—in a written essay which they had to read and defend against all oncomers.

In matronly years the mantle of prophetess always to an extent falls unbidden upon the American woman's shoulders, Her spiritual interests being

no longer a matter of mere spiritual entertainment, her power through them may be exercised in a kind of a lay pastorate. She may be a pillar of orthodoxy, an apostle of early Renaissance culture, an exponent of the sacred wisdom of the Orient. More likely than not her individual 'cult' may be of one of the types of self-knowledge with a theosophic tinge, or one of the 'New Thought' systems that she has learned to apply. Or very likely she may be a 'healer' of physical, mental or moral ills. She is always much more than her 'cult,' making it but the sacramental sign of personal power; thereby obliterating its crudities and giving it a social meaning and actuality which cannot be set down on paper.

One knows too and reveres the matriarch, inspiring the younger generation with faith, and revealing a richness of the wisdom of experience which through no other way can be shed upon the world.

In this story of the unfolding of all the graces, the leading truth about the situation is that their emancipation has not left American women the less, but rather the more womanly than their less emancipated sisters of certain other countries. The growth of the individuality of a woman multiplies her contrasts with man. It evokes, develops, strengthens and enforces them. But a significant note of the American woman's individuality is that it is the fair fulfilment of a native grace from childhood, and that it there-

fore came from God. Being the unfoldment of a native gift, its achievement is of no mere passing fashion of an age. This is directly proved in the fact that the very notes of this womanly soul-contrast with man in after life begin most decisively to develop in quite early years of home or school life. The characteristics which have made the world-fame of American women are founded really in the womanly freemasonry of the early years of home and school, or one might say of the *entourage* of that child-society which is centred in the home and school and reaches everywhere.

And after what has been said about the toils of Western women, it cannot be said that woman's emancipation has led to any lessening of the fulfilment of house duties. It is therefore broadly true to say that in giving women equality with men in every respect, emancipation has widened the contrasts between man and woman. The exact reverse to the objections that emancipation was lessening the world-enriching inequalities of life has proved to be the paramount feature of this phase of American social experience.

The complaint is rather that the woman, cultured in the romantic seclusion of a Wellesley College, is so distinct from the rest of the world in ethical intuitions of every kind of ideality and desire to live for heroism, that the close-ruled matter-of-fact worldly

element of home-life often exerts a melancholy influence on her return from college life. The social conventions of the dominant worldliness here forbid her entrance into a heroism of social consecration, responding to the idealism which college education has evoked.

The only permanent advance in creating spheres of activity worthy of the ability made ready to enter them is the economic and political, as well as the social and educational emancipation of woman. Wherever women have entered the professions economic emancipation is safely won. In other cases the axiomatic law that *to give is to take*, comes into effect. Men build the family fortunes, and the best of the containing securities go to give women independent dowries ; but this means that the family prestige as interpreted by the fortune-builder is the real controlling power. The fortune-building American is an absolute liberal as to religion, culture, tastes and interests ; but in the one subject of the ethics of his fortune building he is undisputed sovereign and autocrat. Whether the ideals of a Wellesley College concerning riches and the solidarity of mankind, the brotherhood of men, the sisterhood of women, the divineness of social service, and the ideals of the fortune-builder can be harnessed together in the labour of social regeneration is perhaps the most crucial of problems of American life. No read-

ing, study, education, training, culture, knowledge of old-world problems without political emancipation, can weigh in the balance, in moulding social ideals, against the dictating power sprung from responsibility in managing the industries of a commonwealth. Without political rights as an offset against the controlling influence of the plutocracy, the power of mere culture is but a decorative or delegated power. Every woman in America who earns her own livelihood is free from the control of the fortune-builder's perhaps unwitting or unconscious influence. Yet these professions for women, with rare exceptions, are never the primary, leading, authoritative, sovereign positions which control the cosmic energies in industry. Having lived in politically emancipated Colorado, it seems that the necessary adjunct of the culture-emancipation of women is their scientific use of the franchise. Then the social position of women in the commonwealth might not be in arbitrary dependency on the ethics of the fortune-builders: rather it might be grounded directly and independently upon the constitution, the laws, the basal fabric of the commonwealth, upon which capital and labour, man and woman, should stand in indistinguishable equality. For the great republic of America is deeper than any of the industrial organisations of its fortune-making. The social position of women should not be given as the arbitrary gift of the busi-

ness success of man. At least, so say the Emancipation States. It should be the free and inalienable gift of the idealism, and hence the heroism, which are in the composition of the Constitution of America.

The too great, rather than too little a contrast between the women and men of the industrial commonwealth of America might thereby perchance be remedied.

Remarks on the working of the complete Colorado Suffrage for Women are here perhaps called for.

A resident once under the Woman Suffrage rule of Colorado, reasons afterwards seemed to me to be required why women should not vote rather than why they should. Granted democracy, if women are not to vote, they ought to have the power to decide not to do so for themselves. In Colorado, having got this power with the franchise, women have decided for themselves that it is right to use the vote. The fact that nearly fifty per cent. of the actual voters of the State of Colorado are women, proves that they are not backward to use their political power in the ballot-box.

On Election Day in a mid-mountain area where I was staying, all the light buggies were appropriated, and the sight of their hats and veils from the distance denoted that their wearers, the women voters, were converging from all the outlying ranches towards the polling stations.

The need of all these conveyances for driving women voters sometimes made the election bosses use strong language.

And if women vote so freely they also vote independently. It was a common saying in Colorado that married women voted contrary to their husbands, and certainly without a modicum of domestic friction. The Colorado man voter is entirely pleased rather than offended if his wife cares to cultivate her own pet political interest.

The man voter in the State, himself, studies questions such as the tariff to protect the new beet-sugar industries of Colorado ; bi-metallism, as affecting his closed silver-mines ; or an amendment to the Constitution of the State touching the taxation of unused sites of mines or of railroad property. Or he favours the Citizens' Alliance against Trades Unions, or *vice versa*. He supports or assails the militant policy of a State governor in enforcing martial law in disturbed mining areas.

The woman voter sees the world from an entirely different viewpoint from the man. She sees it none the less in a viewpoint equally real and businesslike. Herein must rest the justification of the franchise.

Ruskin was wont to compare Political Economy with Domestic Economy ; but no men have ever been guided in practice by the moral of Ruskin. In teaching the ordering of the State as a well-governed

household, Ruskin fairly interpreted the ruling point of view among the women voters of Colorado. To the individual members of the Republican and Democratic women's political clubs of Denver, the State is always presumed to be the expanded home. This larger home in the State, the household of the State, is considered to need ordering and tidying exactly like any home which is a private household.

I was out at night in the Denver streets when the Referendum rejected the women's proposals for the model charter which I have alluded to. These proposals were no hysterical measures, but were closely drafted upon existing city laws and regulations of Amsterdam, Birmingham, London, Paris, and Glasgow. The fault of the projected legislation was that it would have tidied the city-home in far too sweeping a way. The plans were not unbusinesslike; they were rather too much so. They were as businesslike as any woman's close and accurate ordering of the family household. This being a new conception in the government of a city, the bosses raged and got their henchmen to shout defiance in the streets. As the adverse returns of each ward were posted up with limelight there was loud 'rah-ing' and laughter.

The charter was, however, taken on subsequently with considerable toning-down. But the note of a domestic and household idea in politics—a thorough-

going John Ruskin idea of civic management,—is precisely woman's contribution to practical politics. Should this domestic, household management of a city ever be brought into effect, the misery of great cities, the chief blot upon industrial civilisation, would hear its death-knell.

This Ruskinian ideal, however, of ordering, bettering, forming a community into a strong co-operative household - commonwealth, will certainly nowhere come to pass except through the careful idealising, managing genius of women, exercised through the franchise.

The women voters of Colorado therefore did not leave their domesticity behind them when they entered the arena of Denver city politics. Rather they brought their domestic and managing genius into a sphere where there was the greatest need of it. They aimed at making the city of Denver a more homelike place for its inhabitants to live in than ever it had been before.

In State politics, apart from Civic politics, the influence of women has asserted itself in a much less marked degree. One of the best governors Colorado ever had, Alva Adams, was the women-voters' candidate. Having later secured his election to Congress, Alva Adams retired in over-scrupulosity about a reputed double counting of his votes with the connivance of the election judges. The women

thus lost their favourite candidate for representative, who on this occasion neither needed, nor certainly did not desire, the stuffing of the ballot.

The women-voters of Colorado, however, always secure the election of a woman as chief inspector of the schools of the State. And no schools of the union are more strenuously up to the ideal standard of American educational ideals than those of Colorado.

There have been severe critics of the Colorado women's franchise. The most weighty of their criticisms were perhaps those summed up by the Colorado Federal judge, Moses Hallett, in a speech delivered in Washington, D.C.

Such critics as these say that women's franchise in Colorado has merely added to the total vote of each party in a *quantitative* not in a *qualitative* sense; that the two women's political clubs of the State capital have learned all the slang and all the subtleties of electioneering, and have given up most other callings for political exigencies; also that cases were found of entire want of principle among some women-voters.

The answer to these objections usually given is that politics deals with the entire population. Every large mass of people contains an objectionable element. The democratic principle is not that there are no deteriorations in any large masses of the population, but that the great majority when rightly

instructed is in the main to be trusted. If then the enfranchisement of women has made steadily towards the extension of the household ideal within the sphere of politics, it cannot be objected that time and energy have been vainly expended while securing these results. Nor can it affect the main rectitude of the franchise that in any large mass of men or women voters there are an unprincipled few.

Much less valid are the objections about the place of women—the home sphere; and the so-called danger of vulgarisation. The more immutable and the more innate are the temperamental differences between men and women, the more these qualities are likely to assert themselves in the affairs of the commonwealth, granted woman's political individuality is recognised.

The greater the political and economic freedom of women, the more effectively is the distinctive and ineffaceable note of mind and soul contrast between men and women likely to assert itself.

The domesticity of women's mind is an unalterable fact of nature. The ways of politics are notoriously changeable conventions. What is based on unchangeable facts of nature, namely the mental domesticity of women, is certain to assert itself against what are the changeable conventions of politics. Women's franchise as it is exercised in Colorado means that the mental domesticity of women is asserting itself in politics against many methods of evil

management in state and city affairs. The true and effective assertion of the practical domesticity of women in political affairs will not only train women to be more domestic and more womanly than ever ; it will also make for the abolition of a vast amount of mismanagement and corruption in the government of the modern State.

In the Eastern States of America the emancipation of women has followed other directions rather than those of politics. New York is a centre of civilisation where the current agitation for women's franchise finds it difficult to make headway. The reason is that, for the present, women's franchise is only thinkable in communities that are small, like New Zealand or Colorado, or whose citizens are closely bound together socially or nationally. Among the population of upper New York State, a movement for women's franchise might easily meet with success. But in an unwieldy cosmopolis with all its shifting currents of political strife, the demand for woman's suffrage is beset with the gravest of obstacles.

In New York, Boston, and Philadelphia women's activities are more specialised and concentrated on particular subjects. One hears of associations for free nursing in the crowded tenements of the East Side, of fifty recognised 'settlements' in the New York slums, mostly worked by women, and of some public action in regard to factories and social betterment.

But for the most part emancipation of women in the Eastern States is in the direction of culture, education, and especially of equipment for business careers. Nor must one forget the supreme impulsion that women's interest and consecration and activities give to the ordering of the religion of the entire United States.

CHAPTER IX

THE MOUNTAIN AND DESERT EMPIRE

TILL recently most of the lands of Western America, except in the State of Texas, belonged to the American nation as a whole.

Great wilds in the West are still held by all the people in common, ready to be portioned out for the asking, on easy terms of occupancy. Much land, also, now occupied, beyond the hundredth meridian, would change hands on the easiest of terms.

This accounts for America's proprietary interest in its western mountain and desert empire at its back doors.

In Colorado any one can have one hundred and sixty acres of land immediately beyond the occupied irrigational limit. Or a land-hungry man can climb the flanks of the mountains to the line above which the hauling of logs to the nearest sawmill does not pay for the labour involved, and take up a timber claim. Or, like a certain famous man of science, the Hungarian-American Tesla, one can even stake out a mining claim, though there may actually be nought

worth mining, on the top of one of the roof-peaks of the United States.

All Americans feel that these American rocks, peaks, deserts and forests are none the less intimately their own because they are a not yet personally claimed estate. Moreover, the Federal Government is now steadily appropriating, from its general manner of tenure to some special manner of control beneficial to the people, the remaining undisturbed forests of the West. Imaginatively, America broods over its Western holdings and makes them its dream-background, symbolising infinite cosmic vistas and sanctified retreats.

In the East the nation's sense of proprietary interest over certain regions is otherwise. New England is the Pilgrim-consecrated Palestine of the New American Covenant. The mid-South is the Holy Land of the War, sacred for the Union of America, furrowed with a thousand heroic graves. All the Eastern sea-board is sacred to the War of Independence. The mystery world of the western mountains, arroyos and deserts is sacred to the stillness and awe of thoughts of the Infinite, over which the human spirit broods in order to receive its sustenance.

The broad acres of the arid West have thus come to mark and colour the backgrounds of the mind of America. There is never a monthly issue of a popular magazine without a story or two set in a

western environment. Typical rough mountainous vistas ; the vertical cuts of gorges ; sand and salt and soda deserts ; benched-up mesas ; high marked buttes, water-waiting river-beds, called arroyos ; tree-folded creeks ; stream-receiving 'sinks' bedeck the pages of these stories. There are cyclones, 'chinooks,' 'wash-outs,' sand-storms, mirages of the atmosphere. There are the 'grease-wood,' sage bush, cacti, buffalo grass, yucca and mesquite on the herbarial foreground. There are the 'mountain lions' (cougars), gray wolves, coyotes, jack-rabbits, squirrels, gophers, chipmunks, prairie dogs, prairie chickens, bob-cats, gila monsters, momentarily crowding the stage, and then retreating into the invisible.

Red Indians have mostly retreated beyond the white man's ken ; less slowly in stories of the West than in historic fact. The remaining red men are mostly close packed within the comfortable reservations established for them by the Federal authorities. But if Indian 'bucks' figure less within the popular stories of raids and shootings and forays and adventures, there is a true ear-marked Western type of men to take their place : 'cock-eyes,' 'peg-legs,' 'buds,' this or that 'bunt,' 'kids,' and also 'gazebos,' greasers, mexicanos, dagos and chinks. All these strange names have developed around, and describe the men. They are the frontiersmen of utmost dare-

deviltry, the desperadoes of numberless forays, shootings and heroic rescues, and men of the older Spanish American race, Italians and Chinamen.

After these are the mining types, first taken down from the life by Bret Harte, and now shaping themselves in many a way from out those times of early fervours.

Next in order are the college-bred cowboys. A cowboy is a man who owns cattle, grazing beyond the fixed enclosures; he may own certain wide ranches in Texas, Dakota or New Mexico, or he may hold by right of force the entry into the grazing districts of Wyoming or Oregon.

This motley company, fighting, struggling, gambling, and finally succeeding, are forthcoming ever to delight the Eastern readers of the American short story, wherein their glorious deeds are duly chronicled in swift, short, snappy sentences. Matched with them, and equally ready for every drift of fortune, is the heroine who holds her own, and fills her part without ever a breakdown of nerve. From these narratives of fight and romance and fury the wild Western scene is as familiar to the million-fold reading public of America as are the woods, or plantations, or cornfields, within a mile or two of their own residences. Moreover almost every American has at some time or another hurried through the Desert West on the way to California. His sentiment towards

the Western deserts is as towards an infinite reserve to ponder over, hear from, glimpse at from a railway siding, or even to stay at for a week or two at some decent hotel.

For the rest, Americans prefer that there should be a Shrine of Mystery filled up with pictures of undiscovered gold-mines, and of infinite retreats from the world, and with many vistas of infinite cosmic Beyonds. The wild and woolly West is a land better to dream of, or read about and imagine, than to know of, in the hardships of its actual life.

The vast Western Shrine of the Infinitudes may be best described as centred around the land-locked inter-mountainous areas. It is a basin which has no outlet to the sea. Of the many inland lakes which absorb the waters of this basin the most famous of all is the Great Salt Lake. The lake basin is shut off on the north by a westerly deflection of the Front Range of the Cordilleras from Colorado, stretching towards Montana. The Great Inland Basin ends to the east and south at the water-parting of the Colorado River. The region about this river is the wildest of the wild in the world, with its deserts of Mohave and Death Valley and Salton. The major portion of Utah and Nevada, together with south-eastern California, Arizona, and New Mexico, form a high-land desert, laid out in vast geometric vistas with recurring mountain ridges; its land-locked region

sloping around lakes from which there is no exit; in all its confines, sawn with architectural deep river cuttings, and dry winding arroyos.

The Great Salt Lake is itself a fitting vision-centre of these dry lands of desert vistas into the beyonds of the inhabited world.

From Denver one usually reaches Salt Lake City by sweeping round the enormous rock barrier for over one hundred miles to the south. The train I left Denver by did so, deflecting at Pueblo, and steaming up the narrow three thousand feet vertical crack in the mountain wall called the Royal Gorge. Thence it ascended the dried lake-bed by Salida, and crossed the farther divide beyond the 'City above the Clouds' of Leadville. True, there was a shortcut 'air-line,' a narrow route for light trains from Denver up to Leadville, which surmounted the 11,200 feet Boreas Pass, within almost a stone's-throw of the top rim of the trees which cloak the mountains, called the timber-line.

Crossing by that 'air-line' once from Leadville, I was feasted with the sights of snowy-headed mountains, seeming to peep round every moment by the windows of the car, and then to fly like whirlwinds into the abyss, and leave huge gaps of valleys, plains, and gorges, or forests beneath. Then the quaint cup-funnelled engine, with double brakes ready for emergency by every wheel, would sud-

denly be seen puffing backwards, opposite the car-window, as the train veered a close curve. So ever we ascended until the engine-pantings stopped at Boreas. After this there was for three hours, except while lunching in the flat South Park, the sound of the 'brakes asqueal' in the Platte Canyon until we got down six thousand feet below Boreas into the plains near Denver.

But on the occasion of my journey to the Pacific Slope, I took the through route on the double-headed train, which reaches Salt Lake twenty-six hours after leaving the Union Depot at the Colorado capital. The industry of the Mormon was in evidence during all the early hours of the second morning of travel by the irrigated sloping plain, sheltered with rugged, treeless mountains which rose abruptly on every side of the valley.

The approach is from the east running through an opening of the Wasatch Range which bears to the north and south. The Utah Mount Nebo is now in sight and the fair sweet waters of Lake Utah can be seen for a long time, which are as Lake Gallilee to the Salt Lake Dead Sea. You now deflect northwards by the garden region of the valley through which the river called appropriately the Jordan runs into the Salt Lake.

South of Salt Lake, all this country is reminiscent in name and configuration of the Holy Land of

Western Syria. Salt Lake City, the City of the Saints, and the headquarters of the Mormon faith, like Jerusalem, is away off the right bank of the river and the inland sea. Mormonism has transmuted the irrigation areas of the Salt Lake basin into a continuous garden city. A few miles to the west of the capital of Utah is the pleasure resort of Saltair, along the beach of the miniature sea. Here there is a pier abutting into the waters, and those who bathe in the lake find it impossible to sink in the salt-weighted, shallow waters. The capital itself with its great temple has been described by every one who has written of his overland journey. It is like any great American city of the West, but is exceptionally well-serried with waters and avenues of trees.

The Mormon State was originally a subtle parody or political mimicry of the United States itself. The first immigrants, as every one will recall, fled thither under the leadership of Brigham Young, when the followers of Joseph Smith had been driven from the confines of the United States. The land reveals no physical likeness to the rest of America; but the leaders of the migratory movement mimicked American institutions much as a monkey might parody a man. They saw that the States were not founded upon a common ancestry of blood-relationship, but upon the acceptance of certain quasi-theo-

logical beliefs in God's bounty and man's equality. The Mormon elders understood better than most observers the theocratic foundations of the individuality of American nationalism. Accordingly they founded in mimicry a miniature autonomous State, resting rather upon a theological compact, than on any hope of mere racial perpetuity.

They anticipated, too, if somewhat malignly, the practical social trend of American religion, and squared every one of their strange dogmas with solid social realism.

Then they adapted to their use the autocratic manner of control from the example of American business management, and copied from the two most successful instances of American church institutions, Methodism and the Church of Rome. Mormonism is indeed classed as a debased form of Methodism, turned upon a political and commercial career.

The Mormon leaders understood the efficacy of American educationalism, and adapted it in an evil sense as a scientific moulding power over the minds of the simple and the young. Their education, or rather uneducation, was the basis of the institution of polygamy.

But as trainers in the ways of thrift and industry, the Mormons have never been surpassed. Mormonism, too, however evil, would abolish the pandemonium of social evils that have cursed the trail

of industrial civilisation. Its own evils, however, are worse than those of our own slum world. By depriving women of knowledge and economic independence they effected the most consummate contradiction to the social status of women in Western America that is to be found anywhere in the New World. As Turks enlisted the Janissaries from the ranks of Christians in the early stage of youth, and educated them to become the mainstay of the Mohammedan propaganda, so did the Mormons find their chief recruits for polygamy in the uneducated servant class of European countries, and among other people of untrained and simple mentality.

When Brigham Young had collected the followers of the martyred Joseph Smith at Deseret, in Utah, the site of the present Salt Lake City was in Mexican territory. If the United States had not surrounded and subdued Utah, there is every likelihood that a stable Mormon commonwealth would have been founded in the depression of the Western plateaus. Mormonism, welded by religious fervour, had all the elements of persistence possessed by the earlier settlement of Massachusetts. But unlike New England, it was closed to any real mental development, and open only to physical commercial development. It was from the beginning closely ruled by custom, institution and law. Even when the Edmunds Act of the United States Congress suppressed polygamy,

and when Utah was granted Statehood in 1896, and assimilated to the United States, Mormonism as a religion was capable of resisting most of the Gentile influences except that of American education, which came with the influx of Gentile immigration into its borders.

Mormonism gives a weird association to the gloomy lake-side where it has colonised. If Mormons have been invaded in their sanctum, they have retaliated by carrying their propaganda into neighbouring States, and even as far eastward as New York. I have met sturdy Mormons in Colorado.

The Mormon life-history has indeed upset many pet theories of modern sociologists; and no man living has yet been able to assign to them their cosmic place.

The train from Salt Lake City to the Pacific runs due north, and in time you get the first view of the inland miniature sea. Islands rising steeply from the waters and mountainous promontories are full in view. Farther to the north is Ogden, a city where the cars shunt for the Union Pacific Railway system.

On leaving Ogden, now advancing westwards, the afternoon was spent in skirting again the shores of that great Lake of Death and unending desolation. One realises that it is the shrunken remnant of a once vast inland sea, a nightmare vision of the last days of the world, when life shall have ended,

and the seas are gradually retiring to leave the earth as irredeemably desolate as the moon. There was a beauty of a weird Other-world in its glassy, weighty waters ; in its stillness ; in the stern grandeur of its mountains and shores ; in the vistas opened by its great expanses, across which, at one point, no shore was visible on the opposite side ; in the absence of trees, houses, gardens, or a single blade of grass, or leaf of anything green, in sight all that afternoon.¹ From the south-west shores is a wide, flat, lifeless desert ; and to the south of this, again, is a hilly desert-land, beyond Lake Sevier. Till the coming of the railways, a few years ago, around here used to be the most inaccessible portion of the United States. The corner of north-east Arizona that it includes is totally cut asunder from the rest of Arizona by the five-mile gulf of the tremendous canyon that cleaves the high plateau from east to west.

The Gould Railway system has now pushed out a branch from the Rio Grande Western, through all this portion down to Los Angeles, whereby it is put in touch with the Pacific from St. Louis.

But to reach this region formerly from the north one had to go down by one of the mining railways, and cross the desert for many almost trackless miles.

¹ Mr. Harriman has recently curtailed this route by building a line on trestles across a whole arm of the Salt Lake, for use by the express trains.

To reach it from the east one would have to cross abyss after abyss of the canyons, cutting down southwards to the Colorado River. Yet the early traders, after Wolfskill, were wont to trail through a portion of this area on the way from Santa Fé to Los Angeles, by making a wide detour to the north. This route, called the Spanish Trail, thus evaded the impassable canyon descending to the Virgin River. The trail approached close to the Colorado at its extreme north-west limit. It then skirted the rainless Death Valley, which is filled with dusty salt. This depression is five hundred feet below sea-level, is hemmed with giant mountains, and was once significantly marked with human skeletons.

Only one hundred miles away now to the north-west is Mount Whitney, the snowy head-peak of the Sierras. The trail reached Los Angeles through the gap between the San Gabriel and the San Bernardino ranges called the Cajon Pass.

Due east from Salt Lake one soon reaches Nevada, a large-area'd State with only sixty thousand inhabitants, which sends, nevertheless, as many senators to the Federal Congress as does New York State with seven millions. Nevada became known to the outer world on account of its fabulous Comstock Mine. The lode had several bonanzas of almost solid silver and gold, and produced metal worth about one hundred millions sterling.

In Nevada is the beautiful, ever-flowing Humboldt River, ending to the west in Humboldt Sink. Several fertile valleys, also with rivers flowing into lakes without outlets, deflect to the south-west. Some distance beyond the Salt Lake the squalid sage-bush region terminates, and one reaches the bright African desert-land of Western Nevada. The sands are here quite level, and light brown in colour. They are unbroken except that here and there abrupt clear-cut mountains rise like islands out of a sea of sand.

California is reached some distance before mounting up the Sierra Divide. On the east slopes of the Sierras are many streams and rivers. All of these fall into one or other of the inland lakes. These lakes are wholly land-locked, and the mountain waters pass off by evaporation. Near here are the Carson Lakes, and the Tahoe, of magic beauty, rimmed with mountain pines. The Mono and Owen Lakes lie to the south.

Immediately west of this line of lakes are the great Sierra watersheds. The depth of the Sierra snows is undreamt of in the Rocky Mountains. Their white masses lie from six to ten feet deep. The dark green pine-trees look quite black in contrast. The Sierra peaks are highest to the south and mount not much above the line of timber within sight of the line of the Southern Pacific Railway. In descending from these highlands one gets glimpses of the three

thousand feet deep major canyons. The train at one point overlooks the forest-filled American Canyon. The Yosemite Valley is aligned with the American, but it is all vertical and clear cut, and looks like a street of amazing giant palaces, revealing, probably, some bursting asunder of the lower ascents of the Sierras. Descending the Sierras the memories of the desert and the nine months of withered grass of the arid region are soon effaced. Vistas open of a universe of tree-beset mountain slopes, of a bright green, treeless, rounded hill-country, and a paradise of flowers and fruits in all the valleys below.

The trees bedeck the mountain descents in great swathing zones of greenery of every tint and hue. Highest are the black-green pines, then spruces, light firs, redwood, and the primæval sequoias, which transcend the tree-world in their size, their actual age from before the Christian era, and their geological ancestry, which dates from the primitive world of the giant ferns. Lower are the light green, copper, and silver of the under tree-glades on reddish soil, with lightly besprinkled grass. These clothe the glades leading to the valleys. The sight of the vast hilly grasslands, beyond, in their moist warm atmosphere, seemed, while I ran through in the train, as a reminiscent, hazy dream of Ireland. Passing as I did in the first days of March, the oranges were in flower and ripening in the valleys. All by the stream was

a rich garden opening out into the flatlands of the wheat area of the San Joaquin Valley to the south, and of the Sacramento Valley to the north.

Travelling due north from Salt Lake one crosses the margin of the great inland basin into that of the Pacific-opening basin of the Columbia River. By a slight deflection to the east one would reach the famous preserve of American wild animals called Yellowstone Park. This is a large, high area, with noted rushing geysers, owned by the Federal Government, in the north-west corner of Wyoming. Here is found the primitive undisturbed America of the centuries past.

Due east of Salt Lake is the dividing line of Wyoming and Colorado. In Wyoming are deserts, grazing-lands, mountains, rivers, and plains.

Colorado has its own opening to the great, wild region south-east of the inland basin of the land-locked rivers of Utah and Nevada. The railway thither skirts the Rocky Mountains to the east in a day's journey due south from Denver. Then it deflects by the Santa Fé route through New Mexico beyond the deserts which surround the San Francisco mountains. By a side line is reached the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River from the south. Canyons in the rest of America are mostly reached from below. Here, however, in Arizona, one journeys along the comparatively flat tablelands of the desert

and suddenly discovers a drop of from five thousand to seven thousand feet with myriads of vari-coloured pinnacles and what seems like a little tapering rivulet in the bottom of the abyss.

Three or five miles across are the opposite banks, so to speak, of the gulf of atmosphere between. This mile-deep cutting extends for over two hundred miles. There are also a few cracks in which one can make the descent down to the dangerous red water of the current. In any case it takes a long day's toil to do so, but for practical purposes the gulf between the banks is impassable. No one ever descends or crosses except for the purposes of scientific exploration or sportive adventure.

The reason for all this wonderful vertical rock-architecture of the water cuttings in desert lands is that western America is mostly a mountain-crested plateau of altitudes of from 4000 to 8000 feet above the sea. Rain is rare except on the higher northern heights. When the rain does fall there is often a sudden downpour. Moderate rain, where there is vegetation and attracting forest, gently finds its way to the plains. Only with a cloudburst are these sudden black torrents so packed with battling logs and stones that no living being, if caught, can escape alive.

But in by far the larger portions of the West there is no vegetation whose roots and verdure retain the rain. It is just simply a treeless wilderness.

The rainfall cuts here with scientific accuracy. Each sudden rivulet cuts vertically into the rocky ground. On every side new rivulets cut their way in like manner. Out of ten thousand minor cuttings the vertical passage-way below is formed, according to the distance of each one's mathematical measurement from each. The rain-rush marks the scope of its intakes in arroyos, or chines, and canyons, cut in perfect proportional depth and width. The supreme instance of the cutting process is this Grand Arizona canyon, whose waters of the Colorado River have sawn down the entire sediment cover of the world, exposing the earth's geology in many-coloured beds, reaching down to the primitive igneous granite. All the sedimentary layers being horizontal, the rock-sculpture effect is in a perfect design. The harder rocks are like great pedestals, and the squared headings of Greek temples. The softer limestone rocks are cut in angles like roofs, descending according to the degree of their texture from hard headings above. On the top are many a narrowing tower or butte, looking like the belfry of Bruges, or may be pointed like a church steeple. Wherever also in all the arid regions the flanks of the rocks fall down to the plains, the harder sediment rocks lie horizontally like huge bricks with retreating perfectly-shaped deflections above and advancing deflections towards the onlooker below. All irregularities are swept off by the sandy winds.

In all the desert region some square-capped blocks of rock are visible with various degrees of perfect slopings of the softer rocks commingled. Geologists are amazed and puzzled over the origin of the vertical enormity of the one supreme canyon, but on the whole it seems to be but an arithmetical multiple of a formation which one can watch now in the process of development the moment a torrent of rain descends in any portion of the world-surface unprotected by grass or the roots of trees. Thus in general the huge plateau being protected to the west by the Sierras, to the east by the Rockies, all its openings converge to the south in this canyon of Arizona.

By mere process of addition the thousands or millions of smaller cuttings reach down into their great sum of the Arizona world-cut, the same rain-drops that made the lesser gullies uniting at last to make the greater. One watches here the outgoings of the cloudbursts of the hundred-leagued plateau of the arid portion of America. Probably, however, the enormity of this cutting must have been effected in some days of deluges unknown to the present.

The Santa Fé Line runs throughout the entire territory from Chicago to Los Angeles and San Francisco. It crosses the Colorado River at the Needles. These are two abutting sharp rocks where the canyon comes to an end on veering southwards.

Before arriving thither after southing the great high mountains of San Francisco, one can deflect due south down a long fertile valley in the State of Arizona called Phoenix. This is the hottest settlement in the whole of the United States. Southwards again is Tucson, on the Southern Pacific, on the way to Yuma. There are wild, flat, yellow-ochre deserts here, filled with giant cacti. The cacti flowers, on the tips of the leaves, are greater than peonies. Many of them fill all the vistas in the shape of Corinthian columns and about twenty or thirty feet in height. One is never beyond the view of model, miniature, sharp-cut mountains, rising, as in Utah, abruptly from the plains, treeless and waterless. The region of the columnar cacti is near the Mexican border.

The surrounding desert-world is beautifully described by John C. Van Dyke in his book on the desert. In this region are found wilds and expanses that only the hardest small party of men would care to adventure upon.

As the Southern Pacific Railway leaves the west towards New Mexico, many of the bright colours of the 'painted desert' subside. There are no more cacti, but just winding arroyos without trees. There are great desert flats, filled with miniature dust-cyclones and mirages of lakes. Towards the Texan border one passes into an impassive and illimitable flat barren

wilderness. There was no blade of grass when I passed that way towards Dalhart.

Dalhart was a little wood-built town, probably kept alive by ranching on the buffalo grass which was not at that time of the year in evidence. The neighbourhood to the south-east is called the Staked Plain. In the early days this region was so monotonous, and so devoid of the least landmark, that the trails had to be marked with stakes. A good way to the south-east the desert universe terminates and one re-enters the rich ranche lands of the giant State of Texas, which once was an independent republic, and is now the primus in size of all the States of the Union.

CHAPTER X

SAN FRANCISCO

RUMOUR once had it that to the west of the coast of Mexico there lay the Island of the Amazons, arrayed in fabulous wealth.

The Conquistador of Mexico, on one of his out-bound journeys, being fired over reading the Spanish legend of Queen Califa and her Amazons, accordingly built ship on the Pacific slopes and sailed the sunset way, to make the acquaintance of a rival worthy of his prowess.

He found in what he took to be an island the harbour of La Paz, but no Queen; only squalid Indians. However, he named it after her memory, still thinking it to be an island.

In maps for part of the next two centuries the Californias, Baja or Lower, a long peninsula, now of Mexico, and Alta or Higher, now of the United States, are given as an island.

On the east of the peninsula opposite Mexico there is a tableland above a gaunt steep coast rising to mountains of over 6000 feet, intercepting the only

moisture of Baja California. The land slopes towards the western ocean, but is mostly barren rockiness and sand. Between the steep east coast and Mexico there is a narrow gulf of the sea with unearthly currents and hurricanes, held to the left by the immense island rock of the Angel de la Guarda, more rock-set and treacherous as you ascend, till you enter at length the sanded and salted estuary of Colorado River, a few miles from Yuma in the United States.

The first Spanish settlement had to be provisioned from Mexico, until a mission of that great religious Chartered Company of the times, the Jesuit Order, was sent there. As pioneering American irrigation organisers, the Jesuits soon had crops of their own and began to export to Mexico instead of importing.

The peninsula was colonised by about a dozen such missions named after saints, as Santa Catalina, Santa Clara, Santa Rosalia, San Ignatio, San Tomas, Santa Genoveva. Thus this other extreme of North America was an astonishing parallel not without contrasts to the later Theocracy of the north-east of Massachusetts. The vicissitudes in the European storm-centre of a centralised church ended in the replacing of the Jesuits with Franciscans, whose adobe churches are the most famed remains of a past civilisation in the Upper California of to-day. But the land that Cortez conquered has long since relapsed into desert, tenanted by miserable Indians and

by a few Americans with uncertain grants of land. Their desolation is guarded by the solemn saintly place-names—the eternal memorial of a bygone Theocratic faith which, nevertheless, had helped to shape so much the destiny of the Western World.

Some square miles of the extreme north are touched by the American irrigation about Yuma. Near there, beyond the Mexican border, is the scene of the swift silting up by the sand-laden river of the irrigation channels, causing various cataclysms in the neighbouring regions. The waters lapped over the immense salty depression in the Salton Desert, below sea-level, as a fairy stranger visiting the rainless land under a never-tainted blue of heaven with luscious waters that formed a magic lake.

On the Pacific coast, ascending northwards, where the arid buttes of Mexican canyons and valleys are passed, is San Diego, the supreme health resort of the land of flowers and of perpetual spring. The narrow valley of the Santa Anna inland is richly cultivated. On the plains above is the many-miled, palm-groved Los Angeles, or in full, *El Pueblo de Los Angeles*. In the highlands to the north-east are several fair-viewed garden cities reached by electric railways. The gem of these is Pasadena, and all are crowned by the weird, contrasting, treeless mountains over 5000 feet above sea-level. Where the mountains end all is as flat as a sea, and on the stately surfaces

is the supreme fruit garden of America. Coast-wise along the flat lands from Los Angeles is San Pedro with its great new harbour protected by breakwaters of granite. Above, through orange, lemon, and citron plantations, is many-groved Santa Barbara, where the coast sweeps off to the west.

Many points of the coast are famous on account of their dark days, recalled in Dana's *Before the Mast*. The islands opposite such as Santa Catalina and Santa Cruz are cut off by a very ancient gulf and all their flowers are strange.

The train winds between steep barren mountains and the Pacific waters, out of the midst of which I saw the derricks of the California oil-fields.

The mountains are a tremendous fold of sediment rocks pressed out to the outmost tip of the land by the weight of the gigantic granite Sierra Madres of the hinterland. Between the coast mountains and the region of the sovereign trees of the world in the Sierra's portals to the east, is the southern portion of one of the longest, fairest, richest valleys in the world, fed by the waters that meet from north to south in San Francisco Bay. Once in springtime this too was flower land with the music of innumerable bees, but now it is wheat land or fruit land of the settlers. Some way up I saw the Sierras, snow-white, like enormous animals' teeth, jutting out of the lower forested hills. Opening from the long valley

beyond the green foot-hills, towards the Sierras, are the chief California canyons, including the American, overlooked by the descending continental train, and the clear-cut wonderland of the Yosemite. On the highlands without, and northwards, are the deserted scenes eternalised by Bret Harte. The granite range culminates southwards in Mount Whitney, 15,000 feet, and its peaks were ascended first for the California survey by Clarence King and John Muir, the Scot. Behind are rainless deserts and lakes without an exit, fed from the Nevadas. South is the monstrous lower watch-dog of the Sierras, the San Bernardino Range, peering towards sea and desert without that ring of the granite thrown up from the central force. It is the highest of all the outer folding of the world-crack of the Cordilleras; and on passing by one rainy afternoon I saw its head peak lifted above the clouds of the lower world.

Guarding to the extreme north at the other end of the hundred-leagued Sacramento and San Joaquin Valleys, moved alarmingly from the line of the Sierras, is the portentous glaciated volcanic Shasta, piled abruptly from the valley head, fair shaped and over 14,000 feet in height.

Along a thousand miles of this coast the equable Pacific gives a never hot and never cold ten miles belt of land. But fifty miles within there may be intense heat, as at Sacramento. At the end of the

United States by Tacoma and Seattle begin the great deep sounds of the sea, which continue on and off unto the regions where glaciers, greater than the Alps can show, crash betimes into the northern waters of the Pacific after their long slow sleepy snail-like glide from Mount Fairweather and Mount St. Elias. The Klondyke region is nearly three hundred miles due north of Mount St. Elias.

Commercial capital of all this two thousand miles of coast, and of the eastern waters of the greatest world-ocean, San Francisco bids fair to be the New York of the Pacific world. For it pours out the produce of the wealthy Sacramento Valley to all the continents around the Pacific Ocean, and to the islands great and small that arise from its long blue waters.

Crowning, like Rome, a proud rim of hills, girdled with waters on every side but one, opening its vistas from its hill tops down the bay to San José on the south-east, and to the Fallarones on the Pacific horizon westwards towards Hawaii; tipped with peaks to the south-west as you ascend up Market Street from the Ferry; treeless but for the great arboreal emporium of Golden Gate Park touching the ocean beach, where are bungalows and misty sands; rayed across the waters with garden cities like San Rafael at the foot of a table mountain, and Oakland and Alameda, beyond which is the peak of Mount Diablo,—San Francisco is in the lap of all

the fortunes, from the gold of the mountain slopes, from the cornucopia of the Sacramento Valley, and from all that the Far East on the opposite ocean shores can gather for its adornment.

As San Francisco is to the west of inland waters, nearly a hundred miles in length, you approach the city usually from the east, by crossing over the water, as though it were to an island off the western coast of California.

The landing-station at the Ferry is on the eastern edge of a long tongue of land, a sort of peninsula, six miles wide, reaching down towards San Matteo and the south, and ending two miles to the north, where the deep waters of the Golden Gate separate San Francisco from the table mountain called Tamalpais.

Market Street, headed by a big tower at the Ferry, goes south-westward. Other towers of nearly twenty stories marked the sites chiefly of the great newspapers. Market Street, with all the business blocks, gradually mounts upwards to the foot of the three hills, about 700 feet high, more than half way between the shores of the bay, and the parallel shores of the Pacific Ocean to the west.

At first all the streets ran nearly parallel to Market Street. There were good shops and hotels to the right. Palace Hotel was higher up to the left. China Town was a few hundred paces or so

to the right. Above China Town rose Nob Hill, crowned with an enormous stone edifice, and residences of some of the older families of San Francisco.

The Market Street higher up begins to cut a new series of streets on the right side, at angles of 45 degrees. These are joined by others at a similar angle, deflecting away at 45 degrees at the same side. These side streets open to all the lumpy sand-hills of San Francisco.

Cable and electric cars, diverting at almost every deflecting street on the right, went in a switchback course up and down the city in immense bounds until the wide area of the new dwellings was reached on the flat sandy levels beyond.

The Golden Gate Park here begins to the left and slopes off to the streets on the ocean beach. The cable cars were very jerky; the cables gave out a rolling sound all the day, and far into the night. At about 2 a.m. they would suddenly subside with a sound like a dying groan.

The hills are capped with small parks, laid out with the only trees within the limits of San Francisco, and opening to prospects of the Bay. One hill above Devisadero Street, well to the back, is higher than all the rest, and has a correspondingly commanding view of the ocean and California. On another hill to the north-west are the remains of the old Spanish fort, called the Presidio. Here is now

the site of the United States military headquarters for the Pacific Coast.

The Golden Gate Park is a superb epitome of all the arboreum of California. There are giant redwoods over a thousand years old in the new Federal reserve, just given by a generous Chicago citizen to the United States, on the slopes of Mount Tamalpais. But the coast from Mexico to the limits of Mendocino County, the chief site of the redwood forests to the north, is for the most part treeless. On the contrary, by the mountain slopes of the Sierras, and in northern California, are many noble trees and shrubs all represented here in the Golden Gate Park. There are transplantations too from Mexico in this Kew Gardens of the Pacific Coast. Among the paths and roads of this artificial wood-world is the noted speedway, filled on Sunday with an endless chain of trotters, and racers, and sulkies.

The chief residential streets are reached at deflecting angles from the Market Street. They cut across from thence through old California Street, to the water edge of the Golden Gate. Among these is the great Van der Ness Avenue, where General Funston, the captor of Aguinaldo, stopped the raging of the fire by dynamiting the houses on the east, until the street was far too wide for any flames to leap across.

The great fire, early in 1906, devastated both sides

of Market Street ; on the south, sweeping all the flat area above the docks ; on the north, flaming up the slopes of Nob Hill, and obliterating China Town, and the business sections below. It raged then up the city, entering the margin of the chief residential section until checked by the drastic measures above mentioned.

The Golden Gate Park was fortunately at hand to harbour more than one hundred thousand campers ; and as the weather in March and April is as warm as it is in June in England, no great hardships were felt from snow or frost.

A superbly rising new city recently gladdened the eyes of Admiral Evans and his sailors. A great cathedral is to take the place of St. Luke's Church. I trust that the public buildings like the city hall will be re-built of the granite of the Sierras, and not of the wretched stucco out of which the old city hall had been formerly built at a cost of a million pounds.

It is of interest to note that the rebuilding of the city has been retarded by the heavy new rates of the fire insurance imposed by the Insurance Companies, for their self-protection. The city has responded by a water-works system, with a fall of 700 feet, which is intended to be impervious to earthquakes. The supply of water being guaranteed also by a duplication of the pipings, no further danger of a conflagration of all the city may be apprehended.

To a world-wandering investigator of the souls of cities far and near, San Francisco would offer as fascinating a revelation of the eternities in temporal changings as the flora and fauna of the Amazonian forests of South America offered to Darwin, the observer of cosmic destinies. The 'soul,' in a sense the 'religion,' of San Francisco, is really nursed into being by the one leading passion of the city. This is the passion, or an impassioned desire, for freedom from the cranks, idealists, utopians, puritanisms, civisms, ethical cultures of all the other American cities and states, and from those of all other nations, tribes, tongues and peoples of the world. The San Franciscan deliberately chooses to be a Nihilist against the soul-burdening creeds and pessimisms of the rest of the world. He would rather have non-existence than the strait-laced existence dear to the outside reformer, the crank, the puritan, the pessimist and the propagandist. The effect of this self-unburdening from the rest of the world's soul weights is an immediate and joyous spontaneity, irresponsibility, an invincible belief that all will be well in the end on the simple allowance of the Fact of Things. From such faith come the irrepressible high spirits and good-heartedness that attend this liberation from world-care. The much-vaunted corruption in San Francisco, which is now the occasion of joke in

all its public schools, is a cost that a free-hearted and high-spirited people deliberately choose to pay, rather than crankily shut down the evildoers, who of course would rush to the front in any spot of the world where such a religion of free-heartedness thus gave them the rope. The San Franciscans have expressed themselves in sudden moves of Vigilance Committees as an impulsive people would be expected to do. But it always happened that whenever the hangings and obliterations of the wicked had taken place, the city in a moment was an irrepressible optimist again. So it will ever be, even if the ring of civic felons, the so-called 'trade union leaders,' is, on the present occasion, seriously brought to book.

San Francisco then is a serious attempt to live that irrepressibly individualistic civic life which Herbert Spencer thought was the goal of civic conditions.

It was the San Franciscan conception of a care-free world, that the one world-seer of the Western States, Henry George, attempted to make scientific in his Taxing Scheme for freeing humanity from the incubus of the monopoly over the bread-winners' 'place to work in.'

This indelibly-stamped characteristic of the soul of San Francisco is as easily to be accounted for as are distinctive marks of the soul of New England. The Puritans started a commonwealth in infinite rigour

and exclusiveness, narrowness, hedged about with laws, Bible-precepts, police-pastors, life-scrutinies. The San Franciscan was moulded in the equally religious passion of a contrasting trust in human geniality and of faith in earth's wealth and nature's cornucopia. Gold dust, ages ago, trickled out of the worn-down fissures adjoining the high porphyry dykes of the Sierras into ancient placers. From thence without law, custom, creed, pastor, or police the earth-free man gathered the precious dust and adorned a city in which he and his descendants might be comfortable for ever. To his gold treasure-house, with no claim to ideality, human or divine, the San Franciscan cynically watched all the idealities of the world flock and render service. Because there was gold dust, the uttermost horizon bloomed in fields and flowering fruit-trees ; fleets flocked in with produce from east and west ; thousand-leagued railroads were built across the deserts and sierras. Society was evoked into being ; governments, charters, constitutions, laws, authorities fell into line ; education arose ; poets sang, literary chap-books were circulated ; churches were built, preachers and pastors arrived. The San Franciscan received this civic cosmos with open arms. The crowds of devout worshippers I have seen flocking into the churches are every whit at home in this civic faith of a common ecclesia. There are great fashionable congregations,

preachers, teachers, great educational institutions hard by. Yet not one of them has had an atom of effect on the real religion of San Francisco. The soul and spirit of its life-experience assimilated to itself all that came to it. Its genius is at home with all religions in the same unuttered good-heartedness with which it spends its life. There is but one test-condition, accepting which they are all free, refusing which they are all frowned upon. That is they must not disturb the irrepressible good spirits, the geniality, the whole-heartedness of the tradition, the religion of religions of the place. This they never have in any sense attempted to do.

San Francisco, then, is in a sense like a huge irresponsible and irrepressible playful nursery. Its men and women are eternally children who do not play to live, but who live to play with life. The civic evildoers understood what the outer world knew nothing about, namely, that they could protect themselves behind San Francisco's civic faith and likings by making out that if civic puritanism came, the heart, the soul of the people would have to be taken away. If one of the frightfullest earthquakes which have ever visited a city left the fortuneless population as much playful children as ever, what chance have a few scoundrels of altering the mood of the city by their misdeeds, who, in the worst of their devastations, can scarcely claim to rival the

terrors and ruins wrought by the shaking of the earth-god?

The truth is that San Francisco is a city which owns a better ideal of life than it owns an interpreter of its ideals. The San Franciscan is religiously gay-hearted when city blocks are tumbling on his head, and his fortunes are blown as the smoke is scattered in the 'on-shore' breezes from the Pacific Ocean. If gold were God, this imperturbability would have been an inconceivability. If the city were at heart corrupt and sensual, there would not have been the unanimous heroism during the earthquake gloom. Its churches may mean much to the individual, but they have neither founded, nor can they annul, this permanent religion of San Francisco, nor lead in interpreting the city's life. The Catholic finds the city more congenial to him than the Protestant. This is on account of the severe compartmental separation of the Church of Rome in America from civics and politics. Catholicism is of one mind with San Francisco in tabooing the crank or puritan or religious idealist. But this means the customary withdrawal of Catholics from interest in civic amelioration. Catholics fill their churches by tens of thousands. The great Jesuit stucco church before the earthquake days used to be crowded to the doors for most of the Sunday services. Yet not a vote in the city government has seemingly ever been altered for better con-

ditions, on this account, since the founding of the city ; and the reason is that to do so might seem to favour the common enemy, hypocrisy, cant, puritanism, and hated unctuous rectitude.

As to the Anglo-American and Puritan churches, the San Franciscan, when he attends, interprets them unconsciously out of his own experiences. They are a tonic to his spirits. As interpretations they are without a message, or not one that has the least chance of reaching from the gatherings of the pious to the masses in city wards who use the ballot-box. The San Franciscan thinks Henry George was a true San Franciscan in the goal he set to his political economy theories, of throwing the burden of responsibilities from man to a rightly approached and becozened Nature. But he is not one with him in the mood of anxious boredom in which this reforming economist would have all men reshuffle the world's order Single Tax-wise.

Fair things are reported to the account of the present Mayor Taylor, a poet with some true Wordsworthian sentiment, as well as a civic patriot. Yet for a lasting reform of San Francisco's municipal life would perhaps be required a chief who should be all at once a lover of the freedoms like Henry George, a populariser of abstractions like William J. Bryan, and business-headed like President Roosevelt, and an all-round humourist too.

Whether a Jacopone da Todi, or even the Umbrian high-spirited namesake of the city, would be favourably received in San Francisco I cannot venture to say. Probably some 'Roosevelt character,' perchance born in San Francisco, and without any of the mannerisms which the too literal education of the Eastern States impresses on its pupils, might play the Savonarola to this somewhat wayward and wanton Florence of the Western World. Such a paragon would have to enter heart and soul in all the irresponsibility, high spirits, good-heartedness of the San Franciscans. He would have to interpret their ideal into a civic policy and corporate life worthy of the same. To make the civic sweeping as permanent as the grafting propensities of the Rueffs of all ages and climes is perhaps another affair, but this too could conceivably be organised into being, granted that the voice of such a paragon of a civic leader were ever raised in San Francisco's commercial blocks and streets.

CHAPTER XI

NEW ENGLAND AND THE AMERICAN CIVIC RELIGION

FROM Colorado, whither I returned from the Pacific Coast *via* Southern California, Yuma, and El Paso, I made entry into that Site of Dreams, New England, through the Burlington Railroad, passing by the cattle-fair city of Omaha, the world-mart of Chicago, and thence running by the Lake Shore Railroad to Buffalo in the Boston express.

The prospects laid in geometric vistas of the prairies, plains, and butted ranges of Western America had passed away as I looked out on the graceful Mohawk Valley in red-set green repose of autumn. The River Hudson was crossed. The brown and green-leaved Berkshire Hills, amid which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote, were descended and the valley of the Connecticut River was reached in sight of the abrupt miniature mountain named Long Tom at Springfield.

The country was reminiscent of the ascent of the south bank of the Thames above Staines by Egham and Virginia Water. The Connecticut Valley is one

long parkland with recurring towns upon the green, which spread out in view from every point of vantage.

I arrived here towards the end of the ever-bright American fall of the year. Red transparencies were glowing all through the green. The waters of the grass-banked Connecticut were placid, and mirrored the rich beauties of houses, bridges and trees. Church steeples showed above the trees, and carts laden with cider apples were upon the country roadways. There were old Massachusetts villages with houses generously interspaced upon the hedgeless village green.

Comfortable electric cars ran in from all the villages and towns hard by to the capital of Western Massachusetts, Springfield. This city has about 62,000 inhabitants, and is built half on the lowlands of the river, and the rest on ascending slopes to the east. The cars converge in High Street, forming a continuous train of many colours and shapes. There were the big expresses to Hartford and to Worcester, and the little local cars to the suburbs and little neighbour-villages.

The United States Government Arsenal for the making of the famous Springfield rifles was on the summit of the slope, and there were also large factories to the north and by the river banks. There was the stately Unitarian church where the *Te Deum* was sung; the Roman Catholic cathedral; the Anglo-American church, served by a brother of the late

Bishop Phillips Brooks ; St. Peter's, with a Catholic ritual, upon the hill ; and to the right the Old South Congregational church of historic fame, whose pastor was the Liberal-Orthodox preacher, Dr. Philip S. Moxom.

It was a prosperous, open, restful, well-tree'd, well-housed city. There was a large working population of Italian Catholics, a free library valuable for research, and as good as the best of subscription libraries elsewhere, and a notable museum of art, with tutorial officials affably ready at all times to make the people wise in beautiful things. I had entered a realm of a reposeful, reserved civilisation of notable contrast to the unfinished rushfulness of the West. There was a self-contained, homogeneous society, shrewd, nervous, pale-faced and cultured ; but much less open to all comers than the society of the Western World.

Here, however, a great series of customs, traditions, educational and religious institutions in Western America began to reveal their nursing-home and place of origin. The foundations of Greater America are really to be found in the township units of the lesser First America of the New England States. The Pilgrims brought with them to their Plymouth settlement the summed-up best of all municipal and chartered independence to be got in the most favoured cities of Holland and England. Municipal govern-

ment in friendly expansion or defiance, soon devolved upon all neighbouring centres of population, at Rhode Island and Connecticut.

The New England heroes of the War of Independence had all been trained in the unit independencies of New England townships. America was really scientifically developed by the expansion and enlargement of the practicalities of municipal democracy applied shrewdly from town to State, and from separate States, by aid of the townless Virginian statesmen, to the Commonwealth.

All America westwards that I had left is passionately and religiously devoted to its Educational System, which it tenderly regards as the shrine of all the Idealism of the nation.

The free school system of Western and Eastern America had its origin here in the New England States. In the natural providence of America's assignment of school portions to every new township settled, the New England system of education, aided by Dutch influence, has marched triumphantly through all America to the Western sea-board.

As the educational propagandas spread hence with the missionary zest of a religion, one may therefore consider that the characteristic religiousness of the schooling of young America comes under the ægis of New England. Although I studied schooling in the West, rather than in New England itself,

it is appropriate to make the survey of this religious aspect of American schooling from this its central shrine.

American schooling, then, has developed largely from New England's religiously-tinged type of training in citizenship. The Constitution of the United States forbids denominational religious teaching in schools, but the truth is that the school system of America has a very positive religion of its own, and a religion which by the historian must be acknowledged as the most decisive, constructive rallying-centre in the population of the great Commonwealth.

The foundation of this religiousness, derived from the old ideals of Puritan democracy, is the recognition of the nation as the greater 'socius' of oneself. The 'scriptures' on which the religiously-tinged educational faith is founded are an idealised history of America's creative days. These heroic times yield the types of the divine, nation-building piety from the patriarchs and prophets of Independence, modelled into a communicable form of enthusiasm which can be taken in by every young American. There is the educational paraphrase of the Call of the Nation, of its setting apart in the eternal decrees to vindicate the divine rights of the independence of mankind. The story of the much-tried chosen people of Israel had endeared the first Americans to their Independence-Deity, to the God who had called them to

America that they might be just, faithful, independent, devout, beneficent, and reign in the world. By recalling these origins in the histories taught in every public school it is believed that every young American will grow into an epitome of all the first heroisms.

Thus the Pilgrims are set down as the new Abrahams and the Patriarchs of Israel who left the foreign gods and entered the haven of the Promised Land, pledged together in their God, in the *Mayflower* Compact, that they might be a holy and priestly people unto their true God.

Though the dream of the Puritan theocracy had sunk down during the first hundred years, yet it more humanely emerged in Jehovah's champions of the Independence War. There follow thence the 'Books of Judges and of Kings' of the educational course, a history of the Constitution in which divine and transcendent justice is embodied in a compact which is to gather humanity from all lands into one free, contented family of children, and wherein social justice is to descend to earth from heaven.

Finally, there is the religious freedom or common enjoyment of a providence of God towards America, of which the reign of plenty is the sacramental sign. Instruction in ethics and civics constitutes the American youthful training in the social commandments; and patriotic songs, flags, processions and holidays, and

politeness and friendly demeanour to all the world, make up the ceremonial law. These are no mere figures of rhetoric. From observation and study and reflection my judgment about American education is that it is an instruction in a well-conceived patriotism which amounts to every whit as much a religion as was the early Hebrew religion of the patriotic covenant or the Japanese Shintoic patriotism of to-day.

The 'development of doctrine,' to adopt Newman's phrase, for the growth of the consciousness of what is within a Faith, may be summed up thus:—The whole round, complete, apostolic *depositum fidei* was the original belief in a God-State, or a Theocracy, by the Puritan founders of New England. Scientific writers have been teaching lately the theory of what they call the indestructibility of all faiths incarnate in a people. From this way of taking it, it is scientifically accurate to say that the Puritan belief in God's transcendent world-government, which was incarnate in the Massachusetts government of a civic state by religious leaders in the name of the Puritan religion, may be subjected to change, development, alteration, modification, secularisation; but in one form or another it is more indestructible than the rivers, plains, and mountain ranges which make up the American continent.

It was the equal prosperity of the sister States, in-

cluding freedom-loving, therefore reputedly rather impious, Rhode Island and Connecticut, which first humanised Puritan theocratic ideas. The evidence of a fatherly and all-bounteous God began to show itself not only in the founding of the Massachusetts theocracy, and the safe-conducting of its people of the American covenant to prosperity ; but this divine epiphany or manifestation in the world was also seen all along the vistas of the blessings rained impartially from heaven on the settlements around outside the covenanted few.

Even the work of the truly constructive thinker, but at the same time missionary of faith in hell-fire, Jonathan Edwards, could not withstand the 'development of doctrine,' from faith in a narrow-cornered, Israelitic, Puritan Jehovah to faith in a great humanity-loving All-Father in heaven.

This new phase in the mind and heart of the chosen ones came to pass soon after the days of the Great Awakening of the eighteenth century. This missionary religious revival effected a permanent but somewhat unforeseen type of a stable good result. For when men had awakened to the trumpet-call of a Judgment sermon, religiously, on looking around, they began to be aware that nothing was quite the same as it had once been.

I believe that the achievement of the independence of America was a result due, more than to anything

else, to the influence of a more humanised theocratic Puritan faith; and that in this sense America, as a new nation, was founded as an essentially religious theocratic commonwealth. Jeffersonian and French ideas, and even the humanism of Thomas Paine, consorted with narrower New Englandism, though these were assimilated, not without a deep religious tinge. From the beginning the Constitution has been 'sacred,' and therefore as unalterable in the main to the true believer, as God himself.

The twenty-times revised French Constitution of the nineteenth century, and the constitutional changeability of South America and Mexico, are examples of what a constitution is, if it is not in a sense a symbol, or a creed, of an eternity-sanctioned religious faith. South America does not change its Catholic religion, which it considers to be founded on eternity, as it does its political constitutions, which it thinks to be the outcome of the whims of the changeable beings of time.

'Development of doctrine' was ushered in, also, in the Unitarian Revolt of the 'thirties of the last century. The reason for the ineffectuality of Unitarianism was simply that the development had already gone into the people's life, and had taken on forms of its own in a spontaneous manner, apart even from the wide-open arms of the Unitarian religion of culture. Channing, however, and Theodore

Parker, and William Lloyd Garrison, were true interpreters of the humane American theocracy. When Lincoln attempted to cap the constitutional edifice of the United States by crowning the implicit American theocracy with that sovereignty which had been in abeyance in the days of the State Rights, it was the religious sense of the American people which saw the God-given need of union, sanctioned by the Eternal One, and which inspired men to shed their blood on its behalf.

Now the sacred shrines of this religion are assuredly found in every public school in the United States. One need not here allude to such a reputed 'moral monster' as in England has been called 'undenominational religion.' Religion, denominational or undenominational, to use the rather self-condemnatory jargon in use, never *is*, because it never *can be*, manufactured. Nor do I mean any phase of Protestantism *versus* Catholicism, nor any phase of Catholicism *versus* Protestantism, or any other religion against either Catholicism or Protestantism. Some I have known to whom the love of country was keyed into that un-handmade passion which is 'religion,' who were Catholics of the devoutest Catholic flock. Others were Protestants to the uttermost degree. Neither is it a religion of negatives, agreeing with all because it affirms no positive faith. The national faith of America is about the most positive

faith that I know of. It believes in and adores a positive God ; it accepts an immutable covenant with this God ; it believes in immutable commandments ; and accepts the greater ceremonial of a national manner of life ordered by that unseen spiritual master of ceremonies, which rules the geniality of America's social ways.

Neither is this common religion an uncritical religion of up-State farmers and Western enthusiasts, and out-of-the-way Methodist communities. It is not an uncriticised religion, because it has those fiery, higher critics of its Bible, those protagonists of the practical gospel of fact, of business, commerce, trade, 'success,' whose creed and practice, in nine cases out of ten, seemingly obliterate the idealism of the teachers of the public schools. Neither is this a gospel which is unbattered by criticism of the cosmopolitanism of the great world-market dealers of American world-life.

Granted that there was a development of doctrine in the old American religious faith in a divine beneficence to the United States, till the last patriarch of America, Abraham Lincoln ; that ensuing Armageddon of the whirlwind commercialism and industrialism of the later decades has been hurled with its terrific world-weight of material facts upon the strongholds of the people's religion. No fiercer enemy than this dead-weight of triumphant iron

and steel and lead and sky-scraping civilisation has ever assaulted a national faith. According to a school of scientific economists of America, the effect of the iron age of industrial civilisation on religion has been not to diminish religion, but to render it 'harmless' by changing it from a substance into a shadow. The economists of this school, such as Wallis, of the Chicago University, say in effect :—

‘The motive of world-history till after the Reformation era was theology. The motive of world-history since after the Reformation has been economics.

‘Religion in the process has been transmuted from a sovereign power to a cultured sentiment. Religion is now a mere spiritual holiday. It is an adornment, decorating the brutal fact of business with beautiful rainbow allegories, which appease restless minds, but which have not an atom of real influence on the serious sovereign fact of human life, economics.

‘The economic struggle for existence *is* life : the churches are the interludes of life.

‘“God” is the summed battalions of the power of scientific industry.

‘What the Churches believe in and worship is a revered Idealisation necessary to soothe souls in the interludes of the hard economic worship of the one true god of the wits and lightnings which controls civilisation.’

The thought which is here summarised may be

said to stand for the animus of the average criticism of the traditional religion of America which every young man in America is bound on some occasion to come across.

According to this view the denominations and creeds and churches of America are spiritual decorations, the cultivation of time-worn harmless sentiments, spiritual occupations and holiday thoughts, mythical illusions, carried by, worn outwardly as fine plumes of, the inward serious, iron-hearted, economic world-life.

Existing organised religions are spirit-luxuries or pastimes, or soul-amusements, supported, allowed by, and even ordered into being by, the authority wielded by the business sovereigns of mankind.

An American in New England who held by this view frankly told me that if I wanted to know anything about serious America, I must shut my mind to its religions and sects. He thought, however, that church life and practice were as allowable and reasonable as sporting life and playgoing. To him religion was in effect a spiritual play with, or a game of hide-and-seek with, illusory gods who had been placed in the empty scene of the heavens by the playwright Humanity, to make the world of existence a more endurable place. In this way business men, American sociologists and American economists, all of whom willingly support the churches, have dethroned

religion from the realm of hard cosmic fact and appointed it a province of mental decoration or culture, chained to the God of power, stone, steel, sky-scrapers and trans-continental railroads. As Joseph once stored the staff of the life of nations in his granaries, so the Rockefellers store up potential seminaries, pastorates, theologies, churches, divine worshippings in their banking accounts. All these are ready to be ordered forth into being according to the moods of after-dinner goodwill of the chief provider. It is evident that with religion as one of the sovereign decorations of monetary power, the apostle of agnosticism, or of unfaith, would have first of all to wreck the capitalist fabric of the United States before he could be tolerated in social America. The late Robert Ingersoll was good-humouredly tolerated in America. A Huxley, in his more serious militant propaganda against religious faiths, would not readily even find an audience.

The onlooker must see here one of the most interesting situations in the history of religion in any country. One may recall how the military autocracy of the noted imperial conqueror Aurelian attempted to support and foster the Roman ascendancy by appropriating from the conquered East the glory and decoration of its worship of the Sun. One may remember, too, Dante's lament over the gift of Constantine to Peter which, to the mind of the Florentine

had subordinated divine interests to the concerns of the temporal power of the Papacy. But those who, with the late Sir John Seeley, believe that religion is the chief of constructive energies of a nation may take heart also at the thought that this new attitude of the wealthy and the learned towards religion in America is an evidence and a testimony that, in the progressive countries of the world, the intellectual assault on religion of the last two centuries has failed once and for all. Where the public schools of America continue to teach a religion of moral integrity of life for the 'greater comrade,' mankind, under the supreme sanction of a transcendent God, the commercialism and industrial individualism and business selfishness of the age have been forced to acknowledge the indestructible strength of this traditional religion of America, as is shown in their attempts to patronise it and to shape its influence into agreement with their own ideals.

The new developments and triumphs of American religion naturally take their rise as counter-attacks upon this spirit of commercialism, which has attempted to dethrone religion from sovereignty though not to deny its truth. Before recording the consolidating effects of the new awakening of the national conscience of America, it will be helpful if I try to describe certain particular attitudes of mind in which American thinkers are wont to contemplate the deeper

problems of life. There are also phases of the mental life of the typical American which are so distinct from any phase of the mental life of any other people that it is essential to bear them in mind here.

I purpose to follow this sketch of phases of the American mind in its leading thinkers, as well as in a common and universal attitude which belongs to the people as a whole, by recording some of the main features in this modern religious awakening of America. If the civic 'mission' for the purposes of a 'social conversion' to which I shall allude is a great success, in a sense the America of the future may be expected to become, or rather to remain, the most 'theological community' of the human race.

CHAPTER XII

THE ORIGINALITY OF AMERICAN THOUGHT

THE humanised puritanic democracy which spread from New England is by no means the only type of the democracy of America. One reason of its wide influence is because for many years the school textbooks of most public schools were written by New England historians. It is generally conceded that the famous writers like Bancroft and Fiske saw everything far too much from the New England point of view. The monumental works of more recent and living historians, which continue to fill in the history market, include some noted Southerners like Woodrow Wilson, and others who are free from New England bias. The Dutch of New York State have contributed much, both in ordering the school system and in dividing the land into townships, and also in formulating more workable constitutional ideas. To New England we may perhaps attribute the ineradicable idealism of the United States. Idealism has taken on the shape of belief in the infinite perfectability of all institutions, persons, and peoples

in the country. This visionary idealism causes all Americans, as it were, to 'live in the future,' and to struggle incessantly for advancement along every line of human activity, not forgetting religion, ethics and culture. This idealism stamps America as pre-eminently the land of vision, the land of great promises. Out of the civic imperfections and crudities of the present, the American Perfectionist or Idealist is in a sense 'justified' by the abundance of his faith in progress into a deserved repute for perfections which have not yet been attained to in the real world. Without thus 'living in advance,' in a forthcoming 'more perfect city,' much of the railway civilisation, with all the uglinesses of rails, torn-up country, overhead wires, wooden-shanty structures, and huge advertisement boards which cover so vast an area of the present-day America, would be unendurable. But there is no type of ugliness of the cut-up country which has not its idealist opponents. There are powerful organisations standing for the beauty of cities in all the great centres of population. Even the strict commercialists now also recognise that, for instance, the Brooklyn end of the Williamsburg bridge, by a small saving in its finishing, with resultant crudity and ugliness, has depreciated property in Williamsburg by tenfold more than by the amount that the rejected improvement of the opening would have cost.

Idealism, then, sprung from whatever origin you will, may be put down as a universal note of the American mind, and out of the tendencies which are its embodiment may be portrayed a picture of a future America from the east to west sea-board. We doubt not that in this future the ugliness of overhead wiring will be concealed underground, the defacing advertisements will be abolished, and the building laws will reduce the fabric of towns to an order in the architecture, where are now so many disproportions and vacant plots held for a rise of value in the property market.

These reflections lead one to the deeper question of the more general attitude of the mind of America on life and its environment. In a sense America thinks objectively in the symbols of cities and railways and trade and industry, in place of abstractions of the mind. But while these material realities have not obscured the more general American outlook on the world, they have, at least, advantageously helped of late to shape the serious thought of America into alignment with the practical values of things and the desire for demonstrable results. This tendency is called by some 'pragmatism,' the judgment of a spiritual truth by its value in real life. Pragmatism is not materialistic, whether as propounded by men like Professors Dewey and William James, or in its more habitual form as the tendency of the entire mind

of the American people to judge spiritual claims by the real results which they chance to show in the world. The European agnostic has intellectual prejudices against Christian dogmas. The 'pragmatical,' or practical, mind of America says that the inner divine truth of the dogmas in question is precisely what it effects of itself in mankind. Faith is what faith shows itself to render palpable in life. One who can teach well may be called a philosopher. One who can in effect save the world may be called a God; and our judgment here may be trusted to be not far off from the real truth of things.

Pragmatism, however, is not necessarily and exclusively American. But there is a point of view in the thought of America which is wholly American and is worthy therefore here of some consideration.

This true originality in American thought consists in its duplication of the entire thoughts of humanity from an American point of view. American thinkers have laboriously watched and studied the bearings, and in a sense the convergence, of all the world's events upon America. To every one the truth of history is interpreted by our everyday experience of our fellows. America having a larger present and everyday experience than most other people, reads this experience into past histories, philosophies, cultures, with a resultant widening and humanising of the point of view.

In the intellectual world America is thus slowly achieving an intellectual independence parallel to its realisation of independence in the practical world. Washington and Jefferson were as dependent upon Europe in their manners of thought as they were independent of Europe in their manner of practice. The Independence Party began in the practical manner to *live*, but not yet to *think*, the world-life again *de novo*. The ideas of the Revolution days were of the eighteenth century—English, Dutch, and French. But the nation's practical experiment of re-living the world-life alone, led to the gradual rethinking of all the problems of humanity, not in the English, Dutch, or French manner of thinking, but in a purely American method, reconstructive of history, society, culture, philosophy and economics.

The true Plato or world-seer of American experience was Emerson. The fact that there is a genuine American reconception of the earth and the heavens is a point usually missed by European observers, because the language-currency of thought, the minor setting of word-picturing, may seem identical in the old and new continents.

Reflection and comparison, however, reveal the impassable gulf between the American and, say, the English mind. Analytical mental processes reveal that the American mind has slowly discovered a newer world than ever Columbus sailed to find, and

a freer world, too, than ever Washington gave to humanity.

In England there is a huge, columnar, social authority founded on the thought-habits of previous centuries. This social authority weighs upon the nation with the irresistible momentum of fashion, law, custom, and prejudice. On one side this irresistible authority is expressed in the sacred but unwritten British Constitution, with varied yet ever-sanctioned party interpretations of it. There is the authorised Church of England, and the regularised religious independencies; there is the authorised fabric of social classification; there are the authoritative universities. This momentous authority is the second self of the Englishman. It is a datum, or an axiom, or a foundation-pressure which cannot be questioned with impunity except in an academic way. But in America one has to study society in a serious and practical effort to become conscious of one's foundings; for here no such taken-for-granted type of authority exists. This study of society aims to give the young man of the country a scientific and indisputable reason why he should have a country, a society, a conscience, and a God.

The foundation of American thought is thus the conception of the undivided, the undiminished, hence the 'individual' man. Why should I obey society? Why should I be just? Why should I be conscien-

tious? Why should I be considerate of others? Why should I be religious? Because I cannot be my free self without social support. I cannot win others without being just to them. I cannot hold my sovereign self in authority without a conscience. I cannot fulfil my higher faculties without adoring God.

The moral teacher's task is, therefore, to reconstitute, annex, appropriate, assimilate all the crossed obediences, shirked duties, replaced ideals, contradicted religions, authorities, refused sovereignties. He must assert moral authority, not because it is associated seemingly with some old fable that any youth can pick to pieces if he will, but because its acceptance is the true scientific adornment of oneself, and integral to every true and wholly living man. One cannot be a man, cannot own his own possessions, and enter upon his sacred world-heritage, except he be graced with these graces, unless he be adorned with the crown of this social glory, unless he is inrayed with society's obediences, subjections, duties, ideals, authorities ; unless he is so susceptible to social sanctions that society sanctions him, crowns him, and invests him, too, with its own authority, dignity, might and power.

America may be studied as a supreme living object-lesson in the social world of its makings and its undevelopments. Every stage of world-history is therein recapitulated in incessant interclashings. In

any scientific sense it is untrue to say that corruption of society exists in America. For corruption implies a pre-existing perfection of development which in the real millions of the American population, the immigrant world of seventy years, is really non-existent. In Tammany Hall's organisation, old terms of the Red Indian tribal organisations, such as *sachem*, are appropriately still in use. For the organisation of Tammany has been a mere perpetuation of the native clan system of Ireland by men who never accepted what to them would have seemed the indignity of becoming West Britons. This type of organisation is simply the primitive, the universally human method, in which men club together for self-protection under a chief. Tammany is neither moral nor immoral. It is a primitive, simple, ethnic, human organisation for self-protection, co-operation, mutual aid. It accepts the standards of an entirely different ethnic type of organisation from those of New England, in ordering the instruments and resources of its own existence and powers. The organisation of parties in every American city and in every American State are in like manner simply human, primitive, basal, undeveloped. It never had any perfection from which to become a corruption. The Columbia professor, the Seth Low, coming on the acme of the ethical and social development of a small minority, in marked contrast to that of the real population of

America, is wont to paint the standing-together of the men outside the pale of his own institutions as a contradiction to his own ideals of right and wrong. Yet if a Columbia professor should enter more seriously into the problem and ask why should not the Tammany organisation protect itself as well as capitalist organisations do : by what sanction can he show his own model conceptions of society to be authoritative among people who have hitherto ignored their existence or who treated them with silence and contempt? The vital and supreme problem of America therein begins to formulate itself. The sanctions of the 'kid glove' dilettantes of ethics are not the serious factor in the situation. The professor, the leader, the teacher, to become the people's seer, must argue solely from the point of view of the 'ordinary man.' If his sanctions appeal to the ordinary man, his civic doctrine can be taught to the children in all the schools, it can be popularised in all campaigns, and expounded in all the popular press.

It was because Seth Low failed to see things from the point of view of the real world, that after his mayoralty in New York he disappeared from American politics, and Tammany, the 'organisation of the ordinary man,' re-entered with a more sweeping majority than ever.

By this time some men of affairs like Roosevelt,

aided by lieutenants like Jacob Riis and Joseph Hodder, had attempted to think out the problem of the New America, in a serious attempt to fuse business conceptions with ethics and ideality and a living faith in a God. Hitherto, the American had adored the successful spectacular self-made plutocrat, glorified by the business code of ethics, like Carnegie. He nourished the thought that he, or one of his, might some day win this heaven of golden power ; at least he had done his best to conquer too. Therefore he could not condemn the men who were doing what he himself wished to do. For a plutocrat but embodied his own private wishes about himself, in the race in which all apparently had entered together without any handicap. But the Roosevelt school showed that this idea of universal potential greatness was an utter fallacy, which the indisputable facts and figures on the limitation of national productivity dissolved with absolute finality. Land, coal, iron, oil, the possible number of routes between two cities, are numbered, limited, geometrically curtailed. They had already been appropriated, and the American millions excluded for ever. The would-be second Rockefeller must have a second United States supply of rock-oil. For a second Vanderbilt railway to succeed, one must invent new Vanderbilt towns like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia. The new millions were not potential Rockefellers, or Morgans. Their

day was severally and by geometrical necessity over and done with in an irreversible past.

The 'ordinary man' could see that without some recognition of a sense of fraternity, of social co-operation, which far transcended the primitive Red Indian clubbing together, and Tammany and Boss politics, he was doomed to be the mere sport of men who had appropriated the ordinary man's own rightful share in the nation's wealth. To the ten, to the hundred, to the thousand, business need not be ethical in order to be business,—that is, to succeed. But to the million the seemingly most unethical, undivine, irreligious, godless of all human actualities, the business and commercial life, was shut out conclusively, if it were not ethical, if it were not in a sense even Christly, brotherly, humanised. The many-millioned 'ordinary man' began to see that he must enforce social and business ethics, otherwise he would be the eternal slave of the mere hundred-folded 'ordinary man' who was arithmetically or geometrically privileged in having first got to the source of American supplies.

The vital educational influence of the Roosevelt campaign throughout its long career, when he was successively Chief of the New York Police, Governor of the State, Vice-President of the Federal States by election, afterwards President by Constitutional appointment, and was finally elected President by a record majority of two million votes in 1904, shows

that he is a world-leader in the cause of the reconciliation of the vulgar reason of business, trade, and commerce with the subtle reason of pure ethics, call it, if you will, utilitarian, altruistic, or Christly.

The President has achieved the educational feat of popularising and demonstrating the even self-interested necessity for righteous business ethics that the people may be free, and prosperous, and ever-living. It is to be noted, too, that the ever-increasing respect for the people's champion of a former day, President Lincoln, is coincident with the more widespread popular ascertainment of the 'commonness' of the great hero's jokes and manner of viewing life.

The mind of the future America on the subject of this political and commercial morality is perhaps embodied less in the educational institutions of native Old America, such as Harvard and Yale, than in modern institutions like the Universities of Chicago and Michigan, whose influence really touches the New America. The University of Michigan especially has earned a reputation for moulding the characters of leaders who have popularised, and are popularising, the idea of the substantial identity between good business and sound politics.

The modelling of the future statesmen, men of affairs, business men, controllers of industry and commerce after the most perfect of ethical and practical standards, would certainly be a supreme

achievement of the American university system. There is little doubt but that some Western universities are close enough to the people, and independent enough, to exert such an influence, and that many of the political reformers of the present and leaders in commercial honesty are the product of American college life. On the other hand one of the most clear-headed political thinkers in America, and one of its best public characters, John Albert Johnson, the Democratic Governor of Minnesota, knew so little of school or college life, that at the age of fifteen, being left without a father's care, he was bread-winner to the family, supporting his mother and her younger children entirely by his own efforts. In a case like this, while college life gave him nothing, it is likely that a State university, like that of Minnesota, will be a chief of mediums through which Governor Johnson's own ideals of civic probity and friendliness to the workers are to be carried onwards in the future history of the State. He has already, it is said, helped to raise up the government of the Minnesota University out of the reach or influence of party politics.

Apart from these educational leaders of the people, we may make mention of, as representative of the mind of America, certain thinkers and professors, of a type I may call the 'palpablists,' because they have been demonstrators of old transcendencies

denied by the materialists of theory and practice. Their evidences also have taken a palpable form, capable, in the long-run, of impressing the mind of the ordinary man. I may mention Dr. Simon N. Patten of Pennsylvania University, Dr. Lester Ward of Brown, Professor James Mark Baldwin of Princeton, and Professor William James of Harvard.

Then there is an equally interesting type of thinker who has cast aside the Americanised professorial metaphysics of the Schools, such as Professor Jacques Loeb, now at Berkeley University, California. All these have propounded the demonstrability of the reputedly transcendent, and in this sense have assailed Kantian aristocratic agnosticism. Dr. Patten is a leading reconciler of economics with ethics. His best short work is on the *History of English Thought in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries*, and it deserved more recognition for its originality than it has received in England. Dr. Patten grasped the truth of the relationship of Puritanism with world-economics and world-conquest. The piety of the old Puritan home created men with 'mother-thoughts': men empowered and destined to lead and control the nations. The Cavalier, with his gaudy recognition of woman's privileges, obstructed and stood in the way of her real world-power. The Puritan, by protecting the home-creator, ensured the modern economic individuality of woman, and provided for

a purer conception of life among the younger generation. This Puritan protection of the home, and its necessary consequences, gave to the younger generation the 'mother-thoughts' of that inspiration and might to shape the course of world-events, assuring for them their future world-supremacy. From these shrines of a theocratic piety of home-nurture there sprang the heroism of the long line of Hampdens, Cromwells, Pilgrim Fathers, and even too of the Washingtons, Adamses, Madisons, and other revolutionary heroes.

A like homely type of faith of the evangelicals had inspired and moulded the leaders of the humanitarian conscience of modern England.

Dr. Lester F. Ward may be called the American Herbert Spencer. To the dismay of other sociologists, he has included all science within the Science of Society. He teaches that the forces which mould society are not mere forces that we must bow down to and leave to act alone. These evolving forces to him are of transcending power indeed, and work of themselves (Social Dynamics and Statics), but they are at the same time subject to human interpretation (Telesis). The material universe is the continuous reserve of force, available as an infinite mine of wealth to all who have learned to transform it as an instrument of social utility. Materiality is thus packed full of spirituality. Economics is the root of

Ethics. Ethics is the science of life. Humanity must be good to be real. All abstractions exist in some real embodiment. It was Dr. Lester Ward who made the famous statement, parodied in *Punch*, that Woman *was* the human race, men being but her satellites, and the accidental outgoing foragers, fighters and food procurers for the home goddess.

Professor James Mark Baldwin is perhaps the world's leading systematiser of Science, Social and Psychological. He is rather more professorial and less human and popular than many American professors, but his studies of the child-mind are a valuable demonstration of the indestructibility of the spiritual and the transcendental in the very nature of mental structure.

Then there is Dr. James, who revolutionised Religious Psychology in the Gifford Lectures at Edinburgh some few years ago. The scientific world was aroused to hear a scientific man resubstantiate the actuality of visions, experiences with departed spirits, contacts with the divinity, conversions, and the entire category of sanctioned religious transformations. To him a conversion became as much a real 'turning over,' as is the permanent turning over of a crystal upon a new facet. He girded at the impudence of the jugglers with vocabularies who include a Christ or a Napoleon in the same category with miserable epileptics tumbling around the floor of a

sickroom. But access to the gods was given back to science and right reason at a cost, alas! somewhat ruinous to the faith of the devout. Dr. James called back indeed the Assisiens, the Bunyans, the Margaret Mary Alacoques, and saintly voyagers on the mystic sea into the comity of those who are not deceived in what they report about the marvels they have met away from common lands. And if he somewhat lowered the height of their claims to be privy to the counsels of some Most High, his reconquest of the gods for science is at least a most characteristic expression of America's mental independence.

Dr. Jacques Loeb, a follower of Ernst Mach, who was associated once with Professor Albert Matthews of the Chicago University, is of another type of the 'palpablists.' He conceived the idea of reconstructing life *ab origine*, not, however, in its general sense, but detail by detail in a series of physiological experiments, each one of which represented some missing factor of life. When the whole gamut of the living factors of an echinus or starfish were run through, each in turn having been paralysed or removed, and resurrected and restored in turn, a virtual re-creation would have been effected, and it would be possible to conceive of the evolution of life altogether *de novo*.

Some of Dr. Loeb's experiments with lowly organisms were very beautiful, and were intended to show

the automatic origin of life's reflexes. To him the moth is attracted to the light automatically and inevitably by the photo-chemical excitement of motor power. When the moth gets near the light, the motor depression due to the heat tends to divert its course. The moth was held in the air as an airship, or rather as a planetary satellite, a pure automaton; and yet kept thereby usually within balance. Dr. Loeb studied the reanimation of dead frogs, the mechanical fertilisation of sea-urchins by salt and calcium. Lecturing at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904, where he presided over the Physiological Department, Dr. Loeb said that Darwinism had been a mere metaphysical speculation until De Vries produced a new species of primrose by an actual experiment in evolution. Elsewhere his favourite maxim is that the object of science is no longer to stare at nature, but to gain control over all its powers. To him, disease, sickness, madness, death, are affairs of eliminable poisons, which physiologists will some day learn how to eject from the human system. While ostensibly a materialist, Loeb allows a marvellous spirituality to the mind, much more so than do his spiritualist compeers. He also credits the human will with powers over the cosmos, of a kind which most people have relegated to supernaturalism.

These few instances of thinkers reveal the entirely

open, frank, unhampered, practical way in which Americans are facing every subject of scientific study. They are without the dogmatic or anti-dogmatic prejudices of Europe. They are positivists in the broadest and best sense. All the worlds are subjects for their observation ; all the possibilities are subjects for their experiment.

CHAPTER XIII

THE 'CANONICAL BOOKS' OF CIVIC RELIGION

THOUGHT belongs to the leisured few, but religion and much of literature belong to the many. Some of the thoughtful men I have alluded to in the last chapter have deserved mentioning in their capacity for representing the mind of the American nation in a scholarly way. The mind of the people, however, has its own forms of expressing itself. It chooses its literature, its culture ; in a sense, it makes of some of them the symbols of its own lay religion. In this sense, the mind of the nation may be studied through the almost religious interest it takes in certain forms of literature, and much more so in a phase of popular life and action that these predilections stand for.

American and English literature are sometimes claimed to be as much one, and indivisible, as though there had been no severance by the Atlantic and no severance by the Revolutionary War. This view obtains some sanction from common allusions to Shakespeare as the poet and dramatist of the undivided British and American ancestry. Some

Britons, too, read American novels habitually, believing that they are written by Britons ; Americans in considerable numbers read English writers, and take it for granted that they are American. Again, as all young America is schooled in affable manners towards all the world, the American visitor is quickly at home intellectually in England. There is scarcely an American in England who cannot chum equally with a prince or a pauper. He fits in in a moment with the arrangement of any country house. Dons, merchants, or middle-class tradesmen, are all as his familiars. I know Americans who fraternise as readily with fisher-folk and farm hands as they do with Oxford and Cambridge men. The American can fraternise with France and Italy, I believe, just as well as with Britain, and may be even with natives in all the Beyond of Europe.

To argue from this intellectual familiarity that there is an identity of mind between, say, the Briton and the American, would be wholly false. The easy American manner of free and friendly address towards foreigners all around the world, marks the mind of a people temperamentally dissimilar from the mind of Britain.

The mind of a people is coloured by some native, unconscious, mythological faith which stamps and shapes all its workaday thoughts. Heine vividly pictures the *parousia* of Scandinavian gods in Reformation Germany, and in all the great revival of

German literature. The Gaels, too, would sound a kind of awakening call to the sleeping fairy-world of ancient Ireland. Their appeal must, for sure, be inspired of a most vivifying faith before the Irish mind can again really and inwardly be with its ancient gods.

The gods of a people cannot act for them or bless them until they are as real to every one as hand or face. America has got a mind of things of its own not because it digs up old mythologies, but because it implicitly owns its cultus of a Supreme Spirit in the background of all its own native thoughts.

The Greeks once worshipped Apollo, Dionysius, and Mercury, as the immortal objective counterpart to the best qualities of their own Greek minds. The Italian peasant of to-day prefers to own his distant relationship with an ascetic God, but his human fellowship with a genial Madonna and playful saints, the counterpart to and model of the best of the life around him. The prudent and secular Frenchman, on the contrary, worships that mental and quick geniality which he calls *l'esprit*, but dares not believe that the truly worshipful is truly alive in any supreme or divine counterpart.

But the easy American, it may be concluded from what I have to say about the culture of America, is either simple enough, or wise enough, or else both in one, to believe that his emotional high spirits, con-

tributary to the grace and saving humour of life, are somehow in essential and revealing kinship with the supreme Reality behind the appearances of the world. Therefore the God or Supreme Being of American culture, which colours the mentality of the entire people of America, is a kind of a ‘Zeus-Apollo’ of eternal good-humour and of genial and high-spirited interest in the life of all the world.

Boston is the Mecca of the cultus of this implicit divinity of American thought. Boston is above all the cultus capital of the continental hinterland of States and cities behind New England. Its apostles once swept westward to the Cordilleras and along the Pacific coast. Only before San Francisco did they halt ; for San Francisco has all that it wants of its own. Boston cultus thus leads and animates a thousand-leagued following in much of New America. Many a rival, otherwise, has Boston in the affairs of the intellect, apart from Boston’s unique office of fanning and fashioning the mythology of the present mind of America. New York is the vast book emporium ; Washington has the official library and governmental publications ; Philadelphia has a quiet and stately culture ; the South thinks for itself, with little allusion to the men and culture of the North ; moreover Chicago, Buffalo, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Indianapolis, St. Paul, and Minneapolis, San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Portland and Seattle,

Denver, too, are in this or that measure literary centres. Yet, for certain, nowhere does culture rise to be a lay religion except in Boston.

The 'canonical gospels' of this culture, by which I mean the sanctioned classics which are its chief literary memorials, are simple, ordinary, commonplace, elementary—in a word, educational books. The young mind of America in a dozen big States in the mid-West goes through the Boston cultus training before it emerges clear and individual in the world. It is true that Boston does not express the practical American mind in its creative activities, whose sacred shrines are the New York cosmopolis and Pittsburg and Chicago. But before ever the typical American has begun to create his sky-scraper, or stock-yard, or dream of his smiling irrigation village, his mind has awakened into being from that which the Boston cult supplies. In the leisure hours, in interludes of the business of later years, he will follow the cue once given him wherewith to interpret life, though now in ways untrodden by the orthodox apostles of the cult who first instructed him.

To some British observers New England culture may have seemed but a glorified apotheosis of Clapham and English suburbia. The moment one learns the truth that Boston commonplace is to the millions of young America the outward and sensible sign of an individual cult of humour, imaginative

activity, and intellect, it will be known that any literal judgment based on America's apparent likings for conventionalised classics must be reconsidered.

New England culture has its rather carefully-selected or hedged-in set of classics which make up a sort of canonical scripture of this cult. Conditions of canonical admittance are elegance, grace, simplicity, prettiness, facility, and an easy, simple, genial plot. Literature not only is thus common and ordinary; but it would be worthless for its canonical, its ritualistic, its sacramental purpose if it were not so.

That in which the perusal of a *Lucile* is original, distinguished, unique, proper to America alone, is the fact that it is the token, the sign, the gospel, the rite, the sacrament of a faith in a transcendent Spirit. What is merely a drawing-room poem in England of an impossibly good and unreal world, may be seriously taken in America as life's own real and intimate religion which may be put into practice in the here and now, and in the real world.

There are poets like Sidney Lanier who are to the very heart American, yet who are not of this great common lay ritual of the American mind. By a side altar for a reserved cult in the lay cathedral of America must we suffer them to sing. So mostly also with the reputedly representative Walt Whitman. Some few of his ‘comrade poems’ may be educa-

tionally canonical to the million-folded people. Many and many an American, in every phase of life, is in mind and faith a Walt Whitman though without the poet's art. It is this style and mannerism of his, so contrary to habits of the school open to the mind of America, which prevent him from fitting into his due place. This manner of his otherwise comprehensive, and radically moral, interpretation of life requires an effort to the school-trained American to appreciate. But the canonical poetry I have referred to is packed and ready to his understanding in every sense. Therefore it happens that only those few who struggle to appreciate the historic Whitman can discover his latent congeniality with their own minds. But these sacred books of this American lay 'cult of spirit' make up an anthology in poetry and prose suited to the exact level of intelligence and taste of the millions all round the country who attend American Schools in the Northern States.

Among the contents of this anthology we find :— The shorter poems of Longfellow with 'Hiawatha'; certain stories of colonial and revolutionary and civil war heroes; some poems of Bryant, Whittier, Burns, Keats, Tennyson, R. Lytton, Markham; a few of Emerson's Essays; portions of Ruskin and Tolstoi. Much of Edgar Allan Poe is also 'sacred,' but in his detective stories we open to another cult, that of the intellect, by the American boy. This is provided for

by a widespread romance of detectivism, Pinkerton being the master-in-chief.

What does America mean especially in the setting-apart and even the religious enhancement of this class of educational literature? I should say that it means a worship of an all-pervading, all sociable ‘world-spirit’ in a manner discovered, interpreted, believed in by America as an indisputable article of that ‘I believe’ with which it also accepts ‘liberty’ and ‘fraternity’ as expressions of the Eternal One. It means a faith behind such ritual that all the kindling, emotional, imaginative good-humour of life, of which this anthology has become a sort of religious classic, are revealings of the one transcendent Reality which is within and behind the world.

America, then, believes in ‘God’ under the form expressed by the poet who said that what is ‘truly sweet’ of temporal life is in the long-run of the eternities the ‘sweetly true’ of eternal life. All the world adores, indeed, the beings of its ideal good-humoured imaginary Olympus; but, since in Greece with its Apollo, and in Italy of the Christian Renaissance, and in the England of Elizabeth, all the rest of the world is equally convinced that no such foundation reality of good-humour in Eternity ever was or ever will be. America has found out to its own satisfaction, and believes in heart-felt conviction, that good-humour as embodied in these works of man

is a God-revealing gift from God. America also believes that in its inmost being the creation of God is a good-humoured Thing and Place. Therefore America can surrender itself to a faith in that which all the world elsewhere adores, but believes not.

The working creed of the American is that the ideal and the actual can be linked together and the gulf between them bridged. Therefore there is a vast sphere of idealism which to him has a transcendent significance. Because of this faith he can himself give way to good spirits as a worship, as a consecration—in a sense, as a union with a supreme end.

America's secular definition of the 'world-spirit' as the power expressed in life's geniality, sociability, friendly humour, is a supreme achievement of the American mind and will. This serious cult of 'good spirits' as the foundation of a civilisation, turns a new page in the history of the world's culture. Geniality becomes now no mere expression of human emotion. Geniality is a true effulgence of the divine in human life; it has become the outer testimony of the indwelling of the all-sustaining Spirit of God. The sinner, no less than the saint, is touched to the heart from some expression of this God-revealing power. Whether erroneously or not, genial spirits in a sense are believed to aid in the sweeping clean, the brightening, the pardoning, and, in a social sense, the saving of the world.

This all-embracing, all-illuminating, all-pardoning, all-saving, all-producing good-humoured high spirits that America has bidden the all-comers within America to partake in, becomes to them as a newly-revealed expression of all that divine reality that transcends the visible life of man.

This great, good, genial but almighty ‘world-spirit’ is the real American God, whose worship is first promulgated in the teachings of the canonical books of the Whittiers and Longfellows. The divine and human good-humour of these poets yields, in the esteem of the devotees of their civic religion, the last, deepest, best, holiest interpretations of the world and all that therein is.

Thus it is that America is in a sense experienced to be, as Jacob Riis’s book on the *Making of an American* felicitously illustrates, a kind of a religious pardon and indulgence to tens of thousands of the incoming rest of mankind. Many do not attain to the possession of the untold blessings imagined to be in the free bestowal of the plenteous commonwealth. But other thousands of Europeans who have settled in America, and have come to share in American life, have experienced the taking away of an old-world pessimism, soul-weariness, heavy memories, the association of religious authority with undivine self-assertiveness. All these now, having partaken of American plenty, and in new civic and religious

rights, are conscious of having experienced a pardoning of all this past. Now for the first time in their experience, authority and God himself, it seems to them, have become associated with good-humoured friendliness to all that all real men are, in their desire for a genial worldly dwelling-place.

It is inevitable that this worship of a genial 'world-spirit' should create its reactions, as well as all other vivid worships do. To some, may be, such worship is not taken seriously enough ; because the doctrine of the consorting of the eternal heavens and the Deity with the good-humour of the earth and man seems far too good a doctrine to be a true one. Hence we find mocking types of American agnosticism, some of which are, however, the mere rebound or recoil from a faith so implicit, that men dare to laugh at it.

Then there is the reaction which happens to some from the shifting of the point of gravity of sanctions of conduct. The believer in the genial 'world-spirit' is intoxicated mentally with the optimism which this faith engenders. Everything is so good, that he leaves all alone to take care of itself. God seems so good-humoured and so pardoning that man is tempted the more readily to offend Him. Nearly all the vaunted corruption of America is the direct result of a too supreme and heretical acknowledgment of good-humour as expressing the ultimate divinity in

things. ‘Corrupt’ Americans are mostly believers in a God who is lax in his sanctions, and too easy in condoning with evil conspirings. If I were to bring a foreigner into an assembly of fifty American citizens of whom forty-five were law-keepers, and five were grafters and law-breakers, probably the foreigner would pick out these five as the most genial, good-humoured, sociable men in all the assembly.

Their optimism has become a kind of anarchic exaltation of irresponsibility. Their religion is a kind of adoration of good-fellowship among their acquaintances and supporters ; a dare-deviltry finding its inverted paradise in gay irresponsibility and recklessness ; renouncing in its pursuit the heaven of the moralists and the encomiums of the fame and sanctions of mankind. There are some who might be ready to class the notorious electioneer and ex-chief Devery of New York City among the list of these dare-devils and irresponsible ones.

But a more genuine and honourable worship of the ‘world-spirit’ is also a note and characteristic of the mind of the whole of cultured America. This cultured geniality, the more often, may only reveal itself to new acquaintances from outside the circle when the neophyte proves that he is in possession of the opening key of sympathy. But from innumerable home circles—from the schoolroom’s literary cult, this peculiar worshipping of the Spirit is for

ever descending in expanding circles to all the American world.

What makes the girl quick-witted and cultured and independent makes the boy a sportsman in a veritable, impassioned, religious zest. The very animal spirits of the football and baseball clubs possess a phase of sacredness of their own.

Lumbermen in the Colorado ranges, mostly irresponsibles from all ranks of life, circling around the camp-stove at evening, spending their month's wages for ever in advance when they descend the mountains for a few days at pay-time, are devotees of this good-humoured God.

Solemn-looking Western miners of the type who, when one of them appeared on a feast-day in a dress-suit, promptly made a gateway for admittance and charged sightseers fifty cents, bear them spiritual companionship. The Iowa farmer who risked a \$2000 harvest in order to drive his daughter to a 'social' was a faithful member of this lay religion. Any meeting of girls or young women in towns or cities of the long-vistaed Mississippi plains follows in the great procession. The Ladies' Guild of every prairie parish, with its weekly sociables and 'angel cakes,' are members truly incorporate. The four thousand inhabitants of a city who deliberately take a sociable hour from business, daily, over mail distribution, are also its genuine hierophants. The

people of the long, sociable corridors of the open-verandahed streets of Ohio or Indiana towns are genuine ‘devout congregations’ of the unquestioning believers that to be consecrated to good-humour is to stand in tune with the Infinite God.

The practical geniality of the Catholic priest in the townships of the Mississippi States ; the affability of the Anglo-American rector ; the fervent social friendliness of the Methodist preacher ; the grave gaiety of the Presbyterian and Congregationalist pastor, are evidences of this unifying civic worship of America. There is no place, no sphere of life, nor profession where perpetual ‘high spirits’ do not rule the feast.

The cultured Roman Catholic would soon pick out an expression of his faith in geniality in Botticelli, in Giacomone, in Correggio, in Troubadours, in the Franciscan Primitives and in their knightly founder, the man who also effected more than most mortals in the task of accomplishing the saintly allegiance between the things of earth and heaven.

The cultured churchman would ingeniously anthologise a library of high-spiritedness among English and American poets and social seers. The ordinary man, keen on business, unattached to any church, reputedly an agnostic or unbeliever, is here at least unquestioningly a believer too. The moment the day’s business is done he is wont to relapse into his magic universe of sentiment. This land is peopled

with every playfulness, deep-seated as the cosmic life. The care-weighted world is lightened to be as the joke of the great, good-humoured Jove. Eternal geniality bursts through ever, for, as by decree of the Jove he serves, it lies in wait for whatever the day may bring to pass, till the moment when the accidental and adventitious seriousness has reached its term. Nothing enters the magic portals here that is not good-humoured. No comrade or friend may now approach except as playmate. The very sorrows, deceitfulnesses, truculencies of daily life, have found their place in good-humoured, Trilbyan, theatrical caricature. But no solemnities of gloomy pessimistic literature, of the Hardys and Ibsens, or of men without an uplift, can go within. Even commercialism, pushcraft, every business rivalry, is here laughed at to the core.

From such a cosmic-rooted playfulness of spirit, the rowdy bursting hurricane of commercial events is transmuted into the sport of this world-playgoer. Thus the very heart of materialism is laughed at inwardly and made to attune itself to play. In the same cult, the American of more leisure is on pursuit, around the world, of mysteries, old, new, far, near, religious, earthly, cosmic, divine or human. In an evening, at a certain club that I know, you will not find a man who is not on mystic quest into worlds often incredible to imagine. To take the pursuit

seriously would be to fail to see that it is what an American calls a ‘creation.’ And for this very reason, he can pursue the mystic quarry with a more whole-hearted seriousness than if he possibly could lose reputation by seriously believing in it. What is true and real in the pursuit is that the play which it stands for is to the American a symbol and an expression of the way in which God made the world and all that therein is.

Taking it all in all, this secular belief in Spirit, the belief that there is an eternal, divine counterpart of what we are drawn to, in the high, genial spirits of man, is the foundation of the new real mind of things which constitutes the characteristic civilisation of America. Secular gaiety, entered upon religiously, with no reserve within the heart, is that which marks off the mind of real America from all other minds. This faith is the comrade, too, of all American work. In fact, without such a ‘spirit-comrade,’ Americans never could work with the characteristic energy and the sprightly activity with which they habitually do work.

There remains, then, to be illustrated in what manner this genial quick mind of America is expanded in the matter-of-fact activities of practical life. As the American is trained from childhood to portion out things methodically, constructively, and imaginatively, in relation to possible achievement, he is

ready unfailingly to apply this lesson the moment he begins to think of his business career. Instead of thinking about a concrete, real, material estate that he is to inherit, the American imagines a visual, potential 'estate,' a scientific and imaginative, fortune-producing adaptivity to a certain line of trade or business or profession. As he is the more responsibly put in touch with actualities, there springs up in his mind a kind of mental gold-mine of wealth as the resource of his prospective social power. His imagination is fascinated. He puts superhuman energies into his business 'field.' It becomes to him an alluring sport. Work and play become one and the same thing. Harvested out of this rich field or mined by delving deeply into it, he absorbs the monetary reserves, controlled single-mindedly to be spent with social grace. Riches are exclusively the instrument of this stamping-power of intellect upon society. No one can reply to entertaining ; no one can give his friends a new pleasure ; no one can hold large social gatherings ; no one can act with beneficence, without first of all a diligent, imaginative cultivation of his 'field' of work. The sociable man is the materially resourceful man. Money is the scientific equipment of social beneficence, of social activity in the social leadership. I have known an American lose chance after chance of fortune, and in his days of trial he would consider nothing but the

loss of his social power. The same American would look upon being sociable as the supreme wealth of life. He would talk of So-and-so as good, beneficent, magnanimous, saying that you can well be all that immediately you have a banking account.

This idealism really does much to take away from the mere vulgar weight of money-making. In fact, money, as money, is a non-existent commodity in large and influential sections of American life. Except imaginatively—that is, as a social instrument—allusions to money would be an unpardonable solecism, or even a social sin ; but it would be, on the other hand, the one sin that no one in such a circle is the least likely to commit.

CHAPTER XIV

THE AMERICAN PRESS

As it is a great social instrument in education, religion, politics, and knowledge of society, it is essential to the completion of this book to report on some features of current American journalism.

The American Press is not so much a news agency, as a chief instrument of social inter-communion. The local press in every small town is the medium through which every one communicates every incident touching their own life and household to all their friends. This naturally presupposes a common friendliness among the citizens of the place ; and the practice ceases wherever the local society is secluded into sections, which, for one reason and another, hold themselves apart. In this case, only the public individuals are perpetually, but good-humouredly, lionised by the local press.

In great cities the press is a more carefully prepared social medium, each paper aiming at appealing to one of the typical moods of some noted division of the reading public.

The typical daily paper of America is also artistically matched with the emotions suited to each recorded event. The press is as the great barometer which thus reports the fluctuations of the mercurial American temperament while recording the daily story of the world's life. Camping once in summer in a cool island off New York, with an American publisher and his talented wife, the week-end visitors had just been landed from the cat-boat. My friends rushed over to the landing-stage to get the news, on this their only chance during the week, but the visitors only brought with them a copy of the *New York Evening Post*. My friend the publisher immediately set it aside in disgust, saying it was an 'English' paper. They both preferred to wait another newsless week rather than destroy their emotional visions of things by a matter-of-fact account of the doings of the world. No prejudice against England was here intended; they merely illustrated the fact that the sole reason why most Americans ever open a paper was not to be found in the fact-recording paper of financial interest, like the *Evening Post*. The American wants no catalogue of world facts. He wants news of all sorts from far countries and near States in so far as each is temperamentally affecting the actual mind and emotion of America. In a literal sense nothing could be less exact than such news. In an impressionistic sense it is scientific

enough. The impressionistic American press scientifically registers the temperamental attitude of say ten million people of the real America towards a tragedy, a landslide, a cyclone, a great fire, a world policy, a social function, a terrible war. American journalism is thus artistically modulated to emotions, sensitivities, feelings, sentimentalities, passions, indignations, apprehensions, terrors, delights, joys, sadnesses, pleasures, pains, sufferings. In brief, it is the journalism of the fact of soul-variability and of soul fortune. And it is not a mirror of the fact of things as they are in themselves.

In the text of its papers, therefore, are to be found the tribal lays of the American people. They are a livelong poem, an exalted, quivering, palpitant, daily life-psalm. They constitute the war-cry, the fight of life, the animation of hopes, the recorder and construer and consolidator of the daily breath of life of the mind and heart of a great people.

One might be tempted to call the 'English' *Evening Post* the scientific paper, and the *New York Journal* the loose, free, unmethodical, conversational paper. But in reality there is far more cleverness and art and skill in the paragraphs of the *New York Journal* than in any matter-of-fact paper whatever in the world. The farther away from the literal truth you suppose the column of the *New York Journal* to be, the more talented may be the deliberately artistic

effects and humour which flash through its pages. The ordinary man can record his experience of a journey to the tropics ; but it would require quite an extraordinary man to write of a Sentimental Journey of adventure like Laurence Sterne. In a sense a *New York Journal*, a *Herald*, a *World*, are the Sentimental Journey through Modern America reported for every American every day of the year by skilled littérateurs. For this reason the most talented men on the New York press are to be found at work in compiling these tribal lays and Sentimental Journeys which touch the real millions of America in the columns of the *Journal* and the *World*.

There is the merest mechanical and superficial likeness between the one-cent press of America and the halfpenny press of England. No English paper but makes its appeal to a well-defined English tradition that it endeavours to interpret and to amplify. The old outspoken radicalism since the time of the Chartists is implicit in one English daily ; the appeal to the square common sense of the plain man against radical violence is implicit in another ; even in an educative radical paper like the *Daily News* the proportion of traditional allusions is very large and very implicit.

But in the United States the situation is this : that the great common mind of millions from every corner of Europe or their descendants, have to be addressed

in an absolute common, cosmopolitan, international human appeal. The successful editor must be immersed in the foundation simplicities of the all-world of America as it is. He must touch the heart-strings of the broad, unfettered, unreserved, emotional response that humanity so situated is likely to give, the moment it understands the news it reads.

Analyse a 'leader' of the *New York Journal*, the reputed model of the Yellow Press of the world. There is nothing to beat or rival Arthur Brisbane's daily emotional talks to the *Journal's* clientèle, elsewhere. Every leader is simply an oratorical, almost Shakespearian, address to humanity itself; each one of them is clever enough to interest, to teach, to impress, to persuade, to convince a million of the great compound of real America—as a live, single, marching on, and about-to-be triumphant mass. The million is vitally concerned with, and made to feel so with, each of these big-typed, many-paragraphed articles. They are all about its own existence, its well-being, its aims, ideals, wishes, works and power of achievement. In clear, solemn, leading notes point by point is argued and the field swept through. Nothing is assumed or taken for granted. There are no jumps, breaks, or references to what has already been said. Starting with the foundation-fact of the being and well-being of the people, or the indubitable rights of a living man to

remain a living, free, independent man in a free country, the writer-orator shows, say, the terrible, reckless, godless, lawless, savage, barbarous and uttermost contradiction to the foundation right of every man to be a man involved in the recent action of a great corporation in fencing-in a monopoly, outclassing competition and working with political leaders to paint things fair and hoodwink the people. There follows an appeal to the foundation right of humanity and the Constitution of the United States. Directions are urged clear and definite to fire the people's defiance in the future voting days. To call this Yellow sensationalism, because it reverts from the cultured allusion that the small number can appreciate, to the great, broad, common, clear, distinct allusions rooted in the foundations of humanity that this reading million of every race can take in in a moment, is a misnomer. A paper like the *Journal* may only fairly be criticised for not keeping up to its own best ethical standards. Indeed the temptation to play the demagogue in exaggerations, falsifications, appeals to passions, invention of grievances, glorification of crime, and humdrum rhetoric is necessarily most severe to the editor writing under pressure for timed productivity, who also knows he can count upon an ill-instructed and short-memored myriad reading class. A besetting temptation to the 'Yellow' editor is to label, class, categorise actual

men and women into a predetermined schedule after the manner of those old moralistic novels where every good man was painted too markedly white, and every 'villain' too markedly black for the real world. Moreover, there is a tendency in all directions to deal with stage creations rather than with real men. Thus in Colorado, among the five daily papers of Denver there was a standard puppet 'Englishman' who was turned on in a moment with just the same talk and mannerisms when any Englishman whatsoever was reported as visiting Denver. Probably there are editorial pigeon-holes where this astonishing being exists. I do not mean a type like the 'John Bull' or 'La France' of the comic press; I mean a set characterisation, manner of speech, thought and affectation which is attributed to every Englishman who visits, say, a mine in Colorado, or invests in an irrigation ditch. Whether this stage figure of the editor expresses the prior traditional view of Coloradans concerning Englishmen, or whether the existing made-up mind about Englishmen is the creation of the press, I do not know, but an Englishman finds in Colorado that he is all 'known in advance,' and it would be mighty wise of him to know his stage self before he wishes to make known his real self to the affable pressmen of Denver.

In this 'creative' note of its journalism is the real portrayal of the humour of America, When the

editor of a certain famous halfpenny English newspaper visited America some years ago, he was asked to send a daily column of notes to the press. This he cleverly did, but the good-humoured show element of American journalism was what he wholly missed, and this made his 'News in Tabloids' fall rather flat. This humour is the developed result of the vast bizarre spectacle of the quaint unfulfilments of the *omnium gatherum* world of the United States. The most perfect expression of American journalistic humour is found in Mr. Peter Dunne's 'Mr. Dooley' and 'Hinnessey.' But every 'flash' leading paper in the big cities of America is also instinct with the same. As Mr. Dooley has his 'Poor Cubia,' his 'prisidint,' his 'Constitooshun,' and the long list of world-comicalities whose actions are made to reveal the truth of things, so there is a suspicion of comicality as to the entire reporting science of the United States press.

Paradoxical though it seems, I should say that the ostensibly serious columns of many an American paper are more adequately humorous—since humour must touch the actual—than the columns of the ostensible wit and humour of the same paper. Taking it all in all, then, American journalism fairly quickens the excitements of everyday life. Firstly, deeds of the chief executive of America are recorded, worthy of the place and the man; the President has

entertained some one with an 'idea' big enough to reform a continent or two—may be with catastrophic effect to one of the parties concerned ; he has been practising the 'Simple Life' ; he has read Omar in a boat in Oyster Bay for judgment ; he has followed up the deeds of ancient Connaughtsmen to kindle the fighting mood ; he has been shooting bears in Mississippi or planned cougar-hunting with San Juan comrades in Colorado. More seriously supreme questions of the nation's policy, such as the constructive interpretation of the Constitution to include colonies, or some vast latent power of the executive, are never wholly excluded, and are often fully discussed. Then there is the humour of Congress leaders and senators and of the presidential informal relationship with the Houses ; national or inter-State legislation is discussed ; corporations have arisen to control the trade of Denver ; thirteen railway lines have combined to protect their interest against reputedly unconstitutional taxation ; lines on which long rows of cities and whole States are dependent have been bought up for inclusion in a system ; a J. J. Hill has grown tired of New York and means to put through a great trunk line from the north-west to New Orleans as a European outlet.

Then the deeds of great statesmen, governors of States, are chronicled. Governor X. has a thousand militia under arms to stop a prize-fight ; Governor Z,

has vetoed five bills in his State congress, or removed some one from office, which dismissal had been replied to by counter removals. Schemes of national irrigation and afforestation are mooted. The judges of the Supreme Court of America have been acting paternally, and thrown out Congressional and State laws. Their counterpart, the Supreme Court of a State, has undertaken to free the capital city of the State from corruption.

Never a day passed in the West without a kaleidoscopic array of vital news displaying itself: news which materially affected the entire population, say, of Colorado. Thus the constitutionality of the Sugar Tariff with the Philippines, if rejected by the Supreme Court, would close up whole cities dependent on the great factories recently built in Colorado, as at Loveland. A certain prospective railway to Routt County would double the population of Denver; a competitor might turn all the traffic into the Union Pacific in Wyoming. The daily life of the country is reported as in a tremendous roulette table of Monte Carlo which casts into the stake the entire fortunes of the people of a district every day in the livelong year. In the solemn and graphic and good-humoured survey of all these events happening, or events threatened, 'scientifically' reported according to their bearings on local fortunes, is the keynote of journalistic success in a city like

Denver. The editor weighs the value of affairs for the State. He conditions his judgment by the popular esteem of their value. When the people are aware, it is safe to report the situation. If not, sometimes the editor must turn apostle and champion, set forth or praise the seriousness of a problem to the people. The news as it comes in is cut up, with its leading feature in the head sentence. The rest gradually follows like a dying-out howl or scream. Thus the end portion, being of less moment, can be clipped away in later editions in case something more important is on the scenario.

With the vivid emotional manner of the treatment of all special news, with the daily sketch of politics, the dramatic display of all persons and things according to their native humour and due characterisation, is the daily fare prepared to which the citizen in every centre of the Union is treated.

Such constitutes the daily press of America. The Sunday edition contains a full-sized magazine for the people, edited by a special editor and staff. The magazine portion is for entertainment, not for news. Probably there are several low-priced monthly periodicals on the English market that could be edited in about half an hour's work into a Sunday magazine of an American paper. It is a surprise to the foreigner to see a magazine bedecked in the great folio pages of the daily press. He will find there

some amazing adventures à la Rougemont; scientific researches into the origin of life; some weird stories capably illustrated; also pictures of the rooms, house, or furniture of some historic personality; a full account of some recent discovery in medical appliances; all about the great actor or actress; and above all, he will find humour. If Mr. Dooley does not review the world this week, Mr. Kendrick Bangs will prophesy about the future of New York in a way to suggest hobgoblins. Then a number of celebrities, professors, novelists, or magnates, will express their views on subjects of importance, such as some new social craze, or hats, or waists.

Finally there are the coloured illustrations. The note of these is their obviousness. Buster Brown never fails to look prim, to bring-to the house over his ears, to be soundly thrashed by his fond and fashionable mother, to write philosophic reflections. For a long time there were the Katzenjammer Kids and their matter-of-fact German mother who duteously flogged the naughty truants before quenching a fire or aiding the ship sinking through their diabolical wit. Then there was the errand-boy who upset kingdoms by dawdling to see games. Then there was the desperate planner of mischief, which knowing beforehand, he would help to remedy, and usually got a five-dollar bill for his forethought. Then there were the two tiger cats, romantic, jealous,

frivolous, or right-down rakes. Then there were a series of ingenious adventures of a little girl and various monsters which were concluded happily when you turned the same pictures upside down to the tune of her happy deliverance.

In a sense the Sunday edition takes the place of church with non-churchgoers, and in order to meet a want, it usually supplies a sermon. The paper can be ordered without the Sunday supplement, and church people often do that. Yet the Sunday edition sells in numbers far beyond the week-day issues.

A copy of the issue of *Denver Republican* for Sunday April 12, 1908, is in four divisions, comprising forty-two pages. Of the first three divisions which are the most interesting, there are about thirty columns of news, which record among other incidents the account of a public church thanksgiving over the local abolition of saloons, and the annual drive of a flock of 50,000 sheep from Utah to Colorado, accompanied by sixty armed men. There is also a whole page of news from England, two pages of society news, two of sport, one of the stage, one of criticism of books, two of fashions, three whole pages devoted to humour, two pages of novels, one of geographical exploration, one on friendly societies such as the 'Mystic Shriners,' the 'Elks,' the 'Pythian Knights,' the 'Woodmen of the World,' and others. These societies, incidentally, are a noted feature in American

Society, and in a sense they form a kind of lay church. They even have ministerial chaplains of their own, the sermon of one of whom is reported in this issue. In this same issue of the paper there are also about thirty illustrations, and a page of well-written editorials, together with a good deal of poetry and literary excerpts. Evidently the *Denver Republican* aspires to be a moulder of thought in the Rocky Mountain area.

Of the more serious type of paper there are, of course, many examples: The *New York Times*, the *New York Sun* (made famous by Charles A. Dana), the *New York Evening Post*, the *New York Tribune* (founded by Horace Greeley), the *Washington Post*, the *Boston Herald*, the *Springfield Republican*, the *Louisville Courier*, the *Omaha Bee*. The *Sun* is noted for caustic wit and criticism of public fallacies. Allusion to some of these has been made in the chapter on New York.

But the two supreme examples of serious weekly journal are the *Outlook* and the *Independent*. The *Outlook* is one of the greatest educative institutions of America. It has achieved the miracle of being religious and not sectarian; of being interesting, but ethical; of being popular, but profound. It is the chief interpreter of Mr. Roosevelt's policy, and while independent of party, is an immovable champion of social justice all round the world. It reflects the

known public character and moral qualities of its editor, Dr. Lyman Abbott. There is no English paper to compare with it unless we say the *Spectator*, but the *Outlook* is lighter, more popular, in a sense more brilliant, than this great British organ of *laissez faire* and Free Trade. Every English weekly is toned with the cynicisms of a party because it must thrive by cultivation of a special class for whom it would never dare to say elementary things. But the American *Outlook*, with its wide national circulation, while clever and judicial, never makes an allusion above the heads of its great subscribing class, and for this reason it is one of the most powerful educational papers in the United States or elsewhere.

CHAPTER XV

A COMMON CHRISTIANITY IN AMERICA

I PURPOSELY leave out of view a consideration of the chief divisions of American Christianity, for while most worthy of record, yet, from the fact that they are various and manifold, they cannot illustrate the immediate problem of my present study, which is the question of the structural and spiritual unity of the American people. There are, however, certain phases of American religion, an appreciation of which is integral to a true understanding of this subject.

A French observer said that American Christianity realised Comte's ideal of a religion of humanity, that is, of a religion whose symbols were the banners of the social union of mankind. In no positivist or agnostic sense, American Protestantism is truly fast becoming a social religion, a positive, practical, working-together of humanity in a brotherly faith, typified by the Christian Endeavourers, the Y.M.C.A.'s, the Epworth League, the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. But the social bent of American religion often lies hidden under the appearance of some rigid adherence to literalism.

In a mountain town, whose fortunes were contingent upon neighbouring mines, the propinquity of limestone and a smelter, I have conversed with a doctor's wife whose serious views of life were wrapped up in texts which went to prove the necessity of adult baptism and of total immersion in the waters. As all the world in this little mining settlement, situated nearly two miles above sea-level, was daily confronted with hardships, difficulties, and physical dangers to fortune and life, the prominence given to this antiquated baptismal controversy seemed quite grotesque. One might have leaned to the opinion that American theologies were the creation of the need of conversational equipment of the tea-table and the drawing-room, and not at all a serious tackling of life's confrontments.

But the evidences from closer observation did not tend to bear out this supposition. In the same settlement on the road to the great Collegiate Peaks I met another Baptist woman who had made a present to her little son of a linen set of moving coloured panoramas of all Christ's life to prepare the youth for the day of the great awakening. She unwound for me the whole scroll as though it were a vision of a noble heroic world, saying with feeling, 'Ah! none of us could do those mighty works!'

Baptism really meant to her the entrance into a heroic Christ-life that the child was being prepared to

undertake in a sweeping and final renunciation of the easy ways and manners of the mining camp.

I met another Baptist lady, the owner of a ranche, and of an hotel for a summer resort, who spoke with unqualified indignation against a Methodist who was lax, at least from the Methodist rule of life. One might have thought that there was not much charity in what she said, until she added casually, as what should be taken for granted, that the fond, gay ways of the young man would have been unblamable if he did not pretend to be one of the Holy Society. By this 'Holy Society' I found that she meant the Methodist, Baptist, Congregationalist and Presbyterian communities. Without a suspicion of any unctuous rectitude, these Evangelical Christians were viewed by her as a free society or club professing social holiness. They were as free to join this club of Christians as to remain outside, or also as free to leave the club after they had joined it ; but while professing social holiness, as honest men and women they must comply with the club rules and *be* social holiness.

It is probably true to say that these two instances are typical of the religious tendency of the twenty-nine millions of Evangelical Christians of the United States.

To a would-be seer of destinies of American Christianity, this socialising or unsectarianising tendency

of Protestantism seems to be the most momentous force to be taken into account.

If Protestantism is only religious opposition to Catholicism, it cannot have any future in a great commonwealth whose very constitution sanctions freedom of development to all creeds of Christendom, and certainly to the Roman Church.

But the real force of the Protestant Reformation never was wholly religious. Calvin, from the beginning, was a social reorganiser as well as a theocratic subordinator of states and politics to Genevan or other church elders. The Scotch Calvinists transformed the whole of lowland Scotland's social outlook and practice. The Independents in England attempted to call into being a new nation in which all men were called to be kings. Massachusetts was quite as much a social as a religious exodus from the Calvinistic Egypt, the Latin social world, and from the reputed outposts of pagan ways and manners in England.

The original Calvinistic theocratic movement was partly ecclesiastical, partly political, and partly social. The inheritors of Puritan and Evangelical traditions in America to-day see the line of infinite development before them, mainly in the direction of a religion-fostered scientific reconstruction of human society in the direction of social and civic purity and of brotherly co-operativeness. If American Protestantism had

merely been a protest against certain types of ecclesiasticism and politics, it would have spent its force when its own self-protective establishments in the several New England colonies had been dissolved; when the Anglican establishments of Virginia and the Carolinas, and the privileged position of certain communions in other colonies, had been abolished in the Revolutionary Era. Protestantism dropped its religious and political sectionalism at the moment when Evangelicals and Puritans recognised that ecclesiastical privileges being once and for ever rescinded, they must, as Americans, now support Episcopalians and Catholics in every way as their own social and civil and religious equals. Protestantism entered more single-mindedly now, in consequence, upon the career of protesting against the disruptions and negations of social, civic, and family life.

The Biblical Puritanism of Hosea, Amos, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Malachi had been a recognition, in the light of the Eternal One, that life and its beginning, its home, its care, its preservation, are sacred to the Eternal God. So long, also, as any destructive contradiction to the purity, beauty, fulness, manliness or womanliness of home, city, community, or race remain, so long will a reason be found why a humane Puritanism should stand for the world-work of social integration. Protestantism, in assuming this social

Puritanism, thereby relinquishes its sectionalism in religion, and its cliquish morals. It has entered upon its plain, human, universal, conversional career of identifying the service of God with a more pure and more brotherly life amid mankind.

Evangelical Christianity, whose faith is centred upon the Atonement by a process of attrition of uncongenial elements, thus becomes in America, the science of the attainment of that social ideal that the Eternal One has set before the world in the life of the Son of God. Its faith and practice are a continuous protest against the Satan of all the negations of family life, of civic life, or of the social life of mankind.

This wave of conservatism, singling out social and civic purity as the basis of national welfare, is then so much the stronger because it is a true development of the ancestral religion of American Protestantism.

When the testing moment came in which Protestantism was tried in the crucial experience of a nation's work, Puritan Protestantism, though hampered then with theological and social sectionalism, renewed its life by intensively withdrawing itself upon a humane interpretation of the first strength in which it resisted the corruptions of former states and churches.

Ceasing to be a political propaganda, Puritanism became more unreservedly and scientifically a social

force. The sectionalism of warring with State and Church, of bigoted exclusiveness and rivalry with neighbouring colonies, gave place to the scientific humanism of warring with all disruptive social and civic influences. Its ideal became to preserve, to beautify, to aid, to adorn human life, because the reign of human blessedness in a great brotherly family of God was now seen to be the true theocracy, rather than the political control by the elders, over the regimen of states.

Humanity might be unlovely, fallen, degenerate, abject, worldly, contemptible. But the divine atonement of mankind with God meant social integration, social purification, social ennoblement, as the true worship of God. Might it not even mean a brotherly co-operation and care for all, the consolidation of rich and poor? Not the setting apart of an elect few good men, but a compassing of a more fraternal, co-operative, socially-redeemed humanity became the greater goal of its endeavours. And this renewed society was to be perfect in earthliness, because based upon the common recognition of the native heavenliness and sacredness, of all the life that God had made.

The American Puritan of the United States is thus merely the man whose religion directs him to the practical and patriotic science of civic, of social, of personal life. Thus the great distinction throughout

the West, between the temperance division of society and the saloon element, is not based upon any sectionalism in opinion. The saloon man is perfectly at one with the temperance man about the cankerous effect of drink in a new society with none of the restraining routine of older countries. I have heard him tell me so in an absolutely frank manner. It is merely a question of the motive strong enough to inspire and animate the patriotic humane resolve. A man is not unctuously above humanity who drinks not at all. He is simply on the lowest level beneath which he would not be co-operatively human at all.

The same ideal is also in mind in questions like that of Sunday observance. I heard one of the greatest Puritan preachers in America, Dr. Philip Moxom, explain the need of Sunday observance from the point of view of social well-being. After the service and sermon there was an adult Biblical class which I attended. The subject embraced the text 'The Son of Man is lord, even of the Sabbath.' This descendant of the Sabbatarians said that 'Son of Man' here meant mankind—that Christ taught that humanity itself was lord of the Sabbath. The day of rest was given for what Dr. Moxom called 'social integration,' that is, for the building up and consolidation of human society. If, said he, it were in the interests of mankind to alter or abolish the Sabbath, Christ Himself taught that it was within

the rights of the Son of Man, that is, of mankind, to do so. The human and the divine sanctions were practically interchangeable, because God willed nought but that man should have life, and have life more abundantly.

But it is not generally believed that this divine humanity was to be won by any philanthropic, humane, charitable, socialistic amelioration of the human lot. The foundation of all true social reform, to the new Puritan, consists in a broadened, humanised evangelical process of individual conversion. It requires that each one should live within the sanctity proper to his respective state of life. The evangelical Christian and Puritan is not self-consciously altruistic. He is taught reverently to seek for individual holiness, purity, love, peace, joy, helpfulness as mere religious submission to God. This new conservatism of Evangelical Christianity is the new animating and rallying force in each religious congregation of American Protestantism. It has given zest to the congregation's coming together to hear the Word of God. It has given substance and meaning and interpretation to the symbolic fellowship with one another in the Protestant Communion. There is no township or settlement on the prairies where I have been in which Evangelical Christians are not a centre for the truer humanisation of local society by co-operativeness

among themselves, and a civic apostolate among the rest of the citizens.

It is characteristic of America that this socially-conservative movement that has been inwardly transforming Evangelical Christianity should have used minutely and precisely all the old points of dogma. The abstract thought of France and Germany is non-existent in America. To take an illustration: on the occasion when the General Assembly of the Presbyterians of America wished to emphasise the view of the Christly doctrine of salvation which the more serious critics of the New Testament had come to accept, they recognised that all American Presbyterians were wont already to interpret the seemingly rigid clauses of the Westminster Confession independently of the stiff abstract theories of predestination which it embodied. They saw that revision therefore was uncalled for except in the instance of two statements of exceptional literalism. The Assembly was satisfied to draw up a Short Statement for the laity, which emphasised from the Prophets and the Gospels the faith in the universal call of mankind within the brotherly covenant of Christ. From an abstract point of view this was a total reversion of the main Calvinistic dogma of limited election. Yet when the Short Statement was brought from the Assembly to the presbyteries, and from these provincial synods to the congregations,

scarcely a critic arose who said that from an abstract point of view the Short Statement was an absolute reversal of the Presbyterian creed of three centuries.

The millions of minds weary over a recurrently anxious business week are not the minds that have the fierce keen edge on Sunday of the logical Frenchman or of the philosophic German. Every day, every week, has taught every American some experimental wisdom about the world and man. Some would relax themselves into a world of sentiment and play, severed, in every respect possible, from contact with the real world. To others all religion is taboo which is not supernatural and transmundane in an uttermost extent of reaction of the imagination from matter-of-fact routine.

The American may either choose or emphasise, but will never deny, a dogma of the Christian faith. And the dogma of faith which he does chose he will interpret into accord with the allotment of experimental wisdom that week by week has been given into his possession. So to the religious conservatives the leading symbols of all the denominations gradually become understood without any consciousness of 'development' in their bearings on social integration. Adult baptism becomes the symbol of the social reconstruction which it is the life-destiny of every Christian to accomplish, and all the Puritan

dogmas of Presbyterians are interpreted increasingly and intensively on the social plane. Methodism not one whit the less, but in a sense with greater ease and simplicity, becomes the worship of God by the solemn sacrifice of purity of life.

A large body of Congregationalists and Campbellites in a more obvious and outward manner have taken up the social and fraternal conception of religious experience. The ordered revolution within the operation of Evangelical Christianity is here aided by the results of those scientific studies of the universities which have attributed an objective reality to the growth-changes of the conversion age of young people, or a significance and inspiration value to the phases of the mystic life. Meanwhile, a constant self-surrender is demanded to sustain the class, congregation, or religious organisation. American members of churches are sometimes quite accustomed to pay an entire tithe of their monthly income over church expenses, or otherwise they devise and support socials, tea-parties—where permissible, dances—potato-bakes, and a hundred and one means of rallying the local members of society, whether church members or no, to cover the ever-threatened financial deficit to the budget of the church work and the pastor's sustentation fund.

All this has been effected without any alteration of dogmatic creeds. In a sense, only dogma has been

the energy engendering power of social organisations. In this manner it may appear, from the fervent championship of faith in Christ's divinity in the reunion of the Y.M.C.A. in December 1907, that the socialising movement in American religion has grown from the midst of faith, and is fed by faith rather than by any outside influence.

Faith here teaches practice, and practice becoming organic and scientific, and therefore possessing an experience of its own, vitalises and humanises faith itself.

Instances, perhaps, where the impulse has proceeded more directly and consciously from civic enthusiasms are the so-called institutional churches of America. There are churches, Congregational, Episcopalian or Presbyterian, in which ten, twenty, or thirty social institutions like clubs and classes, are managed by the church.

The 'Institutional Church' means a church of any denomination, whose main activities are in the line of organised social effort. The word 'institutional' qualifies the manner in which these activities are ordered; that is, in institutions, clubs, gymnasia, crèches. Such a church offers to all neighbouring populations an opening to their activities; an opening for their social services for others; an opening for help or fellowship, in case they are in need of it.

When Dr. William Rainsford was the rector of

St. George, Stuyvesant Square, New York, his church was the greatest of those 'called institutional. But also it had five thousand communicants; a larger number than that of any of the other hundred and fifty Episcopalian Churches in Greater New York. These 'institutions,' therefore, cannot fairly be said to interfere with the spiritual life of the parish.

Architecturally, an institutional church is dignified, gracious and well-proportioned. The doorway is large and inviting, and there are no iron railings. In a country district there is a suitable provision for the vehicles of the worshippers, and in warm climates the possibility of an occasional out-of-door service is considered. Generally the auditorium is of the 'egg-oval' shape, a design which has the best acoustic properties. Around the auditorium will be grouped the vestries, pastor's office, Sunday-school rooms, church parlours, gymnasia, baths, bowling alleys, and club-rooms.

Internally the building looks cosy. The seats are spacious and fitted with cushions, hassocks, hat-racks, umbrella-stands, shoe-shelves, and book-rests, with service-books in large type and hymn-books with tunes. Pencils and envelopes are also provided for special contribution forms.

Palm leaf fans are freely provided in the hot weather. Frequently the entire floor is carpeted. Every effort is made to secure quietness. In all the

newer buildings, pew-renting has been abolished. The sidesmen, known as 'ushers,' are chosen for their urbanity. In the richer churches the men are paid for their services, and have a room for their convenience. Casual visitors are made particularly welcome, but without ostentation. Among the accessories of an institutional church are cloak-rooms, bicycle shelters, and in some cases a nursery-room where mothers can leave their infants while attending service.

The service in a non-liturgical church is largely musical. The organ is a fine instrument, the organist an expert musician, and the choir is frequently a highly trained quartette. Mixed surpliced choirs are usual, and the women choristers wear a suitable head-dress, generally a college cap. The comprehensive, protracted, unpremeditated prayer is entirely unknown in New York. Under a system by which the minister often holds his position at the will of the congregation, poor preaching or poor oratory is inconceivable.

The typical American sermon is a short, interesting, extempore discourse, delivered without much mannerism, touching upon topics of current life, and invariably appealing strongly to American patriotism. A service does not last more than ninety minutes. There is not always an offertory, many of the churches being largely supported by the individual members

pledging themselves to pay an annual sum, payable in monthly instalments. When funds are needed for any special purpose, the church supporters are circularised, their names being carefully entered in a ledger which records the sums given in answer to various appeals over a series of years.

The stipends in the cities are always sufficient and usually generous. There are many pastors in cities like New York and Chicago who have a salary of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year, and these are men of such organising ability that they would certainly have earned more if they had gone into commercial life. It is a striking proof of the excellence of American preaching that the *Brooklyn Daily Eagle* prints two whole pages of Sunday sermons in its Monday issue. There is no difficulty in attracting men to church.

One of the most carefully fostered departments of an institutional church is the Sunday-school, which suffers perhaps from over-organisation. There is such an endeavour to make the school feed the other departments that the true function of the school classes becomes obliterated, and attendance is sometimes made a condition of other privileges.

The Sunday-school, like the American elementary school, takes its cue from the educational 'Doctrine of Interest.' The youngest children are grouped in kindergarten classes. In the junior and senior classes

blackboard work is extensively introduced. Map-making is also encouraged, the children filling in maps week by week with, say, the missionary journeys of St. Paul. The children also collect pictures of places of Biblical interest, as well as botanical and geological specimens, the idea being to visualise the conditions of life in ancient times. In a well-equipped school there may be a department for training teachers.

An American Sunday-school is not exclusively associated with the idea of childhood, provision being made for adult membership, while those who cannot attend regularly are known as 'home members,' and visited at intervals. The system of rewards and picnics is generally decried, it being considered that there is something wrong with the school methods if scholars have to be bribed to attend. There is always a Sunday-school library, kept distinct from the regular Church library. As to the building, the approved plan is for the school to be connected with the group of buildings which make up an institutional church. The class-rooms are often divided by roller partitions, which are raised for the opening and closing devotions. A portion of the surface of the roller partition is used as a blackboard. On week-days the class-rooms are used for various educational and social purposes.

Connected with the Sunday-school are all the church agencies for young people: the gymnasia,

with their physical culture classes ; the meetings of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, and of the Daughters of the King ; the reading and sewing circles, the club for distributing plants and flowers, and the boys' brigade. There are evening classes for manual training. The institutional church does not encroach upon the work of the Young Men's Christian Associations, which are rapidly developing into residential clubs for unmarried men of all ages.

An institutional church touches life thoroughly on its social side. The church parlour, a cosily furnished and sunny room, is used for the minor gatherings. For the men the church does not hesitate to provide, even in the church basement, a bowling alley and a swimming bath ; while all reasonable athletic and quasi-sporting matters, including billiards, and even card-playing, are encouraged. The men have also their good citizenship clubs, village improvement societies, and Sunday evening assemblies. At all the larger social gatherings institutionalism is not content with cakes and coffee, but substantial meals are served on occasion, prepared in well-equipped church-kitchens.

The library and reading-rooms are provided with comfortable chairs, newspaper racks, and writing tables. All the rooms are properly ventilated and heated. Everything is cheery, bright, and comfortable.

An institutional church is in reality a large social club, based on the fundamental doctrine of Christian brotherhood. An American knows from childhood how to be interesting, and an institutional church is an attempt to organise all the sociable interests of daily life.

Fellowship in this social club is conditional upon as genuine a church membership as it is possible to secure under individual circumstances. Everybody is accepted at his own valuation of respectability, and the positive value of the sense of fellowship makes for a solid respectability, even if there were none before. The penalty of the backslider is the loss of the sense of brotherhood. The institutional church has something that will attract and interest every one, and when a man or woman is attracted and interested, there is much that tends to induce a larger activity. A man belongs to a church, because he feels that the church belongs to him. The church is a local unit, loosely related to other units.

The success of the institutional church is perhaps primarily due to a phase of American democracy. Everybody wants to do the same thing, at the same time, and in the same way. Church members read the same books, but they are books that stand for culture. Church members have the same ideas, but they are broad and generous ideas relating to

the national life. Church members, moreover, cultivate bright, cheerful and optimistic manners by which they are personally distinguished in the community.

The difficulties in the way of the evolution of this social Christianity may be compared with those that Rome encounters in Modernism. There are world-creakings and scandals that take place whenever the learned discover new truth and try to talk together with the masses who obviously cannot at first understand the niceties and the criticism of dogma. As a result of the new experience, there arises what has been called the New Theology, whose chief American exponents, long before Mr. R. J. Campbell, were Horace Bushnell and Dr. Theodore Munger. But at least nine-tenths of American evangelicals are impressed far more seriously by what may be called the New Experience than by what has come to be called the New Theology. In a sense American Christianity is all going forth in the light of a new experience and of new social vistas of work, without the people having been aware of any shifting whatsoever of the theological scenes.

Yet all old dogmas have received anew, we doubt not, the oldest prophetic interpretation. The minister has a thousand and one new difficulties in the new labour of adjustment. He may not be much of a 'modernist' himself, yet both to him and to his congregation there has been a grinding-down process as

to the doctrine, the ministerial life, and the practice of the congregation. He feels the implicit necessity of drawing out the palpable significance of life-sustaining truths, and of leaving others to take care of themselves. There is a danger, however, of glorifying too greatly every increased sense of reality which the 'new experience' has stamped upon the meaning of an article of faith. If one dogma becomes a social experience he may be tempted to treat the rest as though they too were already perfectly adjusted with church experience.

Meanwhile he is aided by the staff of eminent men of his own university and of all other American-minded scholars who are dragging the broad, palpable, human and scientific realities out of all the confusions, symbolisms, cloudinesses of the current dogmatic forms. No creeds are likely to be changed ; all are likely to be filled with new interpretations, which being based upon genuine human experiences, can never subsequently be undone.

CHAPTER XVI

SOCIAL CONVERSION

THE final and supreme question of American religion is, whether or not American religion is a social power of sufficient cogency to solve the grave problems which obstruct the true advance of American social life.

I have made it a point to show that most evils in American civic life are, in a technical sense, the effects of want of assimilation of individuals and masses to true American ideals. That is, that they are *in* America but not *of* America. But in another sense, all Christian Ideals are so high that, as a social religion, Christianity is, and always will be, a message of social conversion to the whole of mankind.

To a new school of practical sociologists and psychologists in America religion is society's medicinal restorative, helping the nation to pull itself together again when it has run down in moral tone, or dissipated its strength, or in any sense failed to live by its highest standards.

Religion is thus society's God-given power unto a

grand, social resurgence engineered by its characteristic emotion of sorrow for sin, and moral recreation. Reputedly religion makes man immortal ; in reality religion makes society itself stable. Man, then, is really saved himself because his conversion, multiplied in thousands of others, has saved society which bears him on along with itself. Society, then, incidentally, has thus assured the stability of the life-work of the individual man. The conversion and redemption of a man as a member of society is, in this quite realistic sense, the social world's own distinctive aim at self-renewal.

American democracy has always believed, as an article of its civic faith, that even after one hundred generations of slavish ancestors every white child born in America is one of God's noblemen, and equal to a king. America believes that the evil heredity of ages of slavehood is not transmitted to the child. It believes that the cramping, evil influence of past generations all goes to the winds by the mere fact that a child is born now in the free environment of American citizenship.

This civic faith has allayed the 'ghosts' of an Ibsen who, in accord with the older physically necessitarian doctrine of heredity, pictured the personally acquired evil traits of a father as the cause of an evil inheritance of like evil traits in his son. The newer science, denying that acquired taints can ever

be transmitted, aligns itself with the American instinctive view of the ineradicable nobility of man. The races which begot Isaiahs, Platos, Dantes, and Shakespeares are begetters of potential Isaiahs, Platos, Dantes, Shakespeares for ever.

It is true that a coloured race cannot perfect itself into a white race; neither can a modern white race become more perfect than, say, the ancient Greeks. But society, with its instruments of education and religion, can make a wonderful 'best possible' out of every race. It can restore all men to a level with all heroes and princes of past ages. If no man can then be advanced to what is not inborn in him, he can be preserved from contamination and debasement, and his powers can be made the most of. Every white child can, in the first place, be educated into a hero every whit as valiant as a Leonidas. If in after life he has fallen from social helpfulness, more education, more freedom, more religion can restore him into the state of the lost original grace.

Humanity then is physically a more or less eternal fact. Society can draw the best, morally speaking, out of it. But society cannot physically improve it into a perfection it did not possess and exercise in past ages. Neither can it ever deprive it of its birthright of potential heroism and valour, and of the divine qualities of all the good and great men who have once graced the world. Hence sociology, as a practical

science, is centred upon *Social* Heredity, the influence of diviner things upon every child from the moment it is born into the world. No child is ever, then, damned in the world otherwise than by an evil social environment, which of its nature is removable. Social, not physical heredity, is the true Original Sin.

In the same line of arguing it can as reasonably be said: Segregate, and educate the children of all criminals, and a nation is as likely as not to find them grow up into saints.

The notorious epileptic tendencies of drunkards' children are put down to a refinement of malnutrition rather than to heredity proper. The epileptic is here the 'ill-fed' progeny of a high stock, rather than, as the coloured child, the normal progeny of a low stock.

Be that as it may, nearly all social debasement can be either prevented by training or sound education, or remedied by religious agencies if it has caught man within its toils. The scientific part of religion becomes thus the liberation of society from its own debasements or exaggerations or wanderings from the social right. All true religious emotion should tend towards civic patriotism and the comradeship of man. Individual man must be inwardly converted. In no other way can the social whole be saved except through the individual man who helps to make the whole. The sins of that social whole which is the American nation are mostly exaggerations due to

rapid growth, material progress, over-optimism, recklessness.

Some social exaggeratedness or debasements had to happen in the days of the marchings of high-spirited America from its eastern seaboard towards the western shores of the continent, beaten by the waves of the Pacific Ocean. Dangerous social and civic exaggerations such as the outgrowth of riches, corrupt political organisations, economic social cleavage between citizens, laxities in city government, have been provided against in advance in the healing power of the civic religion of America. Since a common democratic faith, not a community of race, created America as a nation ; therefore it can be asserted that the power which once created is a power which can redeem or re-create.

The evils which a Henry George was the first to protest against may be all classified under the head of an excusable incompleteness in the due social solidarity and comradeship. They were considered to be excusable during the earthquaking, industrial expansion of America.

The American civic faith of comradeship, equality, and the value of education, freedom, and religious regeneration, it is believed, will rectify the contortions and exaggerations of political, social, and economic growth in a new convergence towards fraternity driven by faith in a people-befriending God.

In the name of the sacred ensign of this civic creed a Jihad or Holy War has been preached by the civic faithful against the disruptive social enemy unto his uttermost retreats. The social sins of labour unions, no less than the social sins of capitalistic combines, are equally warred upon in the name of the American civic divinity. The monopolist of commodities, no less than the iron-hearted fashion-monger aloof from common man, is equally under the ban of the newly-awakened social conscience. But the civic conversionists of America only preach to all the nation to repent unto the first civic fervour of all comradeship, in which, in the mind of the people, in the heroic days of the revolutionary simplicities, the Republic sprang forth into the world.

Granted the attainment of civic conversion, then a victory for Social Unity is as assured as victory for Political Unity once was, when led by Lincoln in the Civil War. The problem in those days was, how out of forty States to effect one sovereign political national entity. The problem now is, how out of perhaps forty component white races to weld together one fraternal, co-operative social commonwealth.

There is a civic Holy War proceeding in America which aims at winning this result. There is an intelligence department for the head staff of civic leaders and prophets which has sized-up the strength of the disruptive social forces. Its members have watched

and marked the citadels of strength of bosses and corruption-mongers. This capable intelligence department of the conflict is made up mostly of journalistic pioneers like Lincoln Steffans, Ida Tarbell, Norman Hapgood, and Upton Sinclair—a group of magazine and book writers who have been likened collectively to the Muck Raker in *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Behind this clever reporting foray into the enemy's camp there are the more serious social scientists of ideal America. Embedded in rock foundations of world-surveys are teachers like Giddings, Lester Ward, Hadley, Wallace. Then there are specialist students like Mrs. Van Vorst, who with Miss Van Vorst masqueraded as factory-girls in order to learn the conditions of life of the workers ; fraternisers with tramps and hobos like Walter Wyckoff and Jack London ; John Spargo, a friend of the children in factories ; Sarah Moore, worker among immigrant labourers ; and also Veblen, Lloyd, Davenport, Rufus Sprague, Hugo Meyer, J. B. Clarke, Albion Small, Dr. Robert Hunter, the wealthy student of Poverty, and also Louise More.

Backed by theoretical science and social observation are the social seers like Josiah Strong, founder of the Social Service Institute, New York ; Washington Gladden, organiser of the Institutional Church in Ohio, assailant of ' plutocracy ' ; Jane Addams, founder of the Hull House Settlement in Chicago ;

and others of equal fame in the religion of social reform such as Dr. H. Parkhurst, Walter Laidlaw, Dr. Jefferson, Dr. Felix Adler. Their writings mostly report typical experimentalism for the van-work of the general advance. Each so works towards simplification in the methods of social service that he may make it easy for all the world to follow suit. Meanwhile, the professors of all the universities are teaching the younger generation model conceptions of a nation of comradeship under the designation of the United States. They convert an army of recruits year by year in intendant church, civic, political, and even business careers. Out of the social ferment emerge the social champion leaders, captained by the political president,—one who after his present term of office is likely to remain the 'educational president' of America without the need of any third term formalities. Next after him we must place his Democratic rival Mr. W. J. Bryan, who if beaten for the presidency in the campaigns of 1896 and 1900, is still, at the moment I write, the favourite of his party, and who is in any case a foremost preacher of social justice in the United States. There are then great war captains throughout the land like Governor Johnson of Minnesota, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin, Governor Folk of Missouri, Mayor Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, District-Attorney Jerome of New York. Each of these men is himself

worth an army corps, and in their forays they have learned how to deal terrible blows against civic impioussness.

Science and study of the model comradeship too has come in aid to a well-marshalled ministry and pastorate which can afford to meet together on the civic religion of America, when they have fulfilled all their duties of the spiritual religion of the churches.

Among the captains from the churches are Lyman Abbott, Bishop Potter, Bishop Doane, Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Ryan, Dr. Parkhurst, Henry Van Dyke.

In parishes organised by the 'institutional church' is found the prophetic model in miniature of a more fraternal and inter-coöperative United States.

Then there are the great humane capitalists themselves. The gigantic billion-dollar Steel Corporation which Andrew Carnegie founded has, at the time I write, itself started profit-sharing among its employees. The Carnegies and Rockefellers themselves have learned that the keenest of purchasable pleasures of life is in buying social solidifications by net cash gifts to libraries, universities, or institutes. Other capitalists like Louis Post, author of the familiar Grape-Nuts, and the owners of the National Cash Register Company of Dayton, Ohio, find their life's pleasure in the planning and ordering of model cities.

Then there is the strategy of the rounding-in and enveloping process. The universities are perhaps ripe for a federation which will map out negations of nationalism, negations of civics, negations of social unification—all those existing social deficits and black patches, for scientific exhaustive scrutiny and ordered assailing and abolishment. It only wants some organising leader to bring the greater schools of America into line for the scientific welding together of their social comradeship. There are indeed civic federations, as the Citizens' Union, in all the cities, and one of these was answerable for the memorable Reform Government in New York City under Dr. Seth Low. There are working organisations moreover between all ordered religions and churches, like the Interchurch Federation Movement, which studies the big tenement population in New York and elsewhere, and helps each one to find his own church, and each church to find its own line of least resistance and sphere of social and moral activity. The same organisation is responsible for certain population studies in the crowded foreign settlements which led to a national stir.

There is the New York State Conference of Religion, where Christian and Jew (thank Heaven!) have learned to pray together, without surrendering their religious individuality, to the common God who made mankind. Above all, there is the great

reunion of the twenty-nine million Evangelical Christians in America. Since the conference of 1906, they have begun already to work together through a common council in a concerted policy. When marshalled in scientific order, they are likely to be an army of irresistible conquerors.

There are, moreover, reunions between hitherto divided Presbyterians, and a movement to bring Methodists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians into close coherence. There are the great extra-scholastic educational campaigns such as that of Chatauqua. There is an ethical and educational afflatus running through the million-copied national monthlies of the *Cosmopolitan*, *Harper's*, *Century*, *McClure's Magazines*, and the national weeklies like the *Outlook*, the *Independent*, and *Collier's*. At the time when I write there is a sweeping Temperance Movement, astir from coast to coast of America, which by the end of January 1908 has led to the halving of the number of criminal cases in one important American city, and, according to the official report of the Judge, cutting down the average by one-third in another city.

Then there is the invincible army corps of comradeship, the Christian Endeavourers, the Y.M.C.A., and the Y.W.C.A., the Epworth League, and the Brotherhood of St. Andrew.

The converging battlings of all these civic patriots

is unto one great irresistible spiritual momentum which will through terrible warrings regenerate the entire social life of the United States. They are modelling *in parvo* around them the predestined Greater America of the mightier, holier, brotherlier comradeship which it seems America has been called into being to bring to pass for the world :—

‘If this people keep My covenant, they shall surely live for ever.’

This covenant is the realisation of fraternity and comradeship between mankind in the higher national predestining in which God planted the United States among the nations ; and on the strength of the divine decree of comradeship, the nation may go forth ever, and prosper and reign.

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